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O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd floud,  
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocall reeds,  
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:  
But now my Oate proceeds,  
And listens to the Herald of the Sea  
That came in Neptune's plea,  
He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Fellon winds,  
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?  
And question'd every gust of rugged wings  
That blows from off each beak'd Promontory,  
They knew not of his story,  
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,  
The Ayr was calm, and on the level brine,  
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.  
It was that fatall and perfidious Bark  
Built in th'eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,  
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend Sire, went footing slow,  
His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,  
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.  
Ah; Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?  
Last came, and last did go,  
The Pilot of the Galilean lake,  
Two massy Keyes he bore of metals twain,  
(The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain)  
He shook his Miter'd locks, and stern bespake,  
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,  
Anow of such as for their bellies sake,  
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?  
Of other care they little reck'ning make,

## JOHN MILTON

Then how to scramble at the shearers feast,  
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.  
Blind mouthes! that scarce themselves know how to hold  
A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought els the least  
That to the faithfull Herdmans art belongs!  
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;  
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw,  
The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,  
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,  
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:  
Besides what the grim Woolf with privy paw  
Daily devours apace, and nothing sed,  
But that two-handed engine at the door,  
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return Alpheus, the dread voice is past,  
That shrunk thy streams; Return Sicilian Muse,  
And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast  
Their Bels, and Flourets of a thousand hues.  
Ye valleys low where the milde whispers use,  
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,  
Throw hither all your quaint enameld eyes,  
That on the green terf suck the honied showres,  
And purple all the ground with vernal flowres.  
Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies.  
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Gessamine,  
The white Pink, and the Pansie freakt with jeat,  
The glowing Violet.  
The Musk-rose, and the well attir'd Woodbine.  
With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive hed,  
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:

## JOHN MILTON

Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,  
To strew the Laureat Herse where Lycid lies.  
For so to interpose a little ease,  
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.  
Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas  
Wash far away, where ere thy bones are hurl'd,  
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide  
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;  
Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,  
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
Where the great vision of the guarded Mount  
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;  
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth.  
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the haples youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,  
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,  
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor,  
So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore,  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:  
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves  
Where other groves, and other streams along,  
With Nectar pure his oozy Lock's he laves,  
And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song,  
In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
There entertain him all the Saints above,  
In solemn troops, and sweet Societies  
That sing, and singing in their glory move,

## JOHN MILTON

And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.  
Now Lycidas the Shepherds weep no more;  
Hence forth thou art the Genius of the shore,  
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th'Okes and rills,  
While the still morn went out with Sandals gray,  
He touch'd the tender stops of various Quills,  
With eager thought warbling his Dorick lay:  
And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills,  
And now was dropt into the Western bay;  
At last he rose, and twitch'd his Mantle blew:  
To morrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.

326

### *To the Lady Margaret Ley*

**D**AUGHTER to that good Earl, once President  
Of Englands Counsel, and her Treasury,  
Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,  
And left them both, more in himself content,  
Till the sad breaking of that Parliament  
Broke him, as that dishonest victory  
At Chæronæa, fatal to liberty  
Kil'd with report that Old man eloquent,  
Though later born, then to have known the dayes  
Wherin your Father flourisht, yet by you  
Madam, me thinks I see him living yet;  
So well your words his noble vertues praise,  
That all both judge you to relate them true,  
And to possess them, Honour'd Margaret.

JOHN MILTON

327

*On His Blindness*

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,  
E're half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
And that one Talent which is death to hide,  
Lodg'd with me useless, though my Soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, least he returning chide,  
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,  
I fondly ask; But patience to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need  
Either man's work or his own gifts, who best  
Bear his milde yoke, they serve him best, his State  
Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed  
And post o're Land and Ocean without rest:  
They also serve who only stand and waite.

328

*To Mr. Lawrence*

LAWRENCE of vertuous Father vertuous Son,  
Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are mire,  
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire  
Help wast a sullen day; what may be won  
From the hard Season gaining: time will run  
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire  
The frozen earth; and cloth in fresh attire  
The Lillie and Rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.  
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,  
Of Attick tast, with Wine, whence we may rise  
To hear the Lute well toucht, or artfull voice  
Warble immortal Notes and Tuskan Ayre?  
He who of those delights can judge, and spare  
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

329

*To Cyriack Skinner*

CYRIACK, whose Grandsire on the Royal Bench  
 Of Brittish Themis, with no mean applause  
 Pronounc't and in his volumes taught our Lawes,  
 Which others at their Barr so often wrench:  
 To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench  
 In mirth, that after no repenting drawes;  
 Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,  
 And what the Swede intend, and what the French.  
 To measure life, learn thou betimes, and know  
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;  
 For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,  
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,  
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,  
 And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

330

*On His Deceased Wife*

METHOUGHT I saw my late espousèd Saint  
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,  
 Whom Joves great Son to her glad Husband gave,  
 Rescu'd from death by force though pale and faint,  
 Mine as whom washt from spot of child-bed taint,  
 Purification in the old Law did save,  
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have  
 Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,  
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:  
 Her face was vail'd, yet to my fancied sight,  
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd  
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.  
 But O as to embrace me she enclin'd  
 I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

**H**AIL holy light, ofspring of Heav'n first-born,  
 Or of th' Eternal Coeternal beam  
 May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,  
 And never but in unapproachèd light  
 Dwelt from Eternitie, dwelt then in thee,  
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.  
 Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,  
 Whose Fountain who shall tell? before the Sun,  
 Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice  
 Of God, as with a Mantle didst invest  
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
 Won from the void and formless infinite.  
 Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,  
 Escap't the Stygian Pool, though long detain'd  
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight  
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne  
 With other notes then to th' Orphean Lyre  
 I sung of Chaos and Eternal Night,  
 Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down  
 The dark descent, and up to reascend,  
 Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,  
 And feel thy sovran vital Lamp; but thou  
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that rowle in vain  
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;  
 So thick a drop serene hath quencht thir Orbs,  
 Or dim suffusion veild. Yet not the more  
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt  
 Cleer Spring, or shadie Grove, or Sunnie Hill,  
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief  
 Thee *Sion* and the flowrie Brooks beneath

## JOHN MILTON

That wash thy hallowd feet, and warbling flow,  
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget  
 Those other two equal'd with me in Fate,  
 So were I equal'd with them in renown.  
 Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,  
 And Tiresias and Phineus Prophets old.  
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntarie move  
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful Bird  
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest Covert hid  
 Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year  
 Seasons return, but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summers Rose,  
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
 But cloud in stead, and ever-during dark  
 Surrounds me, from the chearful waies of men  
 Cut off, and for the Book of knowledg fair  
 Presented with a Universal blanc  
 Of Natures works to mee expung'd and ras'd,  
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.  
 So much the rather thou Celestial light  
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
 Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

332            (i) *From 'Samson Agonistes'*

**O**H how comely it is and how reviving  
 To the Spirits of just men long opprest!  
 When God into the hands of thir deliverer  
 Puts invincible might

## JOHN MILTON

To quell the mighty of the Earth, th' oppressour,  
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men  
Hardy and industrious to support  
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue  
The righteous and all such as honour Truth;  
He all thir Ammunition  
And feats of War defeats  
With plain Heroic magnitude of mind  
And celestial vigour arm'd,  
Thir Armories and Magazins contemns,  
Renders them useless, while  
With wingèd expedition  
Swift as the lightning glance he executes  
His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd  
Lose thir defence distracted and amaz'd.

333

(ii)

**A**LL is best, though we oft doubt,  
What th' unsearchable dispose  
Of highest wisdom brings about,  
And ever best found in the close.  
Oft he seems to hide his face,  
But unexpectedly returns  
And to his faithful Champion hath in place  
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns  
And all that band them to resist  
His uncontroulable intent.  
His servants he with new acquist  
Of true experience from this great event  
With peace and consolation hath dismiss,  
And calm of mind all passion spent.

*A Doubt of Martyrdom*

O FOR some honest lover's ghost,  
Some kind unbodied post  
Sent from the shades below!  
I strangely long to know  
Whether the noble chaplets wear  
Those that their mistress' scorn did bear  
Or those that were used kindly.

For whatsoe'er they tell us here  
To make those sufferings dear,  
'Twill there, I fear, be found  
That to the being crown'd  
T' have loved alone will not suffice,  
Unless we also have been wise  
And have our loves enjoy'd.

What posture can we think him in  
That, here unloved, again  
Departs, and 's thither gone  
Where each sits by his own?  
Or how can that Elysium be  
Where I my mistress still must see  
Circled in other's arms?

For there the judges all are just,  
And Sophonisba must  
Be his whom she held dear,  
Not his who loved her here.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

The sweet Philoclea, since she died,  
Lies by her Pirocles his side,  
Not by Amphialus.

Some bays, perchance, or myrtle bough  
For difference crowns the brow  
Of those kind souls that were  
The noble martyrs here:  
And if that be the only odds  
(As who can tell?), ye kinder gods,  
Give me the woman here!

335

*The Constant Lover*

OUT upon it, I have loved  
Three whole days together!  
And am like to love three more,  
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings  
Ere he shall discover  
In the whole wide world again  
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on 't is, no praise  
Is due at all to me:  
Love with me had made no stays,  
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,  
And that very face,  
There had been at least ere this  
A dozen dozen in her place.

336

*Why so Pale and Wan?*

**W**HY so pale and wan, fond lover?  
 Prithee, why so pale?

Will, when looking well can't move her,  
 Looking ill prevail?  
 Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?  
 Prithee, why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
 Saying nothing do 't?  
 Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! This will not move;  
 This cannot take her.

If of herself she will not love,  
 Nothing can make her:  
 The devil take her!

337

*When, Dearest, I but think of Thee*

**W**HEN, dearest I but think of thee,  
 Methinks all things that lovely be  
 Are present, and my soul delighted:

For beauties that from worth arise  
 Are like the grace of deities,  
 Still present with us, tho' unsighted.

Thus while I sit and sigh the day  
 With all his borrow'd lights away,  
 Till night's black wings do overtake me,  
 Thinking on thee, thy beauties then,  
 As sudden lights do sleepy men,  
 So they by their bright rays awake me.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

Thus absence dies, and dying proves  
No absence can subsist with loves  
That do partake of fair perfection:  
Since in the darkest night they may  
By love's quick motion find a way  
To see each other by reflection.

The waving sea can with each flood  
Bathe some high promont that hath stood  
Far from the main up in the river:  
O think not then but love can do  
As much! for that's an ocean too,  
Which flows not every day, but ever!

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE

1608-1666

338

*A Rose*

**B**LOWN in the morning, thou shalt fade ere noon.  
What boots a life which in such haste forsakes thee?  
Thou'rt wondrous frolic, being to die so soon,  
And passing proud a little colour makes thee.  
If thee thy brittle beauty so deceives,  
Know then the thing that swells thee is thy bane;  
For the same beauty doth, in bloody leaves,  
The sentence of thy early death contain.  
Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet flower,  
If by the careless plough thou shalt be torn;  
And many Herods lie in wait each hour  
To murder thee as soon as thou art born—  
Nay, force thy bud to blow—their tyrant breath  
Anticipating life, to hasten death!

339

*To Chloe**Who for his sake wished herself younger*

THERE are two births; the one when light  
 First strikes the new awaken'd sense;  
 The other when two souls unite,  
 And we must count our life from thence:  
 When you loved me and I loved you  
 Then both of us were born anew.

Love then to us new souls did give  
 And in those souls did plant new powers;  
 Since when another life we live,  
 The breath we breathe is his, not ours:  
 Love makes those young whom age doth chill,  
 And whom he finds young keeps young still.

340

*Falsehood*

STILL do the stars impart their light  
 To those that travel in the night;  
 Still time runs on, nor doth the hand  
 Or shadow on the dial stand;  
 The streams still glide and constant are:  
     Only thy mind  
     Untrue I find,  
     Which carelessly  
     Neglects to be  
 Like stream or shadow, hand or star.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT

Fool that I am ! I do recall  
My words, and swear thou'rt like them all,  
Thou seem'st like stars to nourish fire,  
But O how cold is thy desire !  
And like the hand upon the brass  
    Thou point'st at me  
    In mockery;  
    If I come nigh  
    Shade-like thou'lt fly,  
And as the stream with murmur pass.

341 *On the Queen's Return from the Low  
Countries*

**H**ALLOW the threshold, crown the posts anew !  
The day shall have its due.  
Twist all our victories into one bright wreath,  
    On which let honour breathe;  
Then throw it round the temples of our Queen !  
'Tis she that must preserve those glories green.  
When greater tempests than on sea before  
    Received her on the shore;  
When she was shot at 'for the King's own good'  
    By legions hired to blood;  
How bravely did she do, how bravely bear !  
And show'd, though they durst rage, she durst not fear.  
Courage was cast about her like a dress  
    Of solemn comeliness:  
A gather'd mind and an untroubled face  
    Did give her dangers grace:  
Thus, arm'd with innocence, secure they move  
Whose highest 'treason' is but highest love.

342      *On a Virtuous Young Gentlewoman  
that died suddenly*

**S**HE who to Heaven more Heaven doth annex,  
Whose lowest thought was above all our sex,  
Accounted nothing death but t' be reprieved,  
And died as free from sickness as she lived.  
Others are dragg'd away, or must be driven,  
She only saw her time and stept to Heaven;  
Where seraphims view all her glories o'er,  
As one return'd that had been there before.  
For while she did this lower world adorn,  
Her body seem'd rather assumed than born;  
So rarified, advanced, so pure and whole,  
That body might have been another's soul;  
And equally a miracle it were  
That she could die, or that she could live here.

JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE

1612-1650

343      *I'll never love Thee more*

**M**Y dear and only Love, I pray  
That little world of thee  
Be govern'd by no other sway  
Than purest monarchy;  
For if confusion have a part  
(Which virtuous souls abhor),  
And hold a synod in thine heart,  
I'll never love thee more.

## JAMES GRAHAM

Like Alexander I will reign,  
And I will reign alone;  
My thoughts did evermore disdain  
A rival on my throne.  
He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
'That dares not put it to the touch,  
To gain or lose it all.

And in the empire of thine heart,  
Where I should solely be,  
If others do pretend a part  
Or dare to vie with me,  
Or if *Committees* thou erect,  
And go on such a score,  
I'll laugh and sing at thy neglect,  
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt prove faithful then,  
And constant of thy word,  
I'll make thee glorious by my pen  
And famous by my sword;  
I'll serve thee in such noble ways  
Was never heard before;  
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,  
And love thee more and more.

344 *Coronemus nos Rosis antequam marcescant*

LET us drink and be merry, dance, joke, and rejoice,  
 With claret and sherry, theorbo and voice!

The changeable world to our joy is unjust,

All treasure's uncertain,

Then down with your dust!

In frolics dispose your pounds, shillings, and pence,  
 For we shall be nothing a hundred years hence.

We'll sport and be free with Moll, Betty, and Dolly,  
 Have oysters and lobsters to cure melancholy:

Fish-dinners will make a lass spring like a flea,

Dame Venus, love's lady,

Was born of the sea;

With her and with Bacchus we'll tickle the sense,  
 For we shall be past it a hundred years hence.

Your most beautiful bride who with garlands is crown'd  
 And kills with each glance as she treads on the ground,  
 Whose lightness and brightness doth shine in such splendour

That none but the stars

Are thought fit to attend her,

Though now she be pleasant and sweet to the sense,  
 Will be damnable mouldy a hundred years hence.

Then why should we turmoil in cares and in fears,  
 Turn all our tranquill'ty to sighs and to tears?

Let's eat, drink, and play till the worms do corrupt us,

'Tis certain, *Post mortem*

*Nulla voluptas.*

For health, wealth and beauty, wit, learning and sense,  
 Must all come to nothing a hundred years hence.

RICHARD CRASHAW

1613?-1649

345

*Wishes to His Supposed Mistress*

WHO'E'ER she be—  
That not impossible She  
That shall command my heart and me:

Where'er she lie,  
Lock'd up from mortal eye  
In shady leaves of destiny:

Till that ripe birth  
Of studied Fate stand forth,  
And teach her fair steps to our earth:

Till that divine  
Idea take a shrine  
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine:

Meet you her, my Wishes,  
Bespeak her to my blisses,  
And be ye call'd my absent kisses.

I wish her Beauty,  
That owes not all its duty  
To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie:

Something more than  
Taffata or tissue can,  
Or rampant feather, or rich fan..

A Face, that's best  
By its own beauty drest,  
And can alone commend the rest.

## RICHARD CRASHAW

A Face, made up  
Out of no other shop  
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.

A Cheek, where youth  
And blood, with pen of truth,  
Write what the reader sweetly ru'th.

A Cheek, where grows  
More than a morning rose,  
Which to no box his being owes.

Lips, where all day  
A lover's kiss may play,  
Yet carry nothing thence away.

Looks, that oppress  
Their richest tires, but dress  
And clothe their simplest nakedness.

Eyes, that displace  
The neighbour diamond, and outface  
That sunshine by their own sweet grace.

Tresses, that wear  
Jewels but to declare  
How much themselves more precious are:

Whose native ray  
Can tame the wanton day  
Of gems that in their bright shades play.

Each ruby there,  
Or pearl that dare appear,  
Be its own blush, be its own tear.

## RICHARD CRASHAW

A well-tamed Heart,  
For whose more noble smart  
Love may be long choosing a dart.

Eyes, that bestow  
Full quivers on love's bow,  
Yet pay less arrows than they owe.

Smiles, that can warm  
The blood, yet teach a charm,  
That chastity shall take no harm.

Blushes, that bin  
The burnish of no sin,  
Nor flames of aught too hot within.

Joys, that confess  
Virtue their mistress,  
And have no other head to dress.

Fears, fond and slight  
As the coy bride's, when night  
First does the longing lover right.

Days, that need borrow  
No part of their good-morrow  
From a fore-spent night of sorrow.

Days, that in spite  
Of darkness, by the light  
Of a clear mind, are day all night.

Nights, sweet as they,  
Made short by lovers' play,  
Yet long by th' absence of the day.

## RICHARD CRASHAW

Life, that dares send  
A challenge to his end,  
And when it comes, say, 'Welcome, friend !'

Sydneian showers  
Of sweet discourse, whose powers  
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

Soft silken hours,  
Open suns, shady bowers;  
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.

Whate'er delight  
Can make Day's forehead bright,  
Or give down to the wings of Night.

I wish her store  
Of worth may leave her poor  
Of wishes; and I wish—no more.

Now, if Time knows  
That Her, whose radiant brows  
Weave them a garland of my vows;

Her, whose just bays  
My future hopes can raise,  
A trophy to her present praise;

Her, that dares be  
What these lines wish to see;  
I seek no further, it is She.

'Tis She, and here,  
Lo! I unclothe and clear  
My Wishes' cloudy character.

RICHARD CRASHAW

May she enjoy it  
Whose merit dare apply it,  
But modesty dares still deny it!

Such worth as this is  
Shall fix my flying Wishes,  
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,  
My fancies, fly before ye;  
Be ye my fictions—but her story.

346

*The Weeper*

**H**AIL, sister springs,  
Parents of silver-footed rills!  
Ever bubbling things,  
Thawing crystal, snowy hills!  
Still spending, never spent; I mean  
Thy fair eyes, sweet Magdalene.

Heavens thy fair eyes be;  
Heavens of ever-falling stars;  
'Tis seed-time still with thee,  
And stars thou sow'st whose harvest dares  
Promise the earth to countershine  
Whatever makes Heaven's forehead fine.

Every morn from hence  
A brisk cherub something sips  
Whose soft influence  
Adds sweetness to his sweetest lips;  
Then to his music: and his song  
Tastes of this breakfast all day long.

## RICHARD CRASHAW

When some new bright guest  
Takes up among the stars a room,  
And Heaven will make a feast,  
Angels with their bottles come,  
And draw from these full eyes of thine  
Their Master's water, their own wine.

The dew no more will weep  
The primrose's pale cheek to deck;  
The dew no more will sleep  
Nuzzled in the lily's neck:  
Much rather would it tremble here,  
And leave them both to be thy tear.

When sorrow would be seen  
In her brightest majesty,  
—For she is a Queen—  
Then is she drest by none but thee:  
Then and only then she wears  
Her richest pearls—I mean thy tears.

Not in the evening's eyes,  
When they red with weeping are  
For the Sun that dies,  
Sits Sorrow with a face so fair.  
Nowhere but here did ever meet  
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

Does the night arise?  
Still thy tears do fall and fall.  
Does night lose her eyes?  
Still the fountain weeps for all.  
Let day and night do what they will,  
Thou hast thy task, thou weepest still.

## RICHARD CRASHAW

Not *So long she lived*  
Will thy tomb report of thee;  
But *So long she grieved:*  
Thus must we date thy memory.  
Others by days, by months, by years,  
Measure their ages, thou by tears.  
Say, ye bright brothers,  
The fugitive sons of those fair eyes  
Your fruitful mothers,  
What make you here? What hopes can 'tice  
You to be born? What cause can borrow  
You from those nests of noble sorrow?  
Whither away so fast  
For sure the sordid earth  
Your sweetness cannot taste,  
Nor does the dust deserve your birth.  
Sweet, whither haste you then? O say,  
Why you trip so fast away?  
*We go not to seek*  
*The darlings of Aurora's bed,*  
*The rose's modest cheek,*  
*Nor the violet's humble head.*  
*No such thing: we go to meet*  
*A worthier object—our Lord's feet.*

### 347 *A Hymn to the Name and Honour of the Admirable Saint Teresa*

LOVE, thou art absolute, sole Lord  
Of life and death. To prove the word,  
We'll now appeal to none of all  
Those thy old soldiers, great and tall,

## RICHARD CRASHAW

Ripe men of martyrdom, that could reach down  
With strong arms their triumphant crown:  
Such as could with lusty breath  
Speak loud, unto the face of death,  
Their great Lord's glorious name; to none  
Of those whose spacious bosoms spread a throne  
For love at large to fill. Spare blood and sweat:  
We'll see Him take a private seat,  
And make His mansion in the mild  
And milky soul of a soft child.

Scarce has she learnt to lisp a name  
Of martyr, yet she thinks it shame  
Life should so long play with that breath  
Which spent can buy so brave a death.  
She never undertook to know  
What death with love should have to do.  
Nor has she e'er yet understood  
Why, to show love, she should shed blood;  
Yet, though she cannot tell you why,  
She can love, and she can die.  
Scarce has she blood enough to make  
A guilty sword blush for her sake;  
Yet has a heart dares hope to prove  
How much less strong is death than love. . . .

Since 'tis not to be had at home,  
She'll travel for a martyrdom.  
No home for her, confesses she,  
But where she may a martyr be.  
She'll to the Moors, and trade with them  
For this unvalued diadem;

## RICHARD CRASHAW

She offers them her dearest breath,  
With Christ's name in 't, in change for death:  
She'll bargain with them, and will give  
Them God, and teach them how to live  
In Him; or, if they this deny,  
For Him she'll teach them how to die.  
So shall she leave amongst them sown  
Her Lord's blood, or at least her own.

Farewell then, all the world, adieu!  
Teresa is no more for you.  
Farewell all pleasures, sports, and joys,  
Never till now esteemèd toys!  
Farewell whatever dear may be—  
Mother's arms, or father's knee!  
Farewell house, and farewell home!  
She's for the Moors and Martyrdom.

Sweet, not so fast; lo! thy fair spouse,  
Whom thou seek'st with so swift vows,  
Calls thee back, and bids thee come  
T' embrace a milder martyrdom. . . .

O how oft shalt thou complain  
Of a sweet and subtle pain!  
Of intolerable joys!  
Of a death, in which who dies  
Loves his death, and dies again,  
And would for ever so be slain;  
And lives and dies, and knows not why  
To live, but that he still may die!  
How kindly will thy gentle heart  
Kiss the sweetly-killing dart!  
And close in his embraces keep

## RICHARD CRASHAW

Those delicious wounds, that weep  
Balsam, to heal themselves with thus,  
When these thy deaths, so numerous,  
Shall all at once die into one,  
And melt thy soul's sweet mansion;  
Like a soft lump of incense, hasted  
By too hot a fire, and wasted  
Into perfuming clouds, so fast  
Shalt thou exhale to heaven at last  
In a resolving sigh, and then,—  
O what? Ask not the tongues of men.

Angels cannot tell; suffice,  
Thyself shalt feel thine own full joys,  
And hold them fast for ever there.  
So soon as thou shalt first appear,  
The moon of maiden stars, thy white  
Mistress, attended by such bright  
Souls as thy shining self, shall come,  
And in her first ranks make thee room;  
Where, 'mongst her snowy family,  
Immortal welcomes wait for thee.  
O what delight, when she shall stand  
And teach thy lips heaven, with her hand,  
On which thou now may'st to thy wishes  
Heap up thy consecrated kisses!  
What joy shall seize thy soul, when she,  
Bending her blessed eyes on thee,  
Those second smiles of heaven, shall dart  
Her mild rays through thy melting heart!  
Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee,  
Glad at their own home now to meet thee.

## RICHARD CRASHAW

All thy good works which went before,  
And waited for thee at the door,  
Shall own thee there; and all in one  
Weave a constellation  
Of crowns, with which the King, thy spouse,  
Shall build up thy triumphant brows.  
All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,  
And thy pains sit bright upon thee:  
All thy sorrows here shall shine,  
And thy sufferings be divine,  
Tears shall take comfort, and turn gems,  
And wrongs repent to diadems.  
Even thy deaths shall live, and new  
Dress the soul which late they slew.  
Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scars  
As keep account of the Lamb's wars.

Those rare works, where thou shalt leave writ  
Love's noble history, with wit  
Taught thee by none but Him, while here  
They feed our souls, shall clothe thine there.  
Each heavenly word by whose hid flame  
Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same  
Shall flourish on thy brows, and be  
Both fire to us and flame to thee;  
Whose light shall live bright in thy face  
By glory, in our hearts by grace.  
Thou shalt look round about, and see  
Thousands of crown'd souls throng to be  
Themselves thy crown, sons of thy vows,  
The virgin-births with which thy spouse  
Made fruitful thy fair soul; go now,

And with them all about thee bow  
 To Him; put on, He'll say, put on,  
 My rosy Love, that thy rich zone,  
 Sparkling with the sacred flames  
 Of thousand souls, whose happy names  
 Heaven keeps upon thy score: thy bright  
 Life brought them first to kiss the light  
 That kindled them to stars; and so  
 Thou with the Lamb, thy Lord, shalt go.  
 And, wheresoe'er He sets His white  
 Steps, walk with Him those ways of light,  
 Which who in death would live to see,  
 Must learn in life to die like thee.

348      *Upon the Book and Picture of the  
 Seraphical Saint Teresa*

**O** THOU undaunted daughter of desires!  
 By all thy dower of lights and fires;  
 By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;  
 By all thy lives and deaths of love;  
 By thy large draughts of intellectual day,  
 And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;  
 By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire,  
 By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;  
 By the full kingdom of that final kiss  
 That seized thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His;  
 By all the Heav'n thou hast in Him  
 (Fair sister of the seraphim!);  
 By all of Him we have in thee;  
 Leave nothing of myself in me.  
 Let me so read thy life, that I  
 Unto all life of mine may die!

349 *Verses from the Shepherd's Hymn*

WE saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,  
 Young dawn of our eternal day;  
 We saw Thine eyes break from the East,  
 And chase the trembling shades away:  
 We saw Thee, and we blest the sight,  
 We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.  
 Poor world, said I, what wilt thou do  
 To entertain this starry stranger?  
 Is this the best thou canst bestow—  
 A cold and not too cleanly manger?  
 Contend, the powers of heaven and earth,  
 To fit a bed for this huge birth.  
 Proud world, said I, cease your contest,  
 And let the mighty Babe alone;  
 The phoenix builds the phoenix' nest,  
 Love's architecture is His own.  
 The Babe, whose birth embraves this morn,  
 Made His own bed ere He was born.  
 I saw the curl'd drops, soft and slow,  
 Come hovering o'er the place's head,  
 Off'ring their whitest sheets of snow,  
 To furnish the fair infant's bed.  
 Forbear, said I, be not too bold;  
 Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.  
 I saw th' obsequious seraphim  
 Their rosy fleece of fire bestow,  
 For well they now can spare their wings,  
 Since Heaven itself lies here below.  
 Well done, said I; but are you sure  
 Your down, so warm, will pass for pure?

## RICHARD CRASHAW

No, no, your King's not yet to seek  
Where to repose His royal head;  
See, see how soon His new-bloom'd cheek  
'Twixt mother's breasts is gone to bed!  
Sweet choice, said we; no way but so,  
Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow!

She sings Thy tears asleep, and dips  
Her kisses in Thy weeping eye;  
She spreads the red leaves of Thy lips,  
That in their buds yet blushing lie.  
She 'gainst those mother diamonds tries  
The points of her young eagle's eyes.

Welcome—tho' not to those gay flies,  
Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings,  
Slippery souls in smiling eyes—  
But to poor shepherds, homespun things,  
Whose wealth's their flocks, whose wit's to be  
Well read in their simplicity.

Yet, when young April's husband show'rs  
Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,  
We'll bring the first-born of her flowers,  
To kiss Thy feet and crown Thy head.  
To Thee, dread Lamb! whose love must keep  
The shepherds while they feed their sheep.

To Thee, meek Majesty, soft King  
Of simple graces and sweet loves!  
Each of us his lamb will bring,  
Each his pair of silver doves!  
At last, in fire of Thy fair eyes,  
Ourselves become our own best sacrifice!

350

*Christ Crucified*

**T**HY restless feet now cannot go  
 For us and our eternal good,  
 As they were ever wont. What though  
 They swim, alas! in their own flood?  
  
 Thy hands to give Thou canst not lift,  
 Yet will Thy hand still giving be;  
 It gives, but O, itself's the gift!  
 It gives tho' bound, tho' bound 'tis free!

351 *An Epitaph upon Husband and Wife*

*Who died and were buried together*

**T**O these whom death again did wed  
 This grave's the second marriage-bed.  
 For though the hand of Fate could force  
 'Twixt soul and body a divorce,  
 It could not sever man and wife,  
 Because they both lived but one life.  
 Peace, good reader, do not weep;  
 Peace, the lovers are asleep.  
 They, sweet turtles, folded lie  
 In the last knot that love could tie.  
 Let them sleep, let them sleep on,  
 Till the stormy night be gone,  
 And the eternal morrow dawn;  
 Then the curtains will be drawn,  
 And they wake into a light  
 Whose day shall never die in night.

RICHARD LOVELACE

1618-1658

352

*To Lucasta, going to the Wars*

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind,  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind  
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,  
The first foe in the field;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As thou too shalt adore;  
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,  
Loved I not Honour more.

353

*To Lucasta, going beyond the Seas*

IF to be absent were to be  
Away from thee;  
Or that when I am gone  
You or I were alone;  
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave  
Pity from blustering wind or swallowing wave.  
But I'll not sigh one blast or gale  
To swell my sail,  
Or pay a tear to 'suage  
The foaming blue god's rage;  
For whether he will let me pass  
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

## RICHARD LOVELACE

Though seas and land betwixt us both,  
Our faith and troth,  
Like separated souls,  
All time and space controls:  
Above the highest sphere we meet  
Unseen, unknown; and greet as Angels greet.

So then we do anticipate  
Our after-fate,  
And are alive i' the skies,  
If thus our lips and eyes  
Can speak like spirits unconfined  
In Heaven, their earthy bodies left behind.

354

### *Gratiana Dancing*

**S**HE beat the happy pavèment—  
By such a star made firmament,  
Which now no more the roof envles!  
But swells up high, with Atlas even,  
Bearing the brighter nobler heaven,  
And, in her, all the deities.

Each step trod out a Lover's thought,  
And the ambitious hopes he brought  
Chain'd to her brave feet with such arts,  
Such sweet command and gentle awe,  
As, when she ceased, we sighing saw  
The floor lay paved with broken hearts.

355

*To Amarantha, that she would  
dishevel her Hair*

AMARANTHA sweet and fair,  
Ah, braid no more that shining hair !  
As my curious hand or eye  
Hovering round thee, let it fly !

Let it fly as unconfined  
As its calm ravisher the wind,  
Who hath left his darling, th' East,  
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.

Every tress must be confest,  
But neatly tangled at the best;  
Like a clew of golden thread  
Most excellently ravellèd.

Do not then wind up that light  
In ribbands, and o'ercloud in night,  
Like the Sun in 's early ray;  
But shake your head, and scatter day !

356

*The Grasshopper*

THOU that swing'st upon the waving hair  
Of some well-fillèd oaten beard,  
Drunk every night with a delicious tear  
Dropt thee from heaven, where thou wert rear'd !

The joys of earth and air are thine entire,  
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly;  
And when thy poppy works, thou dost retire  
To thy carved acorn-bed to lie.

RICHARD LOVELACE

Up with the day, the Sun thou welcom'st then,  
Sport'st in the gilt plaits of his beams,  
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,  
Thyself, and melancholy streams.

357

*To Althea, from Prison*

WHEN Love with unconfinèd wings  
Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at the grates;  
When I lie tangled in her hair  
And fetter'd to her eye,  
The birds that wanton in the air  
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round  
With no allaying Thames,  
Our careless heads with roses bound,  
Our hearts with loyal flames;  
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,  
When healths and draughts go free—  
Fishes that tipple in the deep  
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I  
With shriller throat shall sing  
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,  
And glories of my King;  
When I shall voice aloud how good  
He is, how great should be,  
Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,  
Know no such liberty.

RICHARD LOVELACE

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage;  
If I have freedom in my love  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone, that soar above,  
Enjoy such liberty.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

1618-1667

358

*Anacreontics*

*1. Drinking*

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain,  
And drinks and gapes for drink again;  
The plants suck in the earth, and are  
With constant drinking fresh and fair;  
The sea itself (which one would think  
Should have but little need of drink)  
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,  
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.  
The busy Sun (and one would guess  
By 's drunken fiery face no less)  
Drinks up the sea, and when he 's done,  
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun:  
They drink and dance by their own light,  
They drink and revel all the night:  
Nothing in Nature 's sober found,  
But an eternal health goes round.  
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,  
Fill all the glasses there—for why  
Should every creature drink but I?  
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

UNDERNEATH this myrtle shade,  
 On flowery beds supinely laid,  
 With odorous oils my head o'erflowing,  
 And around it roses growing,  
 What should I do but drink away  
 The heat and troubles of the day?  
 In this more than kingly state  
 Love himself on me shall wait.  
 Fill to me, Love! nay, fill it up!  
 And mingled cast into the cup  
 Wit and mirth and noble fires,  
 Vigorous health and gay desires.  
 The wheel of life no less will stay  
 In a smooth than rugged way:  
 Since it equally doth flee,  
 Let the motion pleasant be.  
 Why do we precious ointments shower?—  
 Nobler wines why do we pour?—  
 Beauteous flowers why do we spread  
 Upon the monuments of the dead?  
 Nothing they but dust can show,  
 Or bones that hasten to be so.  
 Crown me with roses while I live,  
 Now your wines and ointments give:  
 After death I nothing crave,  
 Let me alive my pleasures have:  
 All are Stoics in the grave.

3. *The Swallow*

**F**OOLISH prater, what dost thou  
 So early at my window do?  
 Cruel bird, thou'st ta'en away  
 A dream out of my arms to-day;  
 A dream that ne'er must equall'd be  
 By all that waking eyes may see.  
 Thou this damage to repair  
 Nothing half so sweet and fair,  
 Nothing half so good, canst bring,  
 Tho' men say thou bring'st the Spring.

361 *On the Death of Mr. William Hervey*

**I**T was a dismal, and a fearful night,  
 Scarce could the Morn drive on th' unwilling Light.  
 When Sleep, Death's image, left my troubled breast  
     By something liker Death possest.  
 My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,  
     And on my soul hung the dull weight  
     Of some intolerable fate.  
 What bell was that? Ah me! too much I know!  
 My sweet companion, and my gentle peer,  
 Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,  
 Thy end for ever, and my life to moan?  
     O thou hast left me all alone!  
 Thy soul and body, when death's agony  
     Besieged around thy noble heart,  
     Did not with more reluctance part  
 Than I, my dearest Friend, do part from thee.

## ABRAHAM COWLEY

My dearest Friend, would I had died for thee!  
Life and this world henceforth will tedious be:  
Nor shall I know hereafter what to do

    If once my griefs prove tedious too.  
Silent and sad I walk about all day,  
    As sullen ghosts stalk speechless by  
    Where their hid treasures lie;  
Alas! my treasure's gone; why do I stay?

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,  
How oft unwearied have we spent the nights,  
Till the Ledæan stars, so famed for love,  
    Wonder'd at us from above!  
We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine;  
    But search of deep Philosophy,  
    Wit, Eloquence, and Poetry—  
Arts which I loved, for they, my Friend, were thine.

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,  
Have ye not seen us walking every day?  
Was there a tree about which did not know  
    The love betwixt us two?  
Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade;  
    Or your sad branches thicker join,  
    And into darksome shades combine,  
Dark as the grave wherein my Friend is laid!

Large was his soul; as large a soul as e'er  
Submitted to inform a body here;  
High as the place 'twas shortly in Heaven to have,  
    But low and humble as his grave;

## ABRAHAM COWLEY

So high that all the virtues there did come,  
As to their chiefest seat  
Conspicuous and great;  
So low, that for me too it made a room.

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,  
As if for him Knowledge had rather sought;  
Nor did more learning ever crowded lie  
In such a short mortality.  
Whene'er the skilful youth discoursed or writ,  
Still did the notions throng  
About his eloquent tongue,  
Nor could his ink flow faster than his wit.

His mirth was the pure spirits of various wit,  
Yet never did his God or friends forget;  
And when deep talk and wisdom came in view,  
Retired, and gave to them their due.  
For the rich help of books he always took,  
Though his own searching mind before  
Was so with notions written o'er,  
As if wise Nature had made that her book.

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,  
He always lived, as other saints do die.  
Still with his soul severe account he kept,  
Weeping all debts out ere he slept.  
Then down in peace and innocence he lay,  
Like the sun's laborious light,  
Which still in water sets at night,  
Unsullied with his journey of the day.

## ABRAHAM COWLEY

But happy Thou, ta'en from this frantic age,  
Where ignorance and hypocrisy does rage!  
A fitter time for Heaven no soul e'er chose—  
The place now only free from those.  
There 'mong the blest thou dost for ever shine;  
And wheresoe'er thou casts thy view  
Upon that white and radiant crew,  
See'st not a soul clothed with more light than thine.

362

### *The Wish*

WELL then! I now do plainly see  
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree.  
The very honey of all earthly joy  
Does of all meats the soonest cloy;  
And they, methinks, deserve my pity  
Who for it can endure the stings,  
The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings,  
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to the grave,  
May I a small house and large garden have;  
And a few friends, and many books, both true,  
Both wise, and both delightful too!

And since love ne'er will from me flee,  
A Mistress moderately fair,  
And good as guardian angels are,  
Only beloved and loving me.

O fountains! when in you shall I  
Myself eased of unpeaceful thoughts espy?  
O fields! O woods! when, when shall I be made  
The happy tenant of your shade?

## ABRAHAM COWLEY

Here's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood:  
Here's wealthy Nature's treasury,  
Where all the riches lie that she  
Has coin'd and stamp'd for good.

Pride and ambition here  
Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear;  
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,  
And nought but Echo flatter.

The gods, when they descended, hither  
From heaven did always choose their way:  
And therefore we may boldly say  
That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here should I  
And one dear She live, and embracing die!  
She who is all the world, and can exclude  
In deserts solitude.

I should have then this only fear:  
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,  
Should hither throng to live like me,  
And so make a city here.

## ALEXANDER BROME

1620-1666

363

### *The Resolve*

TELL me not of a face, that's fair,  
Nor lip and cheek that's red,  
Nor of the tresses of her hair,  
Nor curls in order laid,  
Nor of a rare seraphic voice  
That like an angel sings;  
Though if I were to take my choice  
I would have all these things:

ALEXANDER BROME

But if that thou wilt have me love,  
And it must be a she,  
The only argument can move  
Is that she will love me.

The glories of your ladies be  
But metaphors of things,  
And but resemble what we see  
Each common object brings.  
Roses out-red their lips and cheeks,  
Lilies their whiteness stain;  
What fool is he that shadows seeks  
And may the substance gain?  
Then if thou'lt have me love a lass,  
Let it be one that's kind:  
Else I'm a servant to the glass  
That's with Canary lined.

ANDREW MARVELL

1621-1678

364

*An Horatian Ode*

*upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland*

THE forward youth that would appear  
Must now forsake his Muses dear,  
Nor in the shadows sing  
His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,  
And oil the unused armour's rust,  
Removing from the wall  
The corslet of the hall.

ANDREW MARVELL

So restless Cromwell could not cease  
In the inglorious arts of peace,  
But through adventurous war  
Urgèd his active star:

And like the three-fork'd lightning, first  
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,  
Did thorough his own side  
His fiery way divide:

For 'tis all one to courage high,  
The emulous, or enemy;  
And with such, to enclose  
Is more than to oppose.

Then burning through the air he went  
And palaces and temples rent;  
And Caesar's head at last  
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame  
The face of angry Heaven's flame;  
And if we would speak true,  
Much to the man is due,

Who, from his private gardens, where  
He lived reservèd and austere  
(As if his highest plot  
To plant the bergamot),

Could by industrious valour climb  
To ruin the great work of time,  
And cast the Kingdoms old  
Into another mould;

## ANDREW MARVELL

Though Justice against Fate complain,  
And plead the ancient rights in vain—  
But those do hold or break  
As men are strong or weak—

Nature, that hateth emptiness,  
Allows of penetration less,  
And therefore must make room  
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war  
Where his were not the deepest scar?  
And Hampton shows what part  
He had of wiser art;

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,  
He wove a net of such a scope  
That Charles himself might chase  
To Carisbrook's narrow case;

That thence the Royal actor borne  
The tragic scaffold might adorn:  
While round the armed bands  
Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did or mean  
Upon that memorable scene,  
But with his keener eye  
The axe's edge did try;

Nor call'd the Gods, with vulgar spite,  
To vindicate his helpless right;  
But bow'd his comely head  
Down, as upon a bed.

## ANDREW MARVELL

This was that memorable hour  
Which first assured the forcèd power:  
So when they did design  
The Capitol's first line,

A Bleeding Head, where they begun,  
Did fright the architects to run;  
And yet in that the State  
Foresaw its happy fate!

And now the Irish are ashamed  
To see themselves in one year tamed:  
So much one man can do  
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,  
And have, though overcome, confest  
How good he is, how just  
And fit for highest trust;

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,  
But still in the Republic's hand—  
How fit he is to sway  
That can so well obey!

He to the Commons' feet presents  
A Kingdom for his first year's rents,  
And, what he may, forbears  
His fame, to make it theirs:

And has his sword and spoils ungirt  
To lay them at the public's skirt.  
So when the falcon high  
Falls heavy from the sky,

## ANDREW MARVELL

She, having kill'd, no more does search  
But on the next green bough to perch,  
Where, when he first does lure,  
The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our Isle presume  
While victory his crest does plume?  
What may not others fear,  
If thus he crowns each year?

As Caesar he, ere long, to Gaul,  
To Italy an Hannibal,  
And to all States not free  
Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find  
Within his particolour'd mind,  
But, from this valour, sad  
Shrink underneath the plaid,

Happy, if in the tufted brake  
The English hunter him mistake,  
Nor lay his hounds in near  
The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the War's and Fortune's son,  
March indefatigably on;  
And for the last effect,  
Still keep the sword erect:

Besides the force it has to fright  
The spirits of the shady night,  
The same arts that did gain  
A power, must it maintain.

*A Garden**Written after the Civil Wars*

SEE how the flowers, as at parade,  
 Under their colours stand display'd:  
 Each regiment in order grows,  
 That of the tulip, pink, and rose.  
 But when the vigilant patrol  
 Of stars walks round about the pole,  
 Their leaves, that to the stalks are curl'd,  
 Seem to their staves the ensigns furl'd.  
 Then in some flower's beloved hut  
 Each bee, as sentinel, is shut,  
 And sleeps so too; but if once stirr'd,  
 She runs you through, nor asks the word.

O thou, that dear and happy Isle,  
 The garden of the world erewhile,  
 Thou Paradise of the four seas  
 Which Heaven planted us to please,  
 But, to exclude the world, did guard  
 With wat'ry, if not flaming, sword;  
 What luckless apple did we taste  
 To make us mortal and thee waste!  
 Unhappy! shall we never more  
 That sweet militia restore,  
 When gardens only had their towers,  
 And all the garrisons were flowers;  
 When roses only arms might bear,  
 And men did rosy garlands wear?

*The Definition of Love*

MY Love is of a birth as rare  
 As 'tis for object strange and high:  
 It was begotten by Despair  
 Upon Impossibility.

Magnanimous Despair alone  
 Could show me so divine a thing,  
 Where feeble Hope could ne'r have flown  
 But vainly flap its tinsel wing.

And yet I quickly might arrive  
 Where my extended Soul is fixt,  
 But Fate does iron wedges drive,  
 And always crowds it self betwixt.

For Fate with jealous eye does see  
 Two perfect Loves; nor lets them close:  
 Their union would her ruin be,  
 And her Tyrannic pow'r depose.

And therefore her Decrees of Steel  
 Us as the distant Poles have plac'd,  
 (Though Love's whole World on us doth wheel)  
 Not by themselves to be embrac'd.

Unless the giddy Heaven fall,  
 And Earth some new Convulsion tear;  
 And, us to join, the World should all  
 Be cramp'd into a *Planisphere*.

As Lines so Loves *oblique* may well  
 Themselves in every Angle greet:  
 But ours so truly *Parallel*,  
 Though infinite can never meet.

Therefore the Love which us doth bind  
 But Fate so enviously debars,  
 Is the Conjunction of the Mind,  
 And Opposition of the Stars.

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*To His Coy Mistress*

**H**AD we but world enough, and time,  
 This coyness, Lady, were no crime.  
 We would sit down and think which way  
 To walk and pass our long love's day.  
 Thou by the Indian Ganges' side  
 Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide  
 Of Humber would complain. I would  
 Love you ten years before the Flood,  
 And you should, if you please, refuse  
 Till the conversion of the Jews.  
 My vegetable love should grow  
 Vaster than empires, and more slow;  
 An hundred years should go to praise  
 Thine eyes and on thy forehead gaze;  
 Two hundred to adore each breast;  
 But thirty thousand to the rest;  
 An age at least to every part,  
 And the last age should show your heart;  
 For, Lady, you deserve this state,  
 Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear  
 Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near;  
 And yonder all before us lie  
 Deserts of vast eternity.  
 Thy beauty shall no more be found,  
 Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound

## ANDREW MARVELL

My echoing song: then worms shall try  
That long preserved virginity,  
And your quaint honour turn to dust,  
And into ashes all my lust:  
The grave's a fine and private place,  
But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue  
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,  
And while thy willing soul transpires  
At every pore with instant fires,  
Now let us sport us while we may,  
And now, like amorous birds of prey,  
Rather at once our time devour  
Than languish in his slow-chapt power.  
Let us roll all our strength and all  
Our sweetness up into one ball,  
And tear our pleasures with rough strife  
Thorough the iron gates of life:  
Thus, though we cannot make our sun  
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

### 368      *The Picture of Little T. C. in a Prospect of Flowers*

SEE with what simplicity  
This nymph begins her golden days!  
In the green grass she loves to lie,  
And there with her fair aspect tames  
The wilder flowers, and gives them names;

367 slow-chapt] slow-jawed, slowly devouring.

## ANDREW MARVELL

But only with the roses plays,  
And them does tell  
What colour best becomes them, and what smell.

Who can foretell for what high cause  
This darling of the gods was born?  
Yet this is she whose chaster laws  
The wanton Love shall one day fear,  
And, under her command severe,  
See his bow broke and ensigns torn.  
Happy who can  
Appease this virtuous enemy of man!

O then let me in time compound  
And parley with those conquering eyes,  
Ere they have tried their force to wound;  
Ere with their glancing wheels they drive  
In triumph over hearts that strive,  
And them that yield but more despise:  
Let me be laid,  
Where I may see the glories from some shade.

Meantime, whilst every verdant thing  
Itself does at thy beauty charm,  
Reform the errors of the Spring;  
Make that the tulips may have share  
Of sweetness, seeing they are fair,  
And roses of their thorns disarm;  
But most procure  
That violets may a longer age endure.

But O, young beauty of the woods,  
Whom Nature courts with fruits and flowers,  
Gather the flowers, but spare the buds;

ANDREW MARVELL

Lest Flora, angry at thy crime  
To kill her infants in their prime,  
Do quickly make th' example yours;  
And ere we see,  
Nip in the blossom all our hopes and thee.

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*Thoughts in a Garden*

HOW vainly men themselves amaze  
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,  
And their uncessant labours see  
Crown'd from some single herb or tree,  
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade  
Does prudently their toils upbraid;  
While all the flowers and trees do close  
To weave the garlands of repose!

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,  
And Innocence thy sister dear?  
Mistaken long, I sought you then  
In busy companies of men:  
Your sacred plants, if here below,  
Only among the plants will grow:  
Society is all but rude  
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen  
So amorous as this lovely green.  
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,  
Cut in these trees their mistress' name:  
Little, alas! they know or heed  
How far these beauties hers exceed!  
Fair trees! wheres'e'er your barks I wound,  
No name shall but your own be found.

## ANDREW MARVELL

When we have run our passions' heat,  
Love hither makes his best retreat:  
The gods, that mortal beauty chase,  
Still in a tree did end their race;  
Apollo hunted Daphne so  
Only that she might laurel grow;  
And Pan did after Syrinx speed  
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life in this I lead!  
Ripe apples drop about my head;  
The luscious clusters of the vine  
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;  
The nectarine and curious peach  
Into my hands themselves do reach;  
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,  
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less  
Withdraws into its happiness;  
The mind, that Ocean where each kind  
Does straight its own resemblance find;  
Yet it creates, transcending these,  
Far other worlds, and other seas;  
Annihilating all that's made  
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,  
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,  
Casting the body's vest aside,  
My soul into the boughs does glide;  
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,  
Then whets and combs its silver wings,

## ANDREW MARVELL

And, till prepared for longer flight,  
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy Garden-state  
While man there walk'd without a mate:  
After a place so pure and sweet,  
What other help could yet be meet!  
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share  
To wander solitary there:  
Two paradises 'twere in one,  
To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful gard'ner drew  
Of flowers and herbs this dial new!  
Where, from above, the milder sun  
Does through a fragrant zodiac run:  
And, as it works, th' industrious bee  
Computes its time as well as we.  
How could such sweet and wholesome hours  
Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers!

370

### *Bermudas*

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride  
In the ocean's bosom unespied,  
From a small boat that row'd along  
The listening woods received this song:

'What should we do but sing His praise  
That led us through the watery maze  
Unto an isle so long unknown,  
And yet far kinder than our own?  
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,  
That lift the deep upon their backs,

## ANDREW MARVELL

He lands us on a grassy stage,  
Safe from the storms' and prelates' rage:  
He gave us this eternal Spring  
Which here enamels everything,  
And sends the fowls to us in care  
On daily visits through the air:  
He hangs in shades the orange bright  
Like golden lamps in a green night,  
And does in the pomegranates close  
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows:  
He makes the figs our mouths to meet  
And throws the melons at our feet;  
But apples plants of such a price,  
No tree could ever bear them twice.  
With cedars chosen by His hand  
From Lebanon He stores the land;  
And makes the hollow seas that roar  
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.  
He cast (of which we rather boast)  
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast;  
And in these rocks for us did frame  
A temple where to sound His name.  
O, let our voice His praise exalt  
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,  
Which thence (perhaps) rebounding may  
Echo beyond the Mexique bay!

Thus sung they in the English boat  
A holy and a cheerful note:  
And all the way, to guide their chime,  
With falling oars they kept the time.

ANDREW MARVELL

371

*An Epitaph*

ENOUGH; and leave the rest to Fame!  
'Tis to commend her, but to name.  
Courtship which, living, she declined,  
When dead, to offer were unkind:  
Nor can the truest wit, or friend,  
Without detracting, her commend.  
To say—she lived a virgin chaste  
In this age loose and all unlaced;  
Nor was, when vice is so allowed,  
Of virtue or ashamed or proud;  
That her soul was on Heaven so bent,  
No minute but it came and went;  
That, ready her last debt to pay,  
She summ'd her life up every day;  
Modest as morn, as mid-day bright,  
Gentle as evening, cool as night:  
—'Tis true; but all too weakly said.  
'Twas more significant, she's dead.

HENRY VAUGHAN

1621-1695

372

*The Retreat*

HAPPY those early days, when I  
Shin'd in my Angel-infancy!  
Before I understood this place  
Appointed for my second race,  
Or taught my soul to fancy aught  
But a white celestial thought:  
When yet I had not walk'd above  
A mile or two from my first Love,

## HENRY VAUGHAN

And looking back—at that short space—  
Could see a glimpse of His bright face:  
When on some gilded cloud, or flow'r,  
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,  
And in those weaker glories spy  
Some shadows of eternity:  
Before I taught my tongue to wound  
My Conscience with a sinful sound,  
Or had the black art to dispense  
A several sin to ev'ry sense,  
But felt through all this fleshly dress  
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back,  
And tread again that ancient track!  
That I might once more reach that plain  
Where first I left my glorious train;  
From whence th' enlightned spirit sees  
That shady City of Palm-trees.  
But ah! my soul with too much stay  
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!  
Some men a forward motion love,  
But I by backward steps would move;  
And when this dust falls to the urn,  
In that state I came, return.

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### *Peace*

**M**Y soul, there is a country  
Far beyond the stars,  
Where stands a wingèd sentry  
All skilful in the wars:

## HENRY VAUGHAN

There, above noise and danger,  
Sweet Peace sits crown'd with smiles,  
And One born in a manger  
Commands the beauteous files.  
He is thy gracious Friend,  
And—O my soul, awake!—  
Did in pure love descend  
To die here for thy sake.  
If thou canst get but thither,  
There grows the flower of Peace,  
The Rose that cannot wither,  
Thy fortress, and thy ease.  
Leave then thy foolish ranges;  
For none can thee secure  
But One who never changes—  
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

374

### *The Timber*

SURE thou didst flourish once! and many springs,  
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers,  
Pass'd o'er thy head; many light hearts and wings,  
Which now are dead, lodg'd in thy living bowers.  
And still a new succession sings and flies;  
Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot  
Towards the old and still enduring skies,  
While the low violet thrives at their root.  
But thou beneath the sad and heavy line  
Of death, doth waste all senseless, cold, and dark;  
Where not so much as dreams of light may shine,  
Nor any thought of greenness, leaf, or bark.

## HENRY VAUGHAN

And yet—as if some deep hate and dissent,  
Bred in thy growth betwixt high winds and thee,  
Were still alive—thou dost great storms resent  
Before they come, and know'st how near they be.  
Else all at rest thou liest, and the fierce breath  
Of tempests can no more disturb thy ease;  
But this thy strange resentment after death  
Means only those who broke—in life—thy peace.

375

### *Friends Departed*

THEY are all gone into the world of light!  
And I alone sit ling'ring here;  
Their very memory is fair and bright,  
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,  
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,  
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest  
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,  
Whose light doth trample on my days:  
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,  
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility,  
High as the heavens above!  
These are your walks, and you have show'd them me,  
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the Just,  
Shining nowhere, but in the dark;  
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,  
Could man outlook that mark!

## HENRY VAUGHAN

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know,  
At first sight, if the bird be flown;  
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,  
That is to him unknown.

And yet as Angels in some brighter dreams  
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep:  
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,  
And into glory peep.

If a star were confin'd into a tomb,  
Her captive flames must needs burn there;  
But when the hand that lock'd her up gives room,  
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all  
Created glories under Thee!  
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall  
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill  
My perspective still as they pass:  
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,  
Where I shall need no glass.

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### *The Night*

*John 2. 3.*

**T**HROUGH that pure Virgin-shrine,  
That sacred vail drawn o'er thy glorious noon  
That men might look and live as Glow-worms shine,  
And face the Moon:  
Wise Nicodemus saw such light  
As made him know his God by night.

## HENRY VAUGHAN

Were all my loud, evil days  
Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark Tent,  
Whose peace but by some Angels wing or voice  
Is seldom rent;  
Then I in Heaven all the long year  
Would keep, and never wander here.

But living where the Sun  
Doth all things wake, and where all mix and tyre  
Themselves and others, I consent and run  
To ev'ry myre,  
And by this worlds ill-guiding light,  
Erre more then I can do by night.

There is in God (some say)  
A deep, but dazling darkness; as men here  
Say it is late and dusky, because they  
See not all clear;  
O for that night! where I in him  
Might live invisible and dim.

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### *Nature, Man, Eternity*

(1)

#### *The Bird*

HITHER thou com'st: the busy wind all night  
Blew thro' thy lodging, where thy own warm wing  
Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm  
(For which coarse man seems much the fitter born)  
Rained on thy bed  
And harmless head:

## HENRY VAUGHAN

And now as fresh and cheerful as the light  
Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing  
Unto that Providence, whose unseen arm  
Curbed them, and clothed thee well and warm.

All things that be praise Him, and had  
Their lesson taught them when first made.

So hills and valleys into singing break;  
And though poor stones have neither speech nor tongue,  
While active winds and streams both run and speak,  
Yet stones are deep in admiration.

Thus praise and prayer here beneath the sun  
Make lesser mornings, when the great are done.

(ii)

*Man*

Weighing the steadfastness and state  
Of some mean things which here below reside,  
Where birds like watchful clocks the noiseless date  
And intercourse of times divide,  
Where bees at night get home and hive, and flowers  
Early as well as late,  
Rise with the sun and set in the same bowers;

I would, said I, my God would give  
The staidness of these things to man! for these  
To His divine appointments ever cleave,  
And no new business breaks their peace;  
The birds nor sow nor reap, yet sup and dine,  
The flowers without clothes live,  
Yet Solomon was never drest so fine.

## HENRY VAUGHAN

Man hath still either toys or care;  
He hath no root, nor to one place is tied,  
But ever restless and irregular  
About the earth doth run and ride,  
He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where;  
He says it is so far  
That he hath quite forgot how to get there.  
He knocks at all doors, strays and roams;  
Nay hath not so much wit as some stones have  
Which in the darkest nights point to their homes,  
By some hid sense their Maker gave;  
Man is the shuttle to whose winding quest  
And passage through these looms  
God ordered motion, but ordained no rest.

(iii)

### *Eternity*

I saw Eternity the other night  
Like a great Ring of pure and endless light,  
All calm, as it was bright,  
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years  
Driv'n by the spheres  
Like a vast shadow mov'd, In which the world  
And all her train were hurl'd;  
The doting Lover in his quaintest strain  
Did these Complain,

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,  
And sing, and weep, soar'd up into the Ring,  
But most would use no wing.

## HENRY VAUGHAN

O fools (said I,) thus to prefer dark night  
    Before true light,  
To live in grotts, and caves, and hate the day  
    Because it shews the way,  
The way which from this dead and dark abode  
    Leads up to God,  
A way where you might tread the Sun, and be  
    More bright than he.  
But as I did their madness so discuss  
    One whisper'd thus,  
*This Ring the Bride-groome did for none provide  
    But for his bride.*

## JOHN BUNYAN

1628-1688

378

*The Shepherd Boy sings in the  
Valley of Humiliation*

**H**E that is down needs fear no fall,  
He that is low, no pride;  
He that is humble ever shall  
    Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,  
    Little be it or much:  
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,  
    Because Thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is  
    That go on pilgrimage:  
Here little, and hereafter bliss,  
    Is best from age to age.

BALLADS AND SONGS BY UNKNOWN  
AUTHORS

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*Thomas the Rhymer*

TRUE Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;  
A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e;  
And there he saw a ladye bright  
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk,  
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;  
At ilka tett o' her horse's mane,  
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas he pu'd aff his cap,  
And louted low down on his knee:  
'Hail to thee, Mary, Queen of Heaven!  
For thy peer on earth could never be.'

'O no, O no, Thomas,' she said,  
'That name does not belang to me;  
I'm but the Queen o' fair Elfland,  
That am hither come to visit thee.

'Harp and carp, Thomas,' she said;  
'Harp and carp along wi' me;  
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,  
Sure of your bodie I will be.'

ferlie] marvel.      tett] tuft, lock.      harp and carp] play  
and recite (as a minstrel).

## ANONYMOUS

'Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
That weird shall never daunt me.'  
Synne he has kiss'd her rosy lips,  
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

'Now ye maun go wi' me,' she said,  
'True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;  
And ye maun serve me seven years,  
Thro' weal or woe as may chance to be.'

She's mounted on her milk-white steed,  
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind;  
And aye, whene'er her bridle rang,  
The steed gaed swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on,  
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;  
Until they reach'd a desert wide,  
And living land was left behind.

'Light down, light down now, true Thomas,  
And lean your head upon my knee;  
Abide ye there a little space,  
And I will show you ferlies three.

'O see ye not yon narrow road,  
So thick beset wi' thorns and briers?  
That is the Path of Righteousness,  
Though after it but few inquires.

'And see ye not yon braid, braid road,  
That lies across the lily leven?  
That is the Path of Wickedness,  
Though some call it the Road to Heaven.

leven] ? lawn.

## ANONYMOUS

'And see ye not yon bonny road  
That winds about the fernie brae?  
That is the Road to fair Elfland,  
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

'But, Thomas, ye sall haud your tongue,  
Whatever ye may hear or see;  
For speak ye word in Elfyn-land,  
Ye'll ne'er win back to your ain countrie.'

O they rade on, and farther on,  
And they waded rivers abune the knee;  
And they saw neither sun nor moon,  
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, there was nae starlight,  
They waded thro' red blude to the knee;  
For a' the blude that's shed on the earth  
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came to a garden green,  
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree:  
'Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;  
It will give thee the tongue that can never lee.'

'My tongue is my ain,' true Thomas he said;  
'A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!  
I neither dought to buy or sell  
At fair or tryst where I might be.

'I dought neither speak to prince or peer,  
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye!—  
'Now haud thy peace, Thomas,' she said,  
'For as I say, so must it be.'

dought] could.

## ANONYMOUS

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,  
And a pair o' shoon of the velvet green;  
And till seven years were gane and past,  
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

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### *Tam Lin*

#### I

'O I forbid you, maidens a',  
That wear gowd on your hair,  
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,  
For young Tam Lin is there.

#### II

'For even about that knight's middle  
O' siller bells are nine;  
And nae maid comes to Carterhaugh  
And a maid returns again.'

#### III

Fair Janet sat in her bonny bower,  
Sewing her silken seam,  
And wish'd to be in Carterhaugh  
Amang the leaves sae green.

#### IV

She's lat her seam fa' to her feet,  
The needle to her tae,  
And she's awa' to Carterhaugh  
As fast as she could gae.

380 tae] toe.

## ANONYMOUS

### V

And she has kilted her green kirtle  
A little abune her knee;  
And she has braided her yellow hair  
A little abune her bree;  
And she has gaen for Carterhaugh  
As fast as she can hie.

### VI

She hadna pu'd a rose, a rose,  
A rose but barely ane,  
When up and started young Tam Lin;  
Says, 'Ladye, let alane.

### VII

'What gars ye pu' the rose, Janet?  
What gars ye break the tree?  
What gars ye come to Carterhaugh  
Without the leave o' me?'

### VIII

'Weel may I pu' the rose,' she says,  
'And ask no leave at thee;  
For Carterhaugh it is my ain,  
My daddy gave it me.'

### IX

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the grass-green sleeve,  
He's led her to the fairy ground  
At her he ask'd nae leave.

bree] eye-brow.

## ANONYMOUS

### X

Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
A little abune her knee,  
And she has snooded her yellow hair  
A little abune her bree,  
And she is to her father's ha' .  
As fast as she can hie.

### XI

But when she came to her father's ha',  
She look'd sae wan and pale,  
They thought the lady had gotten a fright,  
Or with sickness she did ail.

### XII

Four and twenty ladies fair  
Were playing at the ba',  
And out then came fair Janet  
Ance the flower amang them a'.

### XIII

Four and twenty ladies fair  
Were playing at the chess,  
And out then came fair Janet  
As green as onie glass.

### XIV

Out then spak' an auld grey knight  
Lay owre the Castle wa',  
And says, 'Alas, fair Janet!  
For thee we'll be blamed a'.'

## ANONYMOUS

### XV

'Hauld your tongue, ye auld-faced knight,  
Some ill death may ye die!  
Father my bairn on whom I will,  
I'll father nane on thee.

### XVI

'O if my love were an earthly knight,  
As he is an elfin gay,  
I wadna gie my ain true-love  
For nae laird that ye hae.

### XVII

'The steed that my true-love rides on  
Is fleeter nor the wind;  
Wi' siller he is shod before,  
Wi' burning gold behind.'

### XVIII

Out then spak' her brither dear—  
He meant to do her harm:  
'There grows an herb in Carterhaugh  
Will twine you an' the bairn.'

### XIX

Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
A little abune her knee,  
And she has snooded her yellow hair  
A little abune her bree,  
And she's awa' to Carterhaugh  
As fast as she can hie.

twine] part, sunder.

## ANONYMOUS

### XX

She hadna pu'd a leaf, a leaf,  
A leaf but only twae,  
When up and started young Tam Lin,  
Says, 'Ladye, thou's pu' nae mae.

### XXI

'How dar' ye pu' a leaf?' he says,  
'How dar' ye break the tree?  
How dar' ye scathe my babe,' he says,  
'That's between you and me?'

### XXII

'O tell me, tell me, Tam,' she says,  
'For His sake that died on tree,  
If ye were ever in holy chapel  
Or sain'd in Christentie?'

### XXIII

'The truth I'll tell to thee, Janet,  
Ae word I winna lee;  
A knight me got, and a lady me bore,  
As well as they did thee.

### XXIV

'Roxburgh he was my grandfather,  
Took me with him to bide;  
And ance it fell upon a day,  
As hunting I did ride,

scathe] harm.

sain'd] blessed, baptized.

# ANONYMOUS

## XXV

'There came a wind out o' the north,  
A sharp wind an' a snell,  
A dead sleep it came over me  
And frae my horse I fell;  
And the Queen o' Fairies she took me  
In yon green hill to dwell.

## XXVI

'And pleasant is the fairy land  
For those that in it dwell,  
But ay at end of seven years  
They pay a teind to hell;  
I am sae fair and fu' o' flesh  
I'm fear'd 'twill be mysell.

## XXVII

'But the night is Hallowe'en, Janet,  
The morn is Hallowday;  
Then win me, win me, an ye will,  
For weel I wat ye may.

## XXVIII

'The night it is gude Hallowe'en,  
The fairy folk do ride,  
And they that wad their true-love win,  
At Miles Cross they maun bide.'—

## XXIX

'But how should I you ken, Tam Lin,  
How should I borrow you,  
Amang a pack of uncouth knights  
The like I never saw?'—

snell] keen, cold.  
uncouth] unknown.

teind] tithe.

borrow] ransom.

## ANONYMOUS

### XXX

'You'll do you down to Miles Cross  
Between twel' hours and ane,  
And fill your hands o' the holy water  
And cast your compass roun'.

### XXXI

'The first company that passes by,  
Say na, and let them gae;  
The neist company that passes by,  
Say na, and do right sae;  
The third company that passes by,  
Then I'll be ane o' thae.

### XXXII

'O first let pass the black, ladye,  
And syne let pass the brown;  
But quickly run to the milk-white steed,  
Pu' ye his rider down.

### XXXIII

'For some ride on the black, ladye,  
And some ride on the brown;  
But I ride on a milk-white steed,  
A gowd star on my crown:  
Because I was an earthly knight  
They gie me that renown.

### XXXIV

'My right hand will be gloved, ladye,  
My left hand will be bare,  
And thae's the tokens I gie thee:  
Nae doubt I will be there.

## ANONYMOUS

### XXXV

'Ye'll tak' my horse then by the head  
And let the bridle fa';  
The Queen o' Elfin she'll cry out  
"True Tam Lin he's awa'!"

### XXXVI

'They'll turn me in your arms, ladye,  
An aske but and a snake;  
But hauld me fast, let me na gae,  
To be your warldis make.

### XXXVII

'They'll turn me in your arms, ladye,  
But and a deer so wild;  
But hauld me fast, let me na gae,  
The father o' your child.

### XXXVIII

'They'll shape me in your arms, ladye,  
A hot iron at the fire;  
But hauld me fast, let me na gae,  
To be your heart's desire.

### XXXIX

'They'll shape me last in your arms, Janet,  
A mother-naked man;  
Cast your green mantle over me,  
And sae will I be won.'

aske] newt, lizard.

make] mate, husband.

## ANONYMOUS

### XL

Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
A little abune the knee;  
And she has snooded her yellow hair  
A little abune her bree,  
And she is on to Miles Cross  
As fast as she can hie.

### XLI

About the dead hour o' the night  
She heard the bridles ring;  
And Janet was as glad at that  
As any earthly thing.

### XLII

And first gaed by the black, black steed,  
And syne gaed by the brown;  
But fast she gript the milk-white steed  
And pu'd the rider down.

### XLIII

She's pu'd him frae the milk-white steed,  
An' loot the bridle fa',  
And up there rase an eldritch cry,  
'True Tam Lin he's awa' !'

### XLIV

They shaped him in her arms twa  
An aske but and a snake;  
But aye she grips and hau'ds him fast  
To be her warldis make.

loot] let.

eldritch] unearthly.

## ANONYMOUS

### XLV

They shaped him in her arms twa  
But and a deer sae wild;  
But aye she grips and hau'ds him fast,  
The father o' her child.

### XLVI

They shaped him in her arms twa  
A hot iron at the fire;  
But aye she grips and hau'ds him fast  
To be her heart's desire.

### XLVII

They shaped him in her arms at last  
A mother-naked man;  
She cast her mantle over him,  
And sae her love she wan.

### XLVIII

Up then spak' the Queen o' Fairies,  
Out o' a bush o' broom,  
'She that has borrow'd young Tam Lin  
Has gotten a stately groom.'

### XLIX

Out then spak' the Queen o' Fairies,  
And an angry woman was she,  
'She's ta'en awa' the bonniest knight  
In a' my companie!

### L

'But what I ken this night, Tam Lin,  
Gin I had kent yestreen,  
I wad ta'en out thy heart o' flesh,  
And put in a heart o' stane.

# ANONYMOUS

## LI

'And adieu, Tam Lin! But gin I had kent  
A ladye wad borrow'd thee,  
I wad ta'en out thy twa grey e'en  
Put in twa e'en o' tree.

## LII

'And had I the wit yestreen, yestreen,  
That I have coft this day,  
I'd paid my teind seven times to hell  
Ere you had been won away!

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## *Sir Patrick Spens*

### 1. *The Sailing*

THE king sits in Dunfermline town  
Drinking the blude-red wine;  
'O whare will I get a skeely skipper  
To sail this new ship o' mine?'  
O up and spak an eldern knight,  
Sat at the king's right knee;  
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor  
That ever sail'd the sea.'  
Our king has written a braid letter,  
And seal'd it with his hand,  
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,  
Was walking on the strand.  
'To Noroway, to Noroway,  
To Noroway o'er the faem;  
The king's daughter o' Noroway,  
'Tis thou must bring her hame.'

330 tree] wood.      coft] bought.      381 skeely] skilful.

## ANONYMOUS

The first word that Sir Patrick read  
So loud, loud laugh'd he;  
The neist word that Sir Patrick read  
The tear blinded his e'e.

'O wha is this has done this deed  
And tauld the king o' me,  
To send us out, at this time o' year,  
To sail upon the sea?

'Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,  
Our ship must sail the faem;  
The king's daughter o' Noroway,  
'Tis we must fetch her hame.'

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn  
Wi' a' the speed they may;  
They hae landed in Noroway  
Upon a Wodensday.

### II. *The Return*

'Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a'!  
Our gude ship sails the morn.'  
'Now ever alack, my master dear,  
I fear a deadly storm.

'I saw the new moon late yestreen  
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;  
And if we gang to sea, master,  
I fear we'll come to harm.'

They hadna sail'd a league, a league,  
A league but barely three,  
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,  
And gurly grew the sea.

lift] sky.

## ANONYMOUS

The ankers brak, and the topmast lap,  
It was sic a deadly storm:  
And the waves cam owre the broken ship  
Till a' her sides were torn.

'Go fetch a web o' the silken claith,  
Another o' the twine,  
And wap them into our ship's side,  
And let nae the sea come in.'

They fetch'd a web o' the silken claith,  
Another o' the twine,  
And they wapp'd them round that gude ship's side,  
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords  
To wet their cork-heel'd shoon!  
But lang or a' the play was play'd  
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather bed  
That flatter'd on the faem;  
And mony was the gude lord's son  
That never mair cam hame.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,  
Wi' their fans into their hand,  
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens  
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit  
Wi' their gowd kames in their hair,  
A-waiting for their ain dear loves!  
For them they'll see nae mair.

lap] sprang.

flatter'd] tossed afloat.

kames] combs.

# ANONYMOUS

Half-owre, half-owre to Aberdour,  
 'Tis fifty fathoms deep;  
 And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,  
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet!

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## *The Dowie Houms of Yarrow*

LATE at een, drinkin' the wine,  
 And ere they paid the lawin',  
 They set a combat them between,  
 To fight it in the dawin'.

'O stay at hame, my noble lord!  
 O stay at hame, my marrow!  
 My cruel brother will you betray,  
 On the dowie houms o' Yarrow.'

'O fare ye weel, my lady gay!  
 O fare ye weel, my Sarah!  
 For I maun gae, tho' I ne'er return  
 Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow.'

She kiss'd his cheek, she kamed his hair,  
 As she had done before, O;  
 She belted on his noble brand,  
 An' he's awa to Yarrow.

O he's gane up yon high, high hill—  
 I wat he gaed wi' sorrow—  
 An' in a den spied nine arm'd men,  
 I' the dowie houms o' Yarrow.

382 lawin'] reckoning.  
 doleful.

marrow] mate.

houms] water-meads.

dowie]

## ANONYMOUS

'O are ye come to drink the wine,  
As ye hae doon before, O?  
Or are ye come to wield the brand,  
On the dowie banks o' Yarrow?'

'I am no come to drink the wine,  
As I hae don before, O,  
But I am come to wield the brand,  
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow.'

Four he hurt, an' five he slew,  
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow,  
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,  
An' ran his body thorow.

'Gae hame, gae hame, good brother John,  
An' tell your sister Sarah  
To come an' lift her noble lord,  
Who's sleepin' sound on Yarrow.'

'Yestreen I dream'd a dolefu' dream;  
I ken'd there wad be sorrow;  
I dream'd I pu'd the heather green,  
On the dowie banks o' Yarrow.'

She gaed up yon high, high hill—  
I wat she gaed wi' sorrow—  
An' in a den spied nine dead men,  
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow.

She kiss'd his cheek, she kamed his hair,  
As oft she did before, O;  
She drank the red blood frae him ran,  
On the dowie houms o' Yarrow.

# ANONYMOUS

'O haud your tongue, my douchter dear,  
For what needs a' this sorrow?  
I'll wed you on a better lord  
Than him you lost on Yarrow.'

'O haud your tongue, my father dear,  
An' dinna grieve your Sarah;  
A better lord was never born  
Than him I lost on Yarrow.

'Tak hame your ousen, tak hame your kye,  
For they hae bred our sorrow;  
I wiss that they had a' gane mad  
Whan they cam first to Yarrow.'

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## *Clerk Saunders*

CLERK SAUNDERS and may Margaret  
Walk'd owre yon garden green;  
And deep and heavy was the love  
That fell thir twa between.

'A bed, a bed,' Clerk Saunders said,  
'A bed for you and me!'  
'Fye na, fye na,' said may Margaret,  
'Till anes we married be!'

'Then I'll take the sword frae my scabbard  
And slowly lift the pin;  
And you may swear, and save your aith,  
Ye ne'er let Clerk Saunders in.

'Take you a napkin in your hand,  
And tie up baith your bonnie e'en,  
And you may swear, and save your aith,  
Ye saw me na since late yestreen.'

## ANONYMOUS

It was about the midnight hour,  
When they asleep were laid,  
When in and came her seven brothers,  
Wi' torches burning red:

When in and came her seven brothers,  
Wi' torches burning bright:  
They said, 'We hae but one sister,  
And behold her lying with a knight!'

Then out and spake the first o' them,  
'I bear the sword shall gar him die.'  
And out and spake the second o' them,  
'His father has nae mair but he.'

And out and spake the third o' them,  
'I wot that they are lovers dear.'  
And out and spake the fourth o' them,  
'They hae been in love this mony a year.'

Then out and spake the fifth o' them,  
'It were great sin true love to twain.'  
And out and spake the sixth o' them,  
'It were shame to slay a sleeping man.'

Then up and gat the seventh o' them,  
And never a word spake he;  
But he has striped his bright brown 'brand  
Out through Clerk Saunders' fair bodye.

Clerk Saunders he started, and Margaret she turn'd  
Into his arms as asleep she lay;  
And sad and silent was the night  
That was atween thir twae.

striped] thrust.

## ANONYMOUS

And they lay still and sleepit sound  
Until the day began to daw';  
And kindly she to him did say,  
'It is time, true love, you were awa'.'

But he lay still, and sleepit sound,  
Albeit the sun began to sheen;  
She look'd atween her and the wa',  
And dull and drowsie were his e'en.

Then in and came her father dear;  
Said, 'Let a' your mourning be;  
I'll carry the dead corse to the clay,  
And I'll come back and comfort thee.'

'Comfort weel your seven sons,  
For comforted I will never be:  
I ween 'twas neither knave nor loon  
Was in the bower last night wi' me.'

The clinking bell gaed through the town,  
To carry the dead corse to the clay;  
And Clerk Saunders stood at may Margaret's window,  
I wot, an hour before the day.

'Are ye sleeping, Matg'ret?' he says,  
'Or are ye waking presentlie?  
Give me my faith and troth again,  
I wot, true love, I gied to thee.'

'Your faith and troth ye sall never get,  
Nor our true love sall never twin,  
Until ye come within my bower,  
And kiss me cheik and chin.'

[twin] part in two.

## ANONYMOUS

'My mouth it is full cold, Marg'ret;  
It has the smell, now, of the ground;  
And if I kiss thy comely mouth,  
Thy days of life will not be lang.

'O cocks are crowing a merry midnight;  
I wot the wild fowls are boding day;  
Give me my faith and troth again,  
And let me fare me on my way.'

'Thy faith and troth thou sallna get,  
And our true love sall never twin,  
Until ye tell what comes o' women,  
I wot, who die in strong traivelling?'

'Their beds are made in the heavens high,  
Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,  
Weel set about wi' gillyflowers;  
I wot, sweet company for to see.

'O cocks are crowing a merry midnight;  
I wot the wild fowls are boding day;  
The psalms of heaven will soon be sung,  
And I, ere now, will be miss'd away.'

Then she has taken a crystal wand,  
And she has stroken her troth thereon;  
She has given it him at the shot-window,  
Wi' mony a sad sigh and heavy groan.

'I thank ye, Marg'ret; I thank ye, Marg'ret;  
And ay I thank ye heartilie;  
Gin ever the dead come for the quick,  
Be sure, Marg'ret, I'll come for thee.'

## ANONYMOUS

It's hosen and shoon, and gown alone,  
She climb'd the wall, and follow'd him,  
Until she came to the green forest,  
And there she lost the sight o' him.

'Is there ony room at your head, Saunders?  
Is there ony room at your feet?  
Or ony room at your side, Saunders,  
Where fain, fain, I wad sleep?'

'There's nae room at my head, Marg'ret,  
There's nae room at my feet;  
My bed it is fu' lowly now,  
Amang the hungry worms I sleep.

'Cauld mould is my covering now,  
But and my winding-sheet;  
The dew it falls nae sooner down  
Than my resting-place is weet.

'But plait a wand o' bonny birk,  
And lay it on my breast;  
And shed a tear upon my grave,  
And wish my saul gude rest.'

Then up and crew the red, red cock,  
And up and crew the gray:  
'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marg'ret,  
That you were going away.

'And fair Marg'ret, and rare Marg'ret,  
And Marg'ret o' veritie,  
Gin e'er ye love another man,  
Ne'er love him as ye did me.'

ANONYMOUS

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*Edward, Edward*

‘**W**HY does your brand sae drop wi’ blude,  
Edward, Edward?

Why does your brand sae drop wi’ blude,  
And why sae sad gang ye, O?’

‘O I hae kill’d my hawk sae gude,  
Mither, mither;

O I hae kill’d my hawk sae gude,  
And I had nae mair but he, O.’

‘Your hawk’s blude was never sae red,  
Edward, Edward;

Your hawk’s blude was never sae red,  
My dear son, I tell thee, O.’

‘O I hae kill’d my red-roan steed,  
Mither, mither;

O I hae kill’d my red-roan steed,  
That erst was sae fair and free, O.’

‘Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair,  
Edward, Edward;

Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair;  
Some other dule ye dree, O.’

‘O I hae kill’d my father dear,  
Mither, mither;

O I hae kill’d my father dear,  
Alas, and wae is me, O!’

‘And whatten penance will ye dree for that,  
Edward, Edward?

Whatten penance will ye dree for that?  
My dear son, now tell me, O.’

dule ye dree] grief you suffer.

## ANONYMOUS

'I'll set my feet in yonder boat,  
Mither, mither;  
I'll set my feet in yonder boat,  
And I'll fare over the sea, O.'

'And what will ye do wi' your tow'rs and your ha',  
Edward, Edward?  
And what will ye do wi' your tow'rs and your ha',  
That were sae fair to see, O?'  
'I'll let them stand till they doun fa',  
Mither, mither;  
I'll let them stand till they doun fa',  
For here never mair maun I be, O.'

'And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,  
Edward, Edward?  
And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,  
When ye gang owre the sea, O?'  
'The warld's room: let them beg through life,  
Mither, mither;  
The warld's room: let them beg through life;  
For them never mair will I see, O.'

'And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,  
Edward, Edward?  
And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,  
My dear son, now tell me, O?'  
'The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear,  
Mither, mither,  
The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear:  
Sic counsels ye gave to me, O!'

*The Queen's Marie*

**M**ARIE HAMILTON'S to the kirk gane,  
 Wi' ribbons in her hair;  
 The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton  
 Than ony that were there.

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane  
 Wi' ribbons on her breast;  
 The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton  
 Than he listen'd to the priest.

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,  
 Wi' gloves upon her hands;  
 The King thought mair o' Marie Hamilton  
 Than the Queen and a' her lands.

She hadna been about the King's court  
 A month, but barely one,  
 Till she was beloved by a' the King's court  
 And the King the only man.

She hadna been about the King's court  
 A month, but barely three,  
 Till frae the King's court Marie Hamilton,  
 Marie Hamilton durstna be.

The King is to the Abbey gane,  
 To pu' the Abbey tree,  
 To scale the babe frae Marie's heart;  
 But the thing it wadna be.

## ANONYMOUS

O she has row'd it in her apron,  
And set it on the sea—  
'Gae sink ye or swim ye, bonny babe,  
Ye'se get nae mair o' me.'

Word is to the kitchen gane,  
And word is to the ha',  
And word is to the noble room  
Amang the ladies a',  
That Marie Hamilton's brought to bed,  
And the bonny babe's miss'd and awa'.

Scarcely had she lain down again,  
And scarcely fa'en asleep,  
When up and started our gude Queen  
Just at her bed-feet;  
Saying—'Marie Hamilton, where's your babe?  
For I am sure I heard it greet.'

'O no, O no, my noble Queen!  
Think no sic thing to be;  
'Twas but a stitch into my side,  
And sair it troubles me!'

'Get up, get up, Marie Hamilton:  
Get up and follow me;  
For I am going to Edinburgh town,  
A rich wedding for to see.'

O slowly, slowly rase she up,  
And slowly put she on;  
And slowly rade she out the way  
Wi' mony a weary groan.

row'd] rolled, wrapped.      greet] cry.

## ANONYMOUS

The Queen was clad in scarlet,  
Her merry maids all in green;  
And every town that they cam to,  
They took Marie for the Queen.

'Ride hooly, hooly, gentlemen,  
Ride hooly now wi' me!  
For never, I am sure, a wearier burd  
Rade in your companie.'—

But little wist Marie Hamilton,  
When she rade on the brown,  
That she was gaen to Edinburgh,  
And a' to be put down.

'Why weep ye so, ye burgess wives,  
Why look ye so on me?  
O I am going to Edinburgh town,  
A rich wedding to see.'

When she gaed up the Tolbooth stairs,  
The corks frae her heels did flee;  
And lang or e'er she cam down again,  
She was condemn'd to die.

When she cam to the Netherbow port,  
She laugh'd loud laughters three;  
But when she cam to the gallows foot  
The tears blinded her e'e.

hooly] gently.

## ANONYMOUS

'Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,  
The night she'll hae but three;  
There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton,  
And Marie Carmichael, and me.

'O often have I dress'd my Queen  
And put gowd upon her hair;  
But now I've gotten for my reward  
The gallows to be my share.

'Often have I dress'd my Queen  
And often made her bed;  
But now I've gotten for my reward  
The gallows tree to tread.

'I charge ye all, ye mariners,  
When ye sail owre the faem,  
Let neither my father nor mother get wit  
But that I'm coming hame.

'I charge ye all, ye mariners,  
That sail upon the sea,  
That neither my father nor mother get wit  
The dog's death I'm to die.

'For if my father and mother got wit,  
And my bold brethren three,  
O mickle wad be the gude red blude  
This day wad be spilt for me!

'O little did my mother ken,  
The day she cradled me,  
The lands I was to travel in  
Or the death I was to die!

*Binnorie*

THERE were twa sisters sat in a bour;  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie!*

There cam a knight to be their wooer,  
*By the bonnie milldams o' Binnorie.*

He courted the eldest with glove and ring,  
 But he lo'ed the youngest abune a' thing.

The eldest she was vexèd sair,  
 And sair envied her sister fair.

Upon a morning fair and clear,  
 She cried upon her sister dear:

'O sister, sister, tak my hand,  
 And let's go down to the river-strand.'

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,  
 And led her down to the river-strand.

The youngest stood upon a stane,  
 The eldest cam and push'd her in.

'O sister, sister, reach your hand!  
 And ye sall be heir o' half my land:

'O sister, reach me but your glove!  
 And sweet William sall be your love.'

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,  
 Until she cam to the miller's dam.

Out then cam the miller's son,  
 And saw the fair maid soummin' in.

soummin'] swimming.

## ANONYMOUS

'O father, father, draw your dam!  
There's either a mermaid or a milk-white swan.'

The miller hasted and drew his dam,  
And there he found a drown'd woman.

You couldna see her middle sma',  
Her gowden girdle was sae braw.

You couldna see her lily feet,  
Her gowden fringes were sae deep.

All amang her yellow hair  
A string o' pearls was twisted rare.

You couldna see her fingers sma',  
Wi' diamond rings they were cover'd a'.

And by there cam a harper fine,  
That harpit to the king at dine.

And when he look'd that lady on,  
He sigh'd and made a heavy moan.

He's made a harp of her breast-bane,  
Whose sound wad melt a heart of stane.

He's ta'en three locks o' her yellow hair,  
And wi' them strung his harp sae rare.

He went into her father's hall,  
And there was the court assembled all.

He laid his harp upon a stane,  
And straight it began to play by lane.

'O yonder sits my father, the King,  
And yonder sits my mother, the Queen;

by lane] alone, of itself.

## ANONYMOUS

'And yonder stands my brother Hugh,  
But by him my William, sweet and true.'

But the last tune that the harp play'd then—

*Binnorie, O Binnorie!*

Was, 'Woe to my sister, false Helèn!'

*By the bonnie milldams o' Binnorie.*

387

### *The Bonnie House o' Airlie*

**I**T fell on a day, and a bonnie simmer day,  
When green grew aits and barley,  
That there fell out a great dispute  
Between Argyll and Airlie.

Argyll has raised an hunder men,  
An hunder harness'd rarely,  
And he's awa' by the back of Dunkell,  
To plunder the castle of Airlie.

Lady Ogilvie looks o'er her bower-window,  
And O but she looks warely!  
And there she spied the great Argyll,  
Come to plunder the bonnie house of Airlie.

'Come down, come down, my Lady Ogilvie,  
Come down and kiss me fairly':  
'O I winna kiss the fause Argyll,  
If he shouldna leave a standing stane in Airlie.'

He hath taken her by the left shoulder,  
Says, 'Dame, where lies thy dowry?'  
'O it's east and west yon wan water side,  
And it's down by the banks of the Airlie.'

## ANONYMOUS

They hae sought it up, they hae sought it down,  
They hae sought it maist severely,  
Till they fand it in the fair plum-tree  
That shines on the bowling-green of Airlie.

He hath taken her by the middle sae small,  
And O but she grat sairly!  
And laid her down by the bonnie burn-side,  
Till they plunder'd the castle of Airlie.

'Gif my gude lord war here this night,  
As he is with King Charlie,  
Neither you, nor ony ither Scottish lord,  
Durst avow to the plundering of Airlie.

'Gif my gude lord war now at hame,  
As he is with his king,  
There durst nae a Campbell in a' Argyll  
Set fit on Airlie green.

'Ten bonnie sons I have borne unto him,  
The eleventh ne'er saw his daddy;  
But though I had an hunder mair,  
I'd gie them a' to King Charlie!

388 ✓

### *The Wife of Usher's Well*

**T**HERE lived a wife at Usher's well,  
And a wealthy wife was she;  
She had three stout and stalwart sons,  
And sent them o'er the sea.

## ANONYMOUS

They hadna been a week from her,  
 A week but barely ane,  
 When word came to the carline wife  
 That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,  
 A week but barely three,  
 When word came to the carline wife  
 That her sons she'd never see.

'I wish the wind may never cease,  
 Nor fashes in the flood,  
 Till my three sons come hame to me,  
 In earthly flesh and blood !'

It fell about the Martinmas,  
 When nights are lang and mirk,  
 The carline wife's three sons came hame,  
 And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,  
 Nor yet in ony sheugh;  
 But at the gates o' Paradise  
 That birk grew fair eneugh.

'Blow up the fire, my maidens !  
 Bring water from the well !  
 For a' my house shall feast this night,  
 Since my three sons are well.'

And she has made to them a bed,  
 She's made it large and wide;  
 And she's ta'en her mantle her about,  
 Sat down at the bedside.

carline] country.  
 sheugh] trench.

fashes] troubles.

syke] marsh.

# ANONYMOUS

Up then crew the red, red cock,  
And up and crew the gray;  
The eldest to the youngest said.  
‘Tis time we were away.’

The cock he hadna craw’d but once,  
And clapp’d his wings at a’,  
When the youngest to the eldest said,  
‘Brother, we must awa’.

‘The cock doth crawl, the day doth daw,  
The channerin’ worm doth chide;  
Gin we be miss’d out o’ our place,  
A sair pain we maun bide.’

‘Lie still, lie still but a little wee while,  
Lie still but if we may;  
Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes,  
She’ll go mad ere it be day.’

‘Fare ye weel, my mother dear!  
Fareweel to barn and byre!  
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass  
That kindles my mother’s fire!’ ✓

389

## *The Three Ravens*

**T**HERE were three ravens sat on a tree,  
They were as black as they might be.

The one of them said to his make,  
‘Where shall we our breakfast take?’

‘Down in yonder greene field  
There lies a knight slain under his shield;

388 channerin’] fretting.

389 make] mate.

## ANONYMOUS

'His hounds they lie down at his feet,  
So well they can their master keep;  
'His hawks they flie so eagerly,  
'There's no fowl dare come him nigh.'  
Down there comes a fallow doe  
As great with young as she might goe.  
She lift up his bloudy head  
And kist his wounds that were so red.  
She gat him up upon her back  
And carried him to earthen lake.  
She buried him before the prime,  
She was dead herself ere evensong time.  
God send every gentleman  
Such hounds, such hawks, and such a leman.

390

### *The Twa Corbies*

(SCOTTISH VERSION)

AS I was walking all alane  
I heard twa corbies making a mane:  
The tane unto the tither did say,  
'Whar sall we gang and dine the day?'  
'—In behint yon auld fail dyke  
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;  
And naebody kens that he lies there  
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.  
'His hound is to the hunting gane,  
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,  
His lady's ta'en anither mate,  
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

390 corbies] ravens.      fail] turf.

# ANONYMOUS

'Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,  
And I'll pike out his bonny blue e'en:  
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair  
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

'Mony a one for him maks mane,  
But nane sall ken whar he is gane:  
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,  
The wind sall blaw for evermair.'

391

## *A Lyke-Wake Dirge*

**T**HIS ae nighte, this ae nighte,  
—*Every nighte and alle,*  
Fire and fleet and candle-lighte,  
*And Christe receive thy saule.*

When thou from hence away art past,  
—*Every nighte and alle,*  
To Whinny-muir thou com'st at last;  
*And Christe receive thy saule.*

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,  
—*Every nighte and alle,*  
Sit thee down and put them on;  
*And Christe receive thy saule.*

If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gav'st nane  
—*Every nighte and alle,*  
The whinnes sall prick thee to the bare bane;  
*And Christe receive thy saule.*

390 hause] neck.    theek] thatch.    391 fleet] house-room.

## ANONYMOUS

From Whinny-muir when thou may'st pass,  
—*Every nighte and alle,*  
To Brig o' Dread thou com'st at last;  
*And Christe receive thy saule.*

From Brig o' Dread when thou may'st pass,  
—*Every nighte and alle,*  
To Purgatory fire thou com'st at last;  
*And Christe receive thy saule.*

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,  
—*Every nighte and alle,*  
The fire sall never make thee shrink;  
*And Christe receive thy saule.*

If meat or drink thou ne'er gav'st nane,  
—*Every nighte and alle,*  
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane;  
*And Christe receive thy saule.*

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,  
—*Every nighte and alle,*  
Fire and fleet and candle-lighte,  
*And Christe receive thy saule.*

392

### *The Seven Virgins*

A CAROL

**A**LL under the leaves and the leaves of life  
I met with virgins seven,  
And one of them was Mary mild,  
Our Lord's mother of Heaven.

## ANONYMOUS

'O what are you seeking, you seven fair maids,  
All under the leaves of life?  
Come tell, come tell, what seek you  
All under the leaves of life?'

'We're seeking for no leaves, Thomas,  
But for a friend of thine;  
We're seeking for sweet Jesus Christ,  
To be our guide and thine.'

'Go down, go down, to yonder town,  
And sit in the gallery,  
And there you'll see sweet Jesus Christ  
Nail'd to a big yew-tree.'

So down they went to yonder town  
As fast as foot could fall,  
And many a grievous bitter tear  
From the virgins' eyes did fall.

'O peace, Mother, O peace, Mother,  
Your weeping doth me grieve:  
I must suffer this,' He said,  
'For Adam and for Eve.

'O Mother, take you John Evangelist  
All for to be your son,  
And he will comfort you sometimes,  
Mother, as I have done.'

'O come, thou John Evangelist,  
Thou'rt welcome unto me;  
But more welcome my own dear Son,  
Whom I nursed on my knee.'

## ANONYMOUS

Then He laid His head on His right shoulder,  
Seeing death it struck Him nigh—  
'The Holy Ghost be with your soul,  
I die, Mother dear, I die.'

O the rose, the gentle rose,  
And the fennel that grows so green!  
God give us grace in every place  
To pray for our king and queen.

Furthermore for our enemies all  
Our prayers they should be strong:  
Amen, good Lord; your charity  
Is the ending of my song.

393

### *Two Rivers*

SAYS Tweed to Till—  
'What gars ye rin sae still?'  
Says Till to Tweed—  
'Though ye rin with speed  
And I rin slaw,  
For ae man that ye droon  
' I droon twa.'

394

### *The Call*

MY blood so red  
For thee was shed,  
Come home again, come home again;  
My own sweet heart, come home again!  
You've gone astray  
Out of your way,  
Come home again, come home again!

395

*On Eleanor Freeman**who died 1650, aged 21*

LET not Death boast his conquering power,  
 She'll rise a star that fell a flower.

396

*The Bonny Earl of Murray*

YE Highlands and ye Lawlands,  
 O where hae ye been?  
 They hae slain the Earl of Murray,  
 And hae laid him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley!  
 And whairfore did ye sac!  
 I bade you bring him wi' you.  
 But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,  
 And he rid at the ring;  
 And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
 O he might hae been a king!

He was a braw gallant,  
 And he play'd at the ba';  
 And the bonny Earl of Murray  
 Was the flower amang them a'!

He was a braw gallant,  
 And he play'd at the gluve;  
 And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
 O he was the Queen's luv!

## ANONYMOUS

O lang will his Lady  
Look owre the Castle Downe,  
Ere she see the Earl of Murray  
Come sounding through the town!

397

### *Helen of Kirconnell*

**I** WISH I were where Helen lies,  
Night and day on me she cries;  
O that I were where Helen lies,  
On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,  
And curst the hand that fired the shot,  
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,  
And died to succour me!

O think na ye my heart was sair,  
When my Love dropp'd and spak nae mair!  
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,  
On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water side,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
On fair Kirconnell lea;

I lighted down my sword to draw,  
I hackèd him in pieces sma',  
I hackèd him in pieces sma',  
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!  
I'll mak a garland o' thy hair,  
Shall bind my heart for evermair,  
Until the day I die!

## ANONYMOUS

O that I were where Helen lies!  
 Night and day on me she cries;  
 Out of my bed she bids me rise,  
     Says, 'Haste, and come to me!'

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!  
 If I were with thee, I'd be blest,  
 Where thou lies low and taks thy rest,  
     On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,  
 A winding-sheet drawn owre my e'en,  
 And I in Helen's arms lying,  
     On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies!  
 Night and day on me she cries;  
 And I am weary of the skies,  
     For her sake that died for me.

398

### *Waly, Waly*

**O** WALY, waly, up the bank,  
 And waly, waly, doun the brac,  
 And waly, waly, yon burn-side,  
     Where I and my Love wont to gae!  
 I lean'd my back unto an aik,  
     I thocht it was a trustie tree;  
 But first it bow'd and syne it brak—  
     Sae my true love did lichtlie me.

O waly, waly, gin love be bonnie  
 A little time while it is new!  
 But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,  
     And fades awa' like morning dew.

## ANONYMOUS

O wherefore should I busk my heid,  
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?  
For my true Love has me forsook,  
And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur's Seat sall be my bed,  
The sheets sall ne'er be 'fild by me;  
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink;  
Since my true Love has forsaken me.  
Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?  
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?  
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost, that freezes fell,  
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie,  
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry;  
But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.  
When we cam in by Glasgow toun,  
We were a comely sicht to see;  
My Love was clad in the black velvèt,  
And I myself in cramasiè.

But had I wist, before I kist,  
That love had been sae ill to win,  
I had lock'd my heart in a case o' gowd.  
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.  
And O! if my young babe were born,  
And set upon the nurse's knee;  
And I mysel were dead and gane,  
And the green grass growing over me!

cramasiè] crimson.

*Barbara Allen's Cruelty*

IN Scarlet town, where I was born,  
 There was a fair maid dwellin',  
 Made every youth cry *Well-a-way!*  
 Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May,  
 When green buds they were swellin',  
 Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,  
 For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man in to her then,  
 To the town where she was dwellin',  
 'O haste and come to my master dear,  
 If your name be Barbara Allen.'

So slowly, slowly rase she up,  
 And slowly she came nigh him,  
 And when she drew the curtain by—  
 'Young man, I think you're dyin'.'

'O it's I am sick and very very sick,  
 And it's all for Barbara Allen.'  
 'O the better for me ye'se never be,  
 Tho' your heart's blood were a-spillin'!

'O dinna ye mind, young man,' says she,  
 'When the red wine ye were fillin',  
 That ye made the healths go round and round,  
 And slighted Barbara Allen?'

He turn'd his face unto the wall,  
 And death was with him dealin':  
 'Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,  
 And be kind to Barbara Allen!'

## ANONYMOUS

As she was walking o'er the fields,  
She heard the dead-bell knellin';  
And every jow the dead-bell gave  
Cried 'Woe to Barbara Allen.'

'O mother, mother, make my bed,  
O make it saft and narrow:  
My love has died for me to-day,  
I'll die for him to-morrow.

'Farewell,' she said, 'ye virgins all,  
And shun the fault I fell in:  
Henceforth take warning by the fall  
Of cruel Barbara Allen.'

400

### *Pipe and Can*

#### I

THE Indian weed witherèd quite;  
Green at morn, cut down at night;  
Shows thy decay: all flesh is hay:  
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,  
Think thou behold'st the vanity  
Of worldly stuff, gone with a puff:  
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

But when the pipe grows foul within,  
Think of thy soul defiled with sin,  
And that the fire doth it require:  
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

399 jow] beat, toll.

## ANONYMOUS

The ashes, that are left behind,  
May serve to put thee still in mind  
That unto dust return thou must:  
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

### II

WHEN as the chill Charokko blows,  
And Winter tells a heavy tale;  
When pyes and daws and rooks and crows  
Sit cursing of the frosts and snows;  
Then give me ale.

Ale in a Saxon rumkin then,  
Such as will make grimalkin prate;  
Bids valour burgeon in tall men,  
Quickens the poet's wit and pen,  
Despises fate.

Ale, that the absent battle fights,  
And frames the march of Swedish drum,  
Disputes with princes, laws, and rights,  
What's done and past tells mortal wights,  
And what's to come.

Ale, that the plowman's heart up-keeps  
And equals it with tyrants' thrones,  
That wipes the eye that over-weeps,  
And lulls in sure and dainty sleeps  
Th' o'er-wearied bones.

Charokko] Scirocco.

## ANONYMOUS

Grandchild of Ceres, Bacchus' daughter,  
Wine's emulous neighbour, though but stale,  
Ennobling all the nymphs of water,  
And filling each man's heart with laughter—  
Ha! give me ale!

401

### *Love will find out the Way*

**O**VER the mountains  
And over the waves,  
Under the fountains  
And under the graves;  
Under floods that are deepest,  
Which Neptune obey,  
Over rocks that are steepest,  
Love will find out the way.  
  
When there is no place  
For the glow-worm to lie,  
When there is no space  
For receipt of a fly;  
When the midge dares not venture  
Lest herself fast she lay,  
If Love come, he will enter  
And will find out the way.  
  
You may esteem him  
A child for his might;  
Or you may deem him  
A coward for his flight;  
But if she whom Love doth honour  
Be conceal'd from the day—  
Set a thousand guards upon her,  
Love will find out the way.

## ANONYMOUS

Some think to lose him  
By having him confined;  
And some do suppose him,  
Poor heart! to be blind;  
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,  
Do the best that ye may,  
Blind Love, if so ye call him,  
He will find out his way.

You may train the eagle  
To stoop to your fist;  
Or you may inveigle  
The Phœnix of the east;  
The lioness, you may move her  
To give over her prey;  
But you'll ne'er stop a lover—  
He will find out the way.

If the earth it should part him,  
He would gallop it o'er;  
If the seas should o'erthwart him,  
He would swim to the shore;  
Should his Love become a swallow,  
Through the air to stray,  
Love will lend wings to follow,  
And will find out the way.

There is no striving  
To cross his intent;  
There is no contriving  
His plots to prevent;

## ANONYMOUS

But if once the message greet him  
That his True Love doth stay,  
If Death should come and meet him,  
Love will find out the way!

402

### *Phillada flouts Me*

**O** WHAT a plague is love!  
How shall I bear it?  
She will inconstant prove,  
I greatly fear it.  
She so torments my mind  
That my strength faileth,  
And wavers with the wind  
As a ship saileth.  
Please her the best I may,  
She loves still to gainsay;  
Alack and well-a-day!  
Phillada flouts me.

At the fair yesterday  
She did pass by me;  
She look'd another way  
And would not spy me:  
I woo'd her for to dine,  
But could not get her;  
Will had her to the wine—  
He might entreat her.  
With Daniel she did dance,  
On me she look'd askance:  
O thrice unhappy chance!  
Phillada flouts me.

## ANONYMOUS

Fair maid, be not so coy,  
Do not disdain me!  
I am my mother's joy:  
Sweet, entertain me!  
She'll give me, when she dies,  
All that is fitting:  
Her poultry and her bees,  
And her goose sitting,  
A pair of matrass beds,  
And a bag full of shreds;  
And yet, for all this guedes,  
Phillada flouts me!

She hath a clout of mine  
Wrought with blue coventry,  
Which she keeps for a sign  
Of my fidelity:  
But i' faith, if she flinch  
She shall not wear it;  
To Tib, my t'other wench,  
I mean to bear it.  
And yet it grieves my heart  
So soon from her to part:  
Death strike me with his dart!  
Phillada flouts me.

Thou shalt eat crudded cream  
All the year lasting,  
And drink the crystal stream  
Pleasant in tasting;

guedes] goods, property of any kind.

## ANONYMOUS

Whig and whey whilst thou lust,  
And bramble-berries,  
Pie-lid and pastry-crust,  
Pears, plums, and cherries.  
Thy raiment shall be thin,  
Made of a weevil's skin—  
Yet all's not worth a pin!  
Phillada flouts me.

In the last month of May  
I made her posies;  
I heard her often say  
That she loved roses.  
Cowslips and gillyflowers  
And the white lily  
I brought to deck the bowers  
For my sweet Philly.  
But she did all disdain,  
And threw them back again;  
Therefore 'tis flat and plain  
Phillada flouts me.

Fair maiden, have a care,  
And in time take me;  
I can have those as fair  
If you forsake me:  
For Doll the dairy-maid  
Laugh'd at me lately,  
And wanton Winifred  
Favours me greatly.

## ANONYMOUS

One throws milk on my clothes,  
T'other plays with my nose;  
What wanting signs are those?  
—Phillada flouts me!

I cannot work nor sleep  
At all in season:  
Love wounds my heart so deep  
Without all reason.  
I 'gin to pine away  
In my love's shadow,  
Like as a fat beast may,  
Penn'd in a meadow.  
I shall be dead, I fear,  
Within this thousand year:  
And all for that my dear  
Phillada flouts me.

403

### *Suspiria*

**O** WOULD I were where I would be!  
There would I be where I am not:  
For where I am would I not be,  
And where I would be I can not.

WILLIAM STRODE

1602-1645

404

### *Chloris in the Snow*

**I** SAW fair Chloris walk alone,  
When feather'd rain came softly down,  
As Jove descending from his Tower  
To court her in a silver shower:

467

WILLIAM STRODE

The wanton snow flew to her breast,  
Like pretty birds into their nest,  
But, overcome with whiteness there,  
For grief it thaw'd into a tear:  
Thence falling on her garments' hem,  
To deck her, froze into a gem.

405      *In Commendation of Music*

WHEN whispering strains do softly steal  
With creeping passion through the heart  
And when at every touch we feel  
Our pulses beat and bear a part;  
When threads can make  
A heartstring shake  
Philosophy  
Can scarce deny  
The soul consists of harmony.

When unto heavenly joy we feign  
Whate'er the soul affecteth most,  
Which only thus we can explain  
By music of the wingèd host,  
Whose lays we think  
Make stars to wink,  
Philosophy  
Can scarce deny  
Our souls consist of harmony.

O lull me, lull me, charming air,  
My senses rock with wonder sweet;  
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,  
Soft, like a spirit's, are thy feet:

WILLIAM STRODE

Grief who need fear  
That hath an ear?  
Down let him lie  
And slumbring die,  
And change his soul for harmony.

THOMAS STANLEY

1625-1678

406

*The Relapse*

**O** TURN away those cruel eyes,  
The stars of my undoing!  
Or death, in such a bright disguise,  
May tempt a second wooing.

Punish their blind and impious pride,  
Who dare contemn thy glory;  
It was my fall that deified  
Thy name, and seal'd thy story.

Yet no new sufferings can prepare  
A higher praise to crown thee;  
Though my first death proclaim thee fair,  
My second will unthrone thee.

Lovers will doubt thou canst entice  
No other for thy fuel,  
And if thou burn one victim twice,  
Both think thee poor and cruel.

THOMAS D'URFEY

1653-1723

407

*Chloe Divine*

CHLOE's a Nymph in flowery groves,  
A Nereid in the streams;  
Saint-like she in the temple moves,  
A woman in my dreams.

Love steals artillery from her eyes,  
The Graces point her charms;  
Orpheus is rivall'd in her voice,  
And Venus in her arms.

Never so happily in one  
Did heaven and earth combine:  
And yet 'tis flesh and blood alone  
That makes her so divine.

CHARLES COTTON

1630-1687

408

*To Cælia*

WHEN, Cælia, must my old day set,  
And my young morning rise  
In beams of joy so bright as yet  
Ne'er bless'd a lover's eyes?  
My state is more advanced than when  
I first attempted thee:  
I sued to be a servant then,  
But now to be made free.

CHARLES COTTON

I've served my time faithful and true,  
Expecting to be placed  
In happy freedom, as my due,  
To all the joys thou hast:  
Ill husbandry in love is such  
A scandal to love's power,  
We ought not to misspend so much  
As one poor short-lived hour.

Yet think not, sweet, I'm weary grown,  
That I pretend such haste;  
Since none to surfeit e'er was known  
Before he had a taste:  
My infant love could humbly wait  
When, young, it scarce knew how  
To plead; but grown to man's estate,  
He is impatient now.

KATHERINE PHILIPS ('ORINDA')

1631-1664

409 *To One persuading a Lady to Marriage*

**F**ORBEAR, bold youth; all's heaven here,  
And what you do aver  
To others courtship may appear,  
'Tis sacrilege to her.  
She is a public deity;  
And were't not very odd  
She should dispose herself to be  
A petty household god?

## KATHERINE PHILIPS

First make the sun in private shine  
And bid the world adieu,  
That so he may his beams confine  
In compliment to you:  
But if of that you do despair,  
Think how you did amiss  
To strive to fix her beams which are  
More bright and large than his.

## THOMAS TRAHERNE

1637?-1674

410

### *News*

**N**EWs from a foreign country came  
As if my treasure and my wealth lay there;  
So much it did my heart inflame,  
'Twas wont to call my Soul into mine car;  
Which thither went to meet  
The approaching sweet,  
And on the threshold stood  
To entertain the unknown Good.  
It hover'd there  
As if 'twould leave mine car,  
And was so eager to embrace  
The joyful tidings as they came,  
'Twould almost leave its dwelling-place  
To entertain that same.

As if the tidings were the things,  
My very joys themselves, my foreign treasure—  
Or else did bear them on their wings—  
With so much joy they came, with so much pleasure.

## THOMAS TRAHERNE

My Soul stood at that gate  
To recreate  
Itself with bliss, and to  
Be pleased with speed. A fuller view  
It fain would take,  
Yet journeys back would make  
Unto my heart; as if 'twould fain  
Go out to meet, yet stay within  
To fit a place to entertain  
And bring the tidings in.

What sacred instinct did inspire  
My soul in childhood with a hope so strong?  
What secret force moved my desire  
To expect my joys beyond the seas, so young?  
Felicity I knew  
Was out of view,  
And being here alone,  
I saw that happiness was gone  
From me! For this  
I thirsted absent bliss,  
And thought that sure beyond the seas,  
Or else in something near at hand—  
I knew not yet—since naught did please  
I knew—my Bliss did stand.

But little did the infant dream  
That all the treasures of the world were by:  
And that himself was so the cream  
And crown of all which round about did lie.  
Yet thus it was: the Gem,  
The Diadem,

## THOMAS TRAHERNE

The ring enclosing all  
That stood upon this earthly ball,  
The Heavenly eye,  
Much wider than the sky,  
Wherein they all included were,  
The glorious Soul, that was the King  
Made to possess them, did appear  
A small and little thing!

## JOHN DRYDEN

1631-1700

411

### Ode

*To the Pious Memory of the accomplished young lady, Mrs. Anne Killigrew, excellent in the two sister arts of Poesy and Painting*

THOU youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,  
Made in the last promotion of the blest;  
Whose palms, new pluck'd from Paradise,  
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,  
Rich with immortal green above the rest:  
Whether, adopted to some neighbouring star,  
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wandering race,  
Or, in procession fixt and regular,  
Mov'd with the heaven's majestic pace;  
Or, call'd to more superior bliss,  
Thou tread'st with seraphims the vast abyss:  
Whatever happy region is thy place,  
Cease thy celestial song a little space;  
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,  
Since Heaven's eternal year is thine.

## JOHN DRYDEN

Hear, then, a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse,  
In no ignoble verse;  
But such as thy own voice did practise here,  
When thy first-fruits of Poesy were given,  
To make thyself a welcome inmate there;  
While yet a young probationer,  
And candidate of Heaven.

If by traduction came thy mind,  
Our wonder is the less, to find  
A soul so charming from a stock so good;  
Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood:  
So wert thou born into the tuneful strain,  
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.  
But if thy pre-existing soul  
Was form'd at first with myriads more,  
It did through all the mighty poets roll  
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,  
And was that Sappho last, which once it was before.  
If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind!  
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore:  
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,  
Than was the beauteous frame she left behind:  
Return, to fill or mend the quire of thy celestial kind.

May we presume to say, that, at thy birth,  
New joy was sprung in heaven as well as here on earth?  
For sure the milder planets did combine  
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,  
And even the most malicious were in trine.  
Thy brother-angels at thy birth  
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high,  
That all the people of the sky

## JOHN DRYDEN

Might know a poetess was born on earth;  
And then, if ever, mortal ears  
Had heard the music of the spheres.  
And if no clust'ring swarm of bees  
On thy sweet mouth distill'd their golden dew,  
'Twas that such vulgar miracles  
Heaven had not leisure to renew:  
For all the blest fraternity of love  
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holiday above.

O gracious God! how far have we  
Profan'd thy heavenly gift of Poesy!  
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,  
Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,  
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above,  
For tongues of angels and for hymns of love!  
O wretched we! why were we hurried down  
This lubrique and adulterate age  
(Nay, added fat pollutions of our own),  
To increase the streaming ordures of the stage?  
What can we say to excuse our second fall?  
Let this thy Vestal, Heaven, atone for all!  
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,  
Unmixt with foreign filth, and undefil'd;  
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

Art she had none, yet wanted none,  
For Nature did that want supply:  
So rich in treasures of her own,  
She might our boasted stores defy:  
Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,  
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.

## JOHN DRYDEN

Her morals, too, were in her bosom bred,  
By great examples daily fed,  
What in the best of books, her father's life, she read.  
And to be read herself she need not fear;  
Each test, and every light, her Muse will bear,  
Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.  
Even love (for love sometimes her Muse exprest)  
Was but a lambent flame which play'd about her breast,  
Light as the vapours of a morning dream;  
So cold herself, whilst she such warmth exprest,  
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream. . . .

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,  
The well-proportion'd shape, and beauteous face,  
Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;  
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.  
Not wit, nor piety could Fate prevent;  
Nor was the cruel Destiny content  
To finish all the murder at a blow,  
To sweep at once her life and beauty too;  
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride  
To work more mischievously slow,  
And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.  
O double sacrilege on things divine,  
To rob the relic, and deface the shrine!

But thus Orinda died:

Heaven, by the same disease, did both translate;  
As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

Meantime, her warlike brother on the seas  
His waving streamers to the winds displays,  
And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.

## JOHN DRYDEN

Ah, generous youth ! that wish forbear,  
The winds too soon will waft thee here !  
Slack all thy sails, and fear to come,  
Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd at home !  
No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,  
Thou hast already had her last embrace.  
But look aloft, and if thou kenn'st from far,  
Among the Pleiads a new kindl'd star,  
If any sparkles than the rest more bright,  
'Tis she that shines in that propitious light.

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,  
To raise the nations under ground;  
When, in the Valley of Jehoshaphat,  
The judging God shall close the book of Fate,  
And there the last assizes keep  
For those who wake and those who sleep;  
When rattling bones together fly  
From the four corners of the sky;  
When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,  
Those cloth'd with flesh, and life inspires the dead;  
The sacred Poets first shall hear the sound,  
And foremost from the tomb shall bound,  
For they are cover'd with the lightest ground;  
And straight, with inborn vigour, on the wing,  
Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.  
There thou, sweet Saint, before the quire shalt go,  
As harbinger of Heaven, the way to show,  
The way which thou so well hast learn'd below.

412 *A Song for St. Cecilia's Day, 1687*

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
This universal frame began:

When nature underneath a heap

Of jarring atoms lay,

And could not heave her head,

The tuneful voice was heard from high,

'Arise, ye more than dead!'

Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,

In order to their stations leap,

And Music's power obey.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,

This universal frame began:

From harmony to harmony

Through all the compass of the notes it ran,

The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

When Jubal struck the chorded shell,

His listening brethren stood around,

And, wondering, on their faces fell

To worship that celestial sound:

Less than a God they thought there could not dwell

Within the hollow of that shell,

That spoke so sweetly, and so well.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangour

Excites us to arms,

With shrill notes of anger,

And mortal alarms.

## JOHN DRYDEN

The double double double beat  
Of the thundering drum  
Cries Hark! the foes come;  
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!  
The soft complaining flute,  
In dying notes, discovers  
The woes of hopeless lovers,  
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.  
Sharp violins proclaim  
Their jealous pangs and desperation,  
Fury, frantic indignation,  
Depth of pains, and height of passion.  
For the fair, disdainful dame.  
But O, what art can teach,  
What human voice can reach,  
The sacred organ's praise?  
Notes inspiring holy love,  
Notes that wing their heavenly ways  
To mend the choirs above.  
Orpheus could lead the savage race;  
And trees unrooted left their place,  
Sequacious of the lyre;  
But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher:  
When to her organ vocal breath was given,  
An angel heard, and straight appear'd  
Mistaking Earth for Heaven.

### GRAND CHORUS

As from the power of sacred lays  
The spheres began to move,  
And sung the great Creator's praise  
To all the Blest above;

JOHN DRYDEN

So when the last and dreadful hour  
This crumbling pageant shall devour,  
The trumpet shall be heard on high,  
The dead shall live, the living die,  
And Music shall untune the sky!

413

*One Happy Moment*

**N**O, no, poor suff'ring Heart, no Change endeavour,  
Choose to sustain the smart, rather than leave her;  
My ravish'd eyes behold such charms about her,  
I can die with her, but not live without her:  
One tender Sigh of hers to see me languish,  
Will more than pay the price of my past anguish:  
Beware, O cruel Fair, how you smile on me,  
'Twas a kind look of yours that has undone me.

Love has in store for me one happy minute,  
And She will end my pain who did begin it;  
Then no day void of bliss, or pleasure leaving,  
Ages shall slide away without perceiving:  
Cupid shall guard the door the more to please us,  
And keep out Time and Death, when they would seize us:  
Time and Death shall depart, and say in flying,  
Love has found out a way to live, by dying.

414

*Hidden Flame*

**I** FEED a flame within, which so torments me  
That it both pains my heart, and yet contents me:  
'Tis such a pleasing smart, and I so love it,  
That I had rather die than once remove it.

## JOHN DRYDEN

Yet he, for whom I grieve, shall never know it;  
My tongue does not betray, nor my eyes show it.  
Not a sigh, nor a tear, my pain discloses,  
But they fall silently, like dew on roses.

Thus, to prevent my Love from being cruel,  
My heart's the sacrifice, as 'tis the fuel;  
And while I suffer this to give him quiet,  
My faith rewards my love, though he deny it.

On his eyes will I gaze, and there delight me;  
While I conceal my love no frown can fright me.  
To be more happy I dare not aspire,  
Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

### 415      *Song to a Fair Young Lady, going                  out of the Town in the Spring*

ASK not the cause why sullen Spring  
So long delays her flowers to bear;  
Why warbling birds forget to sing,  
And winter storms invert the year:  
Chloris is gone; and fate provides  
To make it Spring where she resides.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair;  
She cast not back a pitying eye:  
But left her lover in despair  
To sigh, to languish, and to die:  
Ah! how can those fair eyes endure  
To give the wounds they will not cure!

## JOHN DRYDEN

Great God of Love, why hast thou made  
A face that can all hearts command,  
That all religions can invade,  
And change the laws of every land?  
Where thou hadst plac'd such power before,  
Thou shouldst have made her mercy more.

When Chloris to the temple comes,  
Adoring crowds before her fall;  
She can restore the dead from tombs  
And every life but mine recall.  
I only am by Love design'd  
To be the victim for mankind.

## CHARLES WEBBE

c. 1678

416

### *Against Indifference*

MORE love or more disdain I crave,  
Sweet, be not still indifferent:  
O send me quickly to my grave,  
Or else afford me more content!  
Or love or hate me more or less,  
For love abhors all lukewarmness.

Give me a tempest if 'twill drive  
Me to the place where I would be;  
Or if you'll have me still alive,  
Confess you will be kind to me.  
Give hopes of bliss or dig my grave:  
More love or more disdain I crave.

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE

1635-1691

417 *To a Lady asking him how long he  
would love her*

IT is not, Celia, in our power  
To say how long our love will last;  
It may be we within this hour  
May lose those joys we now do taste;  
The Blessèd, that immortal be,  
From change in love are only free.  
Then since we mortal lovers are,  
Ask not how long our love will last;  
But while it does, let us take care  
Each minute be with pleasure past:  
Were it not madness to deny  
To live because we're sure to die?

THOMAS FLATMAN

1637-1688

418 *The Sad Day*

THE sad day!  
When friends shall shake their heads, and say  
Of miserable me—  
'Hark, how he groans!  
Look, how he pants for breath!  
See how he struggles with the pangs of death!  
When they shall say of these dear eyes—  
'How hollow, O how dim they be!  
Mark how his breast doth rise and swell  
Against his potent enemy!  
When some old friend shall step to my bedside,  
Touch my chill face, and thence shall gently slide.

## THOMAS FLATMAN

But—when his next companions say  
‘How does he do? What hopes?’—shall turn away,  
Answering only, with a lift-up hand—  
‘Who can his fate withstand?’

Then shall a gasp or two do more  
Than e’er my rhetoric could before:  
Persuade the world to trouble me no more!

## CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET

1638–1706

419

### *Song*

*Written at Sea, in the First Dutch War (1665), the night  
before an Engagement*

TO all you ladies now at land  
We men at sea indite;  
But first would have you understand  
How hard it is to write:  
The Muses now, and Neptune too,  
We must implore to write to you—  
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,  
And fill our empty brain,  
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind  
To wave the azure main,  
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,  
Roll up and down our ships at sea—  
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

## CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET

Then if we write not by each post,  
Think not we are unkind;  
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost  
By Dutchmen or by wind:  
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,  
The tide shall bring them twice a day—  
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

The King with wonder and surprise  
Will swear the seas grow bold,  
Because the tides will higher rise  
Than e'er they did of old:  
But let him know it is our tears  
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs—  
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know  
Our sad and dismal story,  
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,  
And quit their fort at Goree:  
For what resistance can they find  
From men who've left their hearts behind?—  
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Let wind and weather do its worst,  
Be you to us but kind;  
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,  
No sorrow we shall find:  
'Tis then no matter how things go,  
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe—  
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

## CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET

To pass our tedious hours away  
We throw a merry main,  
Or else at serious ombre play;  
But why should we in vain  
Each other's ruin thus pursue?  
We were undone when we left you—  
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

But now our fears tempestuous grow  
And cast our hopes away;  
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,  
Sit careless at a play:  
Perhaps permit some happier man  
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan—  
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

When any mournful tune you hear,  
That dies in every note  
As if it sigh'd with each man's care  
For being so remote,  
Think then how often love we've made  
To you, when all those tunes were play'd—  
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

In justice you cannot refuse  
To think of our distress,  
When we for hopes of honour lose  
Our certain happiness:  
All those designs are but to prove  
Ourselves more worthy of your love—  
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET

And now we've told you all our loves,  
And likewise all our fears,  
In hopes this declaration moves  
Some pity for our tears:  
Let's hear of no inconstancy—  
We have too much of that at sea—  
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

420

*Dorinda*

**D**ORINDA's sparkling wit, and eyes,  
Uniting cast too fierce a light,  
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,  
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy,  
Smooth are his looks and soft his pace,  
Her Cupid is a black-guard boy  
That runs his link full in your face.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

1639-1701

421

*To Chloris*

**A**H, Chloris! that I now could sit  
As unconcern'd as when  
Your infant beauty could beget  
No pleasure, nor no pain!  
When I the dawn used to admire,  
And praised the coming day,  
I little thought the growing fire  
Must take my rest away.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

Your charms in harmless childhood lay  
Like metals in the mine;  
Age from no face took more away  
Than youth conceal'd in thine.  
But as your charms insensibly  
To their perfection prest,  
Fond love as unperceived did fly,  
And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,  
And Cupid at my heart,  
Still as his Mother favour'd you,  
Threw a new flaming dart:  
Each gloried in their wanton part;  
To make a lover, he  
Employ'd the utmost of his art—  
To make a beauty, she.

422

*To Celia*

NOT, Celia, that I juster am  
Or better than the rest!  
For I would change each hour, like them,  
Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee  
By every thought I have;  
Thy face I only care to see,  
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored  
In thy dear self I find—  
For the whole sex can but afford  
The handsome and the kind.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

Why then should I seek further store,  
And still make love anew?  
When change itself can give no more,  
'Tis easy to be true!

APHRA BEHN

1640-1689

423

*Song*

LOVE in fantastic triumph sate  
Whilst bleeding hearts around him flow'd,  
For whom fresh pains he did create  
And strange tyrannic power he show'd:  
From thy bright eyes he took his fires,  
Which round about in sport he hurl'd;  
But 'twas from mine he took desires  
Enough t' undo the amorous world.  
From me he took his sighs and tears,  
From thee his pride and cruelty;  
From me his languishments and fears,  
And every killing dart from thee.  
Thus thou and I the god have arm'd  
And set him up a deity;  
But my poor heart alone is harm'd,  
Whilst thine the victor is, and free!

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

1647-1680

424

*Return*

ABSENT from thee, I languish still;  
Then ask me not, When I return?  
The straying fool 'twill plainly kill  
To wish all day, all night to mourn.

## JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

Dear, from thine arms then let me fly,  
That my fantastic mind may prove  
The torments it deserves to try,  
That tears my fix'd heart from my love.

When, wearied with a world of woe,  
To thy safe bosom I retire,  
Where love, and peace, and truth does flow,  
May I contented there expire!

Lest, once more wandering from that heaven,  
I fall on some base heart unblest;  
Faithless to thee, false, unforgiven—  
And lose my everlasting rest.

425

### *Love and Life*

ALL my past life is mine no more;  
The flying hours are gone,  
Like transitory dreams given o'er,  
Whose images are kept in store  
By memory alone.

The time that is to come is not;  
How can it then be mine?  
The present moment's all my lot;  
And that, as fast as it is got,  
Phillis, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,  
False hearts, and broken vows;  
If I by miracle can be  
This live-long minute true to thee,  
'Tis all that Heaven allows.

**I** CANNOT change as others do,  
 Though you unjustly scorn;  
 Since that poor swain that sighs for you  
     For you alone was born.  
 No, Phillis, no; your heart to move  
     A surer way I'll try;  
 And, to revenge my slighted love,  
     Will still love on and die.

When kill'd with grief Amyntas lies,  
     And you to mind shall call  
 The sighs that now unpitied rise,  
     The tears that vainly fall—  
 That welcome hour, that ends this smart,  
     Will then begin your pain;  
 For such a faithful tender heart  
     Can never break in vain.

**W**HY dost thou shade thy lovely face? O why  
 Does that eclipsing hand of thine deny  
 The sunshine of the Sun's enlivening eye?

Without thy light what light remains in me?  
 Thou art my life; my way, my light's in thee;  
 I live, I move, and by thy beams I see.

Thou art my life—if thou but turn away  
 My life's a thousand deaths. Thou art my way—  
 Without thee, Love, I travel not but stray.

<sup>1</sup> Pilfered from Francis Quarles, and improved.

## JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

My light thou art—without thy glorious sight  
My eyes are darken'd with eternal night.  
My Love, thou art my way, my life, my light.

Thou art my way; I wander if thou fly.  
Thou art my light; if hid, how blind am I!  
Thou art my life; if thou withdraw'st, I die.

My eyes are dark and blind, I cannot see:  
To whom or whither should my darkness flee,  
But to that light?—and who's that light but thee?

If I have lost my path, dear lover, say,  
Shall I still wander in a doubtful way?  
Love, shall a lamb of Israel's sheepfold stray?

My path is lost, my wandering steps do stray;  
I cannot go, nor can I safely stay;  
Whom should I seek but thee, my path, my way?

And yet thou turn'st thy face away and fly'st me!  
And yet I sue for grace and thou deny'st me!  
Speak, art thou angry, Love, or only try'st me?

Thou art the pilgrim's path, the blind man's eye,  
The dead man's life. On thee my hopes rely:  
If I but them remove, I surely die.

Dissolve thy sunbeams, close thy wings and stay!  
See, see how I am blind, and dead, and stray!  
—O thou that art my life, my light, my way!

Then work thy will! If passion bid me flee,  
My reason shall obey, my wings shall be  
Stretch'd out no farther than from me to thee!

JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF  
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

1648-1721

428

*The Reconcilement*

COME, let us now resolve at last  
To live and love in quiet;  
We'll tie the knot so very fast  
That Time shall ne'er untie it.

The truest joys they seldom prove  
Who free from quarrels live:  
'Tis the most tender part of love  
Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took  
No pleasure nor no rest;  
And when I feign'd an angry look,  
Alas! I loved you best.

Own but the same to me—you'll find  
How blest will be our fate.  
O to be happy—to be kind—  
Sure never is too late!

429

*On One who died discovering her  
Kindness*

SOME vex their souls with jealous pain,  
While others sigh for cold disdain:  
Love's various slaves we daily see—  
Yet happy all compared with me!

## JOHN SHEFFIELD

Of all mankind I loved the best  
A nymph so far above the rest  
That we outshined the Blest above;  
In beauty she, as I in love.

And therefore They, who could not bear  
To be outdone by mortals here,  
Among themselves have placed her now,  
And left me wretched here below.

All other fate I could have borne,  
And even endured her very scorn;  
But oh! thus all at once to find  
That dread account—both dead and kind!  
What heart can hold? If yet I live,  
'Tis but to show how much I grieve.

## THOMAS OTWAY

1652-1685

430

### *The Enchantment*

I DID but look and love awhile,  
'Twas but for one half-hour;  
Then to resist I had no will,  
And now I have no power.

To sigh and wish is all my ease;  
Sighs which do heat impart  
Enough to melt the coldest ice,  
Yet cannot warm your heart.

O would your pity give my heart  
One corner of your breast,  
'Twould learn of yours the winning art,  
And quickly steal the rest.

JOHN OLDHAM

1653-1683

431

*A Quiet Soul*

THY soul within such silent pomp did keep,  
As if humanity were lull'd asleep;  
So gentle was thy pilgrimage beneath,  
Time's unheard feet scarce make less noise,  
Or the soft journey which a planet goes:  
Life seem'd all calm as its last breath.  
A still tranquillity so hush'd thy breast,  
As if some Halcyon were its guest,  
And there had built her nest;  
It hardly now enjoys a greater rest.

MATTHEW PRIOR

1664-1721

432

*The Question to Lisetta*

WHAT nymph should I admire or trust,  
But Chloe beauteous, Chloe just?  
What nymph should I desire to see,  
But her who leaves the plain for me?  
To whom should I compose the lay,  
But her who listens when I play?  
To whom in song repeat my cares,  
But her who in my sorrow shares?  
For whom should I the garland make,  
But her who joys the gift to take,  
And boasts she wears it for my sake?  
In love am I not fully blest?  
Lisetta, prithee tell the rest.

## MATTHEW PRIOR

### LISSETTA'S REPLY

Sure Chloe just, and Chloe fair,  
Deserves to be your only care;  
But, when you and she to-day  
Far into the wood did stray,  
And I happen'd to pass by,  
Which way did you cast your eye?  
But, when your cares to her you sing,  
You dare not tell her whence they spring;  
Does it not more afflict your heart,  
That in those cares she bears a part?  
When you the flowers for Chloe twine,  
Why do you to her garland join  
The meanest bud that falls from mine?  
Simplest of swains! the world may see  
Whom Chloe loves, and who loves me.

### 433                    *To a Child of Quality*

*Five Years Old, 1704. The Author then Forty*

**L**ORDS, knights, and squires, the numerous band  
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,  
Were summoned by her high command  
To show their passions by their letters.

My pen amongst the rest I took,  
Lest those bright eyes, that cannot read,  
Should dart their kindling fire, and look  
The power they have to be obey'd.

Nor quality, nor reputation,  
Forbid me yet my flame to tell;  
Dear Five-years-old befriends my passion,  
And I may write till she can spell.

## MATTHEW PRIOR

For, while she makes her silkworms beds  
With all the tender things I swear;  
Whilst all the house my passion reads,  
In papers round her baby's hair;  
She may receive and own my flame,  
For, though the strictest prudes should know it,  
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,  
And I for an unhappy poet.  
Then too, alas! when she shall tear  
The rhymes some younger rival sends,  
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,  
And we shall still continue friends.  
For, as our different ages move,  
'Tis so ordain'd (would Fate but mend it!),  
That I shall be past making love  
When she begins to comprehend it.

434

### *Song*

**T**HE merchant, to secure his treasure,  
Conveys it in a borrow'd name:  
Euphelia serves to grace my measure;  
But Chloe is my real flame.  
My softest verse, my darling lyre,  
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;  
When Chloe noted her desire  
That I should sing, that I should play.  
My lyre I tune, my voice I raise;  
But with my numbers mix my sighs:  
And while I sing Euphelia's praise,  
I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

MATTHEW PRIOR

Fair Chloe blush'd: Euphelia frown'd:  
I sung, and gazed: I play'd, and trembled:  
And Venus to the Loves around  
Remark'd, how ill we all dissembled.

435

*On My Birthday, July 21*

**I** MY dear, was born to-day—  
So all my jolly comrades say:  
They bring me music, wreaths, and mirth,  
And ask to celebrate my birth:  
Little, alas! my comrades know  
That I was born to pain and woe;  
To thy denial, to thy scorn,  
Better I had ne'er been born:  
I wish to die, even whilst I say—  
'I, my dear, was born to-day.'

I, my dear, was born to-day:  
Shall I salute the rising ray,  
Well-spring of all my joy and woe?  
Clotilda, thou alone dost know.  
Shall the wreath surround my hair?  
Or shall the music please my ear?  
Shall I my comrades' mirth receive,  
And bless my birth, and wish to live?  
Then let me see great Venus chase  
Imperious anger from thy face;  
Then let me hear thee smiling say—  
'Thou, my dear, wert born to-day.'

MATTHEW PRIOR

436      *The Lady who offers her Looking-Glass to Venus*

VENUS, take my votive glass:  
Since I am not what I was,  
What from this day I shall be,  
Venus, let me never see.

437      *A Letter*

*to Lady Margaret Cavendish Holles-Harley, when a Child*

MY noble, lovely, little Peggy,  
Let this my First Epistle beg ye,  
At dawn of morn, and close of even,  
To lift your heart and hands to Heaven.  
In double duty say your prayer:  
*Our Father* first, then *Notre Père*.  
And, dearest child, along the day,  
In every thing you do and say,  
Obey and please my lord and lady,  
So God shall love and angels aid ye.  
If to these precepts you attend,  
No second letter need I send,  
And so I rest your constant friend.

438      *Jinny the Just*

RELEAS'D from the noise of the butcher and baker  
Who, my old friends be thanked, did seldom forsake her,  
And from the soft duns of my landlord the Quaker,  
From chiding the footmen and watching the lasses,  
From Nell that burn'd milk, and Tom that broke glasses  
(Sad mischiefs thro' which a good housekeeper passes!)

## MATTHEW PRIOR

From some real care but more fancied vexation,  
From a life parti-colour'd half reason half passion,  
Here lies after all the best wench in the nation.

From the Rhine to the Po, from the Thames to the Rhone,  
Joanna or Janneton, Jinny or Joan,  
'Twas all one to her by what name she was known.

For the idiom of words very little she heeded,  
Provided the matter she drove at succeeded,  
She took and gave languages just as she needed.

So for kitchen and market, for bargain and sale,  
She paid English or Dutch or French down on the nail,  
But in telling a story she sometimes did fail;

Then begging excuse as she happen'd to stammer,  
With respect to her betters but none to her grammar,  
Her blush helped her out and her jargon became her.

Her habit and mien she endeavor'd to frame  
To the different *gout* of the place where she came;  
Her outside still chang'd, but her inside the same:

At the Hague in her slippers and hair as the mode is,  
At Paris all falbalow'd fine as a goddess,  
And at censuring London in smock sleeves and bodice.

She order'd affairs that few people could tell  
In what part about her that mixture did dwell  
Of Frow, or Mistress, or Mademoiselle.

For her surname and race let the heralds e'en answer;  
Her own proper worth was enough to advance her,  
And he who liked her, little valued her grandsire.

## MATTHEW PRIOR

But from what house so ever her lineage may come  
I wish my own Jinny but out of her tomb,  
Tho' all her relations were there in her room.

Of such terrible beauty she never could boast  
As with absolute sway o'er all hearts rules the roast  
When J—— bawls out to the chair for a toast;

But of good household features her person was made,  
Nor by faction cried up nor of censure afraid,  
And her beauty was rather for use than parade.

Her blood so well mix't and flesh so well pasted  
That, tho' her youth faded, her comeliness lasted;  
The blue was wore off, but the plum was well tasted.

Less smooth than her skin and less white than her breast  
Was this polished stone beneath which she lies pressed:  
Stop, reader, and sigh while thou thinkst on the rest.

With a just trim of virtue her soul was endued,  
Not affectedly pious nor secretly lewd  
She cut even between the coquette and the prude.

Her will with her duty so equally stood  
That, seldom oppos'd, she was commonly good,  
And did pretty well, doing just what she would.

Declining all power she found means to persuade,  
Was then most regarded when most she obey'd,  
The mistress in truth when she seem'd but the maid.

Such care of her own proper actions she took  
That on other folk's lives she had no time to look,  
So censure and praise were struck out of her book.

## MATTHEW PRIOR

Her thought still confin'd to its own little sphere,  
She minded not who did excel or did err  
But just as the matter related to her.

Then too when her private tribunal was rear'd  
Her mercy so mix'd with her judgment appear'd  
That her foes were condemn'd and her friends always clear'd.

Her religion so well with her learning did suit  
That in practice sincere, and in controverse mute,  
She show'd she knew better to live than dispute.

Some parts of the Bible by heart she recited,  
And much in historical chapters delighted,  
But in points about Faith she was something short sighted;

So notions and modes she refer'd to the schools,  
And in matters of conscience adher'd to two rules,  
To advise with no bigots, and jest with no fools.

And scrupling but little, enough she believ'd,  
By charity ample small sins she retriev'd,  
And when she had new clothes she always receiv'd.

Thus still whilst her morning unseen fled away  
In ord'ring the linen and making the tea  
That she scarce could have time for the psalms of the day;

And while after dinner the night came so soon  
That half she propos'd very seldom was done;  
With twenty God bless me's, how this day is gone!—

While she read and accounted and paid and abated,  
Eat and drank, play'd and work'd, laugh'd and cried, lov'd  
and hated,  
As answer'd the end of her being created:

## MATTHEW PRIOR

In the midst of her age came a cruel disease  
Which neither her juleps nor receipts could appease;  
So down dropp'd her clay—may her Soul be at peace!

Retire from this sepulchre all the profane,  
You that love for debauch, or that marry for gain,  
Retire lest ye trouble the Manes of J——.

But thou that know'st love above int'rest or lust,  
Strew the myrtle and rose on this once belov'd dust,  
And shed one pious tear upon Jinny the Just.

Tread soft on her grave, and do right to her honor,  
Let neither rude hand nor ill tongue light upon her,  
Do all the small favors that now can be done her.

And when what thou lik'd shall return to her clay,  
For so I'm persuaded she must do one day  
—Whatever fantastic J[ohn] Asgill may say—

When as I have done now, thou shalt set up a stone  
For something however distinguished or known,  
May some pious friend the misfortune bemoan,  
And make thy concern by reflexion his own.

439

### *For my own Monument*

**A**S doctors give physic by way of prevention,  
Mat, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care;  
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention  
May haply be never fulfill'd by his heir.

Then take Mat's word for it, the sculptor is paid;  
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye;  
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,  
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

## MATTHEW PRIOR

Yet counting as far as to fifty his years,  
His virtues and vices as other men's were;  
High hopes he conceived, and he smother'd great fears,  
In a life parti-colour'd, half pleasure, half care.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,  
He strove to make int'rest and freedom agree;  
In public employments industrious and grave,  
And, alone with his friends, Lord! how merry was he!

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,  
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;  
And whirl'd in the round as the wheel turn'd about,  
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.

This verse, little polish'd, tho' mighty sincere,  
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;  
It says that his relics collected lie here,  
And no mortal yet knows too if this may be true.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,  
So Mat may be kill'd, and his bones never found;  
False witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea,  
So Mat may yet chance to be hang'd or be drown'd.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,  
To Fate we must yield, and the thing is the same;  
And if passing thou giv'st him a smile or a tear,  
He cares not—yet, prithee, be kind to his fame.

WILLIAM WALSH

1663-1708

440

*Rivals*

OF all the torments, all the cares,  
 With which our lives are curst;  
 Of all the plagues a lover bears,  
 Sure rivals are the worst!  
 By partners in each other kind  
 Afflictions easier grow;  
 In love alone we hate to find  
 Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see  
 Are labouring in my breast,  
 I beg not you would favour me,  
 Would you but slight the rest!  
 How great soe'er your rigours are,  
 With them alone I'll cope;  
 I can endure my own despair,  
 But not another's hope.

LADY GRISEL BAILLIE

1665-1746

441 *Werena my Heart licht I wad dee*

THERE ance was a may, and she lo'ed na men;  
 She biggit her bonnie bow'r doun in yon glen;  
 But now she cries, Dool and a well-a-day!  
 Come doun the green gait and come here away!

441 may] maid.      biggit] built.      gait] way, path.

## LADY GRISEL BAILLIE

When bonnie young Johnnie cam owre the see,  
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;  
He hecht me baith rings and mony braw things—  
And werena my heart's licht, I wad dee.

He had a wee titty that lo'ed na me,  
Because I was twice as bonnie as she;  
She raised sic a pother 'twixt him and his mother  
That werena my heart's licht, I wad dee.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be:  
The wife took a dwam and lay doun to dee;  
She maned and she graned out o' dolour and pain,  
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,  
Said—What had he do wi' the likes of me?  
Appose I was bonnie, I wasna for Johnnie—  
And werena my heart's licht, I wad dee.

They said I had neither cow nor calf,  
Nor dribbles o' drink rins thro' the draff,  
Nor pickles o' meal rins thro' the mill-e'e—  
And werena my heart's licht, I wad dee.

His titty she was baith wylie and slee:  
She spied me as I cam owre the lea;  
And then she ran in and made a loud din—  
Believe your ain e'en, an ye trow not me.

His bonnet stood ay fu' round on his brow,  
His auld ane look'd ay as well as some's new:  
But now he lets 't wear ony gait it will hing,  
And casts himsel dowie upon the corn bing.

hecht] promised. appose] suppose. dowie] dejectedly.	titty] sister. pickles] small quantities.	dwam] sudden illness. hing] hang.
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## LADY GRISEL BAILLIE

And now he gaes daund'ring about the dykes,  
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:  
The live-lang nicht he ne'er steeks his e'e—  
And werena my heart's licht, I wad dee.

Were I but young for thee, as I hae been,  
We should hae been gallopin' down in yon green,  
And linkin' it owre the lily-white lea—  
And wow, gin I were but young for thee!

## WILLIAM CONGREVE

1670-1729

442

### *False though She be*

**F**ALSE though she be to me and love,  
I'll ne'er pursue revenge;  
For still the charmer I approve,  
Though I deplore her change.

In hours of bliss we oft have met:  
They could not always last;  
And though the present I regret,  
I'm grateful for the past.

443

### *A Hue and Cry after Fair Amoret*

**F**AIR Amoret is gone astray—  
Pursue and seek her, ev'ry lover;  
I'll tell the signs by which you may  
The wand'ring Shepherdess discover.

441 hund the tykes] direct the dogs.  
linkin'] tripping arm-in-arm.

steeks] closes.

## WILLIAM CONGREVE

Coquette and coy at once her air,  
Both studied, tho' both seem neglected;  
Careless she is, with artful care,  
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart ev'ry glance,  
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them,  
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,  
Tho' certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates  
For that which in herself she prizes;  
And, while she laughs at them, forgets  
She is the thing that she despises.

## JOSEPH ADDISON

1672-1719

444

### *Hymn*

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.  
Th' unwearied Sun from day to day  
Does his Creator's power display;  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail.  
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale;  
And nightly to the listening Earth  
Repeats the story of her birth:

## JOSEPH ADDISON

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;  
What though nor real voice nor sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?  
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice;  
For ever singing as they shine,  
'The Hand that made us is divine.'

## ISAAC WATTS

1674-1748

445

### *The Day of Judgement*

**W**HEN the fierce North-wind with his airy forces  
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury;  
And the red lightning with a storm of hail comes  
Rushing amain down;

How the poor sailors stand amazed and tremble,  
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,  
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters  
Quick to devour them.

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder  
(If things eternal may be like these earthly),  
Such the dire terror when the great Archangel  
Shakes the creation;

## ISAAC WATTS

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of Heaven,  
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes,  
Sees the graves open, and the bones arising,  
Flames all around them.

Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches!  
Lively bright horror and amazing anguish  
Stare thro' their eyelids, while the living worm lies  
Gnawing within them.

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-strings,  
And the smart twinges, when the eye beholds the  
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance  
Rolling afore him.

Hopeless immortals! how they scream and shiver,  
While devils push them to the pit wide-yawning  
Hideous and gloomy, to receive them headlong  
Down to the centre!

Stop here, my fancy: (all away, ye horrid  
Doleful ideas!) come, arise to Jesus,  
How He sits God-like! and the saints around Him  
Throned, yet adoring!

O may I sit there when He comes triumphant,  
Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory,  
While our Hosannas all along the passage  
Shout the Redeemer!

446

### *A Cradle Hymn*

**H**USH! my dear, lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed!  
Heavenly blessings without number  
Gently falling on thy head.

## ISAAC WATTS

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,  
House and home, thy friends provide;  
All without thy care or payment:  
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended  
Than the Son of God could be,  
When from heaven He descended  
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle:  
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,  
When His birthplace was a stable  
And His softest bed was hay.

Blessèd babe! what glorious features—  
Spotless fair, divinely bright!  
Must He dwell with brutal creatures  
How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger  
Cursèd sinners could afford  
To receive the heavenly stranger?  
Did they thus affront their Lord?

Soft, my child: I did not chide thee,  
Though my song might sound too hard;  
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,  
And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story  
How the Jews abused their King,  
How they served the Lord of Glory,  
Makes me angry while I sing.

## ISAAC WATTS

See the kinder shepherds round Him,  
Telling wonders from the sky!  
Where they sought Him, there they found Him,  
With His Virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing;  
Lovely infant, how He smiled!  
When He wept, the mother's blessing  
Soothed and hush'd the holy child.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,  
Where the hornèd oxen fed:  
Peace, my darling; here's no danger,  
Here's no ox anear thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,  
Save my dear from burning flame,  
Bitter groans and endless crying,  
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,  
Trust and love Him all thy days;  
Then go dwell for ever near Him,  
See His face, and sing His praise!

## THOMAS PARNELL

1679-1718

447

### *Song*

**W**HEN thy beauty appears  
In its graces and airs  
All bright as an angel new dropp'd from the sky,  
At distance I gaze and am awed by my fears:  
So strangely you dazzle my eye!

## THOMAS PARNELL

But when without art  
Your kind thoughts you impart,  
When your love runs in blushes through every vein;  
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,  
Then I know you're a woman again.

There's a passion and pride  
In our sex (she replied),  
And thus, might I gratify both, I would do:  
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,  
But still be a woman to you.

## ALLAN RAMSAY

1686-1758

448

### *Peggy*

MY Peggy is a young thing,  
Just enter'd in her teens,  
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,  
Fair as the day, and always gay;  
My Peggy is a young thing,  
And I'm not very auld,  
Yet well I like to meet her at  
The wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly  
Whene'er we meet alane,  
I wish nae mair to lay my care,  
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare;

448 wawking] watching.

ALLAN RAMSAY

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
To a' the lave I'm cauld,  
But she gars a' my spirits glow  
At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly  
Whene'er I whisper love,  
That I look down on a' the town,  
That I look down upon a crown;  
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
It makes me blyth and bauld,  
And naething gi'es me sic delight  
As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly  
When on my pipe I play,  
By a' the rest it is confest,  
By a' the rest, that she sings best;  
My Peggy sings sae saftly,  
And in her sangs are tauld,  
With innocence the wale of sense,  
At wawking of the fauld.

WILLIAM OLDYS

1687-1761

449 *On a Fly drinking out of his Cup*

**B**USY, curious, thirsty fly!  
Drink with me and drink as I:  
Freely welcome to my cup,  
Couldst thou sip and sip it up:  
Make the most of life you may,  
Life is short and wears away.

448 lave] rest.      wale] choice, best.

## WILLIAM OLDYS

Both alike are mine and thine  
Hastening quick to their decline:  
Thine's a summer, mine's no more,  
Though repeated to threescore.  
Threescore summers, when they're gone,  
Will appear as short as one!

## JOHN GAY

1685-1732

450

### *To a Lady*

WHEN I some antique Jar behold,  
Or white, or blue, or speck'd with gold,  
Vessels so pure, and so refin'd  
Appear the types of woman-kind:  
Are they not valu'd for their beauty,  
Too fair, too fine for household duty?  
With flowers and gold and azure dy'd,  
Of ev'ry house the grace and pride?  
How white, how polish'd is their skin,  
And valu'd most when only seen!  
She who before was highest priz'd  
Is for a crack or flaw despis'd;  
I grant they're frail, yet they're so rare,  
The treasure cannot cost too dear!  
But Man is made of coarser stuff,  
And serves convenience well enough;  
He's a strong earthen vessel made,  
For drudging, labour, toil and trade;  
And when wives lose their other self,  
With ease they bear the loss of Delf.

451 *On a certain Lady at Court*

I KNOW a thing that's most uncommon;  
 (Envy, be silent and attend !)  
 I know a reasonable woman,  
 Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, awed by rumour;  
 Not grave through pride, nor gay through folly;  
 An equal mixture of good-humour  
 And sensible soft melancholy.

'Has she no faults then (Envy says), Sir?'  
 Yes, she has one, I must aver:  
 When all the world conspires to praise her,  
 The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

452 *Elegy to the Memory of an  
 Unfortunate Lady*

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade  
 Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?  
 'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gored,  
 Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?  
 O, ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,  
 Is it, in Heav'n, a crime to love too well?  
 To bear too tender or too firm a heart,  
 To act a lover's or a Roman's part?  
 Is there no bright reversion in the sky  
 For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

## ALEXANDER POPE

Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs! her soul aspire  
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?  
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;  
The glorious fault of angels and of gods;  
Thence to their images on earth it flows,  
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.  
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,  
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:  
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,  
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;  
Like Eastern kings a lazy state they keep,  
And close confined to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)  
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.  
As into air the purer spirits flow,  
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below,  
So flew the soul to its congenial place,  
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good!  
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!  
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,  
These cheeks now fading at the blast of Death:  
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,  
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.  
Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball,  
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall;  
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,  
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates.  
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say  
(While the long fun'ral blacken all the way),  
'Lo! these were they whose souls the Furies steel'd  
And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield.'

## ALEXANDER POPE

Thus unlamented pass the proud away,  
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!  
So perish all whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow  
For others' good, or melt at others' woe!

What can atone (O ever-injured shade!)  
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?  
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear  
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier.  
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,  
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,  
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,  
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!  
What tho' no friends in sable weeds appear,  
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,  
And bear about the mockery of woe  
To midnight dances, and the public show?  
What tho' no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,  
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?  
What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,  
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?  
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,  
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:  
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,  
There the first roses of the year shall blow;  
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade  
The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,  
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.  
How loved, how honour'd once, avails thee not,  
To whom related, or by whom begot;  
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,  
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

## ALEXANDER POPE

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,  
Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.  
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,  
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;  
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,  
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;  
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,  
The Muse forgot, and thou beloved no more!

### ✓ 453      *The Dying Christian to his Soul*

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!  
Quit, O quit this mortal frame:  
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,  
O the pain, the bliss of dying!  
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,  
Sister Spirit, come away!  
What is this absorbs me quite?  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!  
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring!  
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!  
O Grave! where is thy victory?  
O Death! where is thy sting?

✓

# ANONYMOUS

## *Winifreda*

454

AWAY; let nought to Love displeasing,  
My *Winifreda*, move your Care;  
Let nought delay the heav'nly Blessing,  
Nor squeamish Pride, nor gloomy Fear.

What tho' no Grants of Royal Donors  
With pompous Titles grace our Blood?  
We'll shine in more substantial Honours,  
And, to be Noble, we'll be good.

Through Youth and Age, in Love excelling,  
We'll hand in hand together tread;  
Sweet-smiling Peace shall crown our dwelling,  
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

And, when with envy Time transported  
Shall think to rob us of our Joys;  
You'll, in your Girls, again be courted,  
And I'll go wooing in my Boys.

# HENRY CAREY

1693?-1743

## *Sally in our Alley*

455

OF all the girls that are so smart  
There's none like pretty Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.  
There is no lady in the land  
Is half so sweet as Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

## HENRY CAREY

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,  
And through the streets does cry 'em;  
Her mother she sells laces long  
To such as please to buy 'em:  
But sure such folks could ne'er beget  
So sweet a girl as Sally!  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,  
I love her so sincerely;  
My master comes like any Turk,  
And bangs me most severely:  
But let him bang his bellyful,  
I'll bear it all for Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week  
I dearly love but one day—  
And that's the day that comes betwixt  
A Saturday and Monday;  
For then I'm drest all in my best  
To walk abroad with Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,  
And often am I blamed  
Because I leave him in the lurch  
As soon as text is named;

## HENRY CAREY

I leave the church in sermon-time  
And slink away to Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,  
O, then I shall have money;  
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,  
I'll give it to my honey:  
I would it were ten thousand pound,  
I'd give it all to Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all,  
Make game of me and Sally,  
And, but for her, I'd better be  
A slave and row a galley;  
But when my seven long years are out,  
O, then I'll marry Sally;  
O, then we'll wed, and then we'll bed—  
But not in our alley!

456

### *A Drinking-Song*

**B**ACCHUS must now his power resign—  
I am the only God of Wine!  
It is not fit the wretch should be  
In competition set with me,  
Who can drink ten times more than he.

HENRY CAREY

Make a new world, ye powers divine!  
Stock'd with nothing else but Wine:  
Let Wine its only product be,  
Let Wine be earth, and air, and sea—  
And let that Wine be all for me!

WILLIAM BROOME

1689-1745

457

*The Rosebud*

QUEEN of fragrance, lovely Rose,  
The beauties of thy leaves disclose!  
—But thou, fair Nymph, thyself survey  
In this sweet offspring of a day.  
That miracle of face must fail,  
Thy charms are sweet, but charms are frail:  
Swift as the short-lived flower they fly,  
At morn they bloom, at evening die:  
Though Sickness yet a while forbears,  
Yet Time destroys what Sickness spares:  
Now Helen lives alone in fame,  
And Cleopatra's but a name:  
Time must indent that heavenly brow,  
And thou must be what they are now.

JAMES THOMSON

1700-1748

458 *On the Death of a particular Friend*

AS those we love decay, we die in part,  
String after string is sever'd from the heart;  
Till loosen'd life, at last but breathing clay,  
Without one pang is glad to fall away.

JAMES THOMSON

Unhappy he who latest feels the blow !  
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,  
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,  
Till, dying, all he can resign is—breath.

CHARLES WESLEY

1707-1788

459

*Wrestling Jacob*

COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,  
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,  
My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with Thee,  
With Thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day.  
I need not tell Thee who I am,  
My misery, or sin declare,  
Thyself hast call'd me by my name,  
Look on thy hands, and read it there,  
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?  
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.  
In vain Thou strugglest to get free,  
I never will unloose my hold:  
Art Thou the Man that died for me?  
The secret of thy love unfold;  
Wrestling I will not let Thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.  
'Tis all in vain to hold thy tongue,  
Or touch the hollow of my thigh:  
Though every sinew be unstrung,  
Out of my arms Thou shalt not fly;  
Wrestling I will not let Thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

## CHARLES WESLEY

My strength is gone, my nature dies,  
I sink beneath thy weighty hand,  
Faint to revive, and fall to rise;  
I fall, and yet by faith I stand,  
I stand, and will not let Thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Yield to me now—for I am weak;  
But confident in self-despair:  
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,  
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer,  
Speak, or 'Thou never hence shalt move,  
And tell me, if thy name is LOVE.

'Tis Love, 'tis Love! 'Thou diedst for me,  
I hear thy whisper in my heart.  
The morning breaks, the shadows flee:  
Pure UNIVERSAL LOVE 'Thou art,  
To me, to all, thy bowels move,  
Thy nature, and thy name is LOVE.

Contented now upon my thigh  
I halt, till life's short journey end;  
All helplessness, all weakness I,  
On Thee alone for strength depend,  
Nor have I power, from Thee, to move;  
Thy nature, and thy name is LOVE.

Lame as I am, I take the prey,  
hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome;  
I leap for joy, pursue my way,  
And as a bounding hart fly home,  
Thro' all eternity to prove  
Thy nature, and thy name is LOVE.

*One-and-Twenty*

LONG-EXPECTED one-and-twenty,  
L Ling'ring year, at length is flown:  
Pride and pleasure, pomp and plenty,  
Great \* \* \* \* \*, are now your own.

Loosen'd from the minor's tether,  
Free to mortgage or to sell,  
Wild as wind, and light as feather,  
Bid the sons of thrift farewell.

Call the Betsies, Kates, and Jennies,  
All the names that banish care;  
Lavish of your grandsire's guineas,  
Show the spirit of an heir.

All that prey on vice and folly  
Joy to see their quarry fly:  
There the gamester, light and jolly,  
There the lender, grave and sly.

Wealth, my lad, was made to wander,  
Let it wander as it will;  
Call the jockey, call the pander,  
Bid them come and take their fill.

When the bonny blade carouses,  
Pockets full, and spirits high—  
What are acres? What are houses?  
Only dirt, or wet or dry.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

Should the guardian friend or mother  
Tell the woes of wilful waste,  
Scorn their counsel, scorn their pother;—  
You can hang or drown at last!

461     *On the Death of Mr. Robert Levet,  
              a Practiser in Physic*

CONDEMN'D to Hope's delusive mine,  
As on we toil from day to day,  
By sudden blasts or slow decline  
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,  
See Levet to the grave descend,  
Officious, innocent, sincere,  
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,  
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;  
Nor, letter'd Arrogance, deny  
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,  
And hov'ring death prepared the blow,  
His vig'rous remedy display'd  
The power of art without the show.

In Misery's darkest cavern known,  
His useful care was ever nigh,  
Where hopeless Anguish pour'd his groan,  
And lonely Want retired to die.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

No summons mock'd by chill delay,  
No petty gain disdain'd by pride;  
The modest wants of every day  
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,  
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;  
And sure th' Eternal Master found  
The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day, the peaceful night,  
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;  
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,  
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,  
No cold gradations of decay,  
Death broke at once the vital chain,  
And freed his soul the nearest way.

RICHARD JAGO

1715-1781

462

*Absence*

WITH leaden foot Time creeps along  
While Delia is away:  
With her, nor plaintive was the song,  
Nor tedious was the day.

Ah, envious Pow'r! reverse my doom;  
Now double thy career,  
Strain ev'ry nerve, stretch ev'ry plume,  
And rest them when she's here!

ANONYMOUS

463 *Will he no come back again?*

ROYAL Charlie's now awa,  
Safely owre the friendly main;  
Mony a heart will break in twa,  
Should ne ne'er come back again.  
Will you no come back again?  
Will you no come back again?  
Better lo'ed you'll never be,  
And will you no come back again?

Sweet the lav'rock's note and lang,  
Lilting wildly up the glen;  
And aye the o'erword o' the sang  
Is 'Will he no come back again?'  
Will he no come back again, &c.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE

1714-1763

464 *Written at an Inn at Henley*

TO thee, fair freedom! I retire  
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din:  
Nor art thou found in mansions higher  
Than the low cott, or humble inn.

'Tis here, with boundless pow'r, I reign;  
And ev'ry health which I begin  
Converts dull port to bright champaigne;  
Such freedom crowns it, at an inn.

## WILLIAM SHENSTONE

Here, waiter ! take my sordid ore,  
Which lacqueys else might hope to win;  
It buys, what courts have not in store;  
It buys me freedom, at an inn.

And now once more I shape my way  
Thro' rain or shine, thro' thick or thin,  
Secure to meet, at close of day,  
With kind reception, at an inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
The warmest welcome, at an inn.

## THOMAS GRAY

1716-1771

### 465 *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard*

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,  
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

## THOMAS GRAY

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,  
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:  
How jocund did they drive their team afield!  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour:  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,  
If Memory o'er their Tomb no Trophies raise,  
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

## THOMAS GRAY

Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page  
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;  
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;  
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

## THOMAS GRAY

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;  
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply:  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
E'en in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;  
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

## THOMAS GRAY

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,  
    'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away  
    To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech  
    That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
    And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
    Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,  
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,  
    Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

'One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,  
    Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;  
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,  
    Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

'The next with dirges due in sad array  
    Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.  
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
    Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

### THE EPITAPH

*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth  
    A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown.  
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
    And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
    Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:  
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,  
    He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.*

THOMAS GRAY

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draco his frailties from their dread abode,  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,  
The bosom of his Father and his God.*

466

*The Curse upon Edward*

WEAVE the warp, and weave the woof,  
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.  
Give ample room, and verge enough  
The characters of hell to trace.  
Mark the year, and mark the night,  
When Severn shall re-echo with affright  
The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that ring,  
Shrieks of an agonizing King!  
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,  
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,  
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs  
The scourge of Heav'n. What terrors round him wait!  
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,  
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

Mighty Victor, mighty Lord!  
Low on his funeral couch he lies!  
No pitying heart, no eye, afford  
A tear to grace his obsequies.  
Is the sable warrior fled?  
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.  
The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born?  
Gone to salute the rising morn.

## THOMAS GRAY

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm  
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;  
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;  
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,  
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

Fill high the sparkling bowl,  
The rich repast prepare;  
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:  
Close by the regal chair  
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl  
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.  
Heard ye the din of battle bray,  
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?  
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,  
And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.  
Ye Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,  
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,  
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,  
And spare the meek usurper's holy head.

Above, below, the rose of snow,  
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:  
The bristled boar in infant-gore  
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.  
Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursèd loom  
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

Edward, lo! to sudden Fate  
(*Weave we the woof. The thread is spun*)  
Half of thy heart we consecrate.  
(*The web is wove. The work is done.*)

THOMAS GRAY

467

*The Progress of Poesy*

A PINDARIC ODE

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,  
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.  
From Helicon's harmonious springs  
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:  
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,  
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.  
Now the rich stream of music winds along  
Deep, majestic, smooth and strong,  
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:  
Now rolling down the steep amain,  
Headlong, impetuous see it pour;  
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

O Sovereign of the willing soul,  
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,  
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares  
And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul.  
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War  
Has curb'd the fury of his car,  
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.  
Perching on the sceptred hand  
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king  
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing:  
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie  
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,  
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.

O'er Idalia's velvet-green  
The rosy-crown'd Loves are seen

## THOMAS GRAY

On Cytherea's day

With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,  
Frisking light in frolic measures;  
Now pursuing, now retreating,  
Now in circling troops they meet:  
To brisk notes in cadence beating,  
Glance their many-twinkling feet.  
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:  
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.  
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,  
In gliding state she wins her easy way:  
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move  
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

Man's feeble race what ills await,  
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,  
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,  
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of fate!  
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,  
And justify the laws of Jove.  
Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse?  
Night, and all her sickly dews,  
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,  
He gives to range the dreary sky:  
Till down the eastern cliffs afar  
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

In climes beyond the solar road,  
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,  
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom  
To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode.  
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade  
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,

## THOMAS GRAY

She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat  
In loose numbers wildly sweet  
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.  
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,  
Glory pursue and generous Shame,  
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,  
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,  
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,  
Or where Mæander's amber waves  
In lingering lab'rins creep,  
How do your tuneful echoes languish,  
Mute, but to the voice of anguish?  
Where each old poetic mountain  
Inspiration breathed around:  
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain  
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:  
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,  
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.  
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,  
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.  
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,  
They sought, O Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

Far from the sun and summer gale,  
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,  
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,  
To Him the mighty mother did unveil  
Her awful face: the dauntless child  
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled.  
This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear  
Richly paint the vernal year:

## THOMAS GRAY

Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!  
This can unlock the gates of joy;  
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,  
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

Nor second he, that rode sublime  
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,  
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.

He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time:  
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,  
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,  
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,  
Closed his eyes in endless night.  
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,  
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear  
Two coursers of ethereal race,  
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!  
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er  
Scatters from her pictured urn  
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.  
But ah! 'tis heard no more——

O Lyre divine! what daring Spirit  
Wakes thee now? Tho' he inherit  
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,  
That the Theban eagle bear  
Sailing with supreme dominion  
Thro' the azure deep of air:  
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run  
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,

THOMAS GRAY

With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun:  
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way  
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,  
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

468     *On a Favourite Cat, Drowned in a  
                 Tub of Gold Fishes*

'T WAS on a lofty vase's side,  
Where China's gayest art had dyed  
The azure flowers that blow;  
Demurest of the tabby kind,  
The pensive Selima reclined,  
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared;  
The fair round face, the snowy beard,  
The velvet of her paws,  
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,  
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,  
She saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed; but 'midst the tide  
Two angel forms were seen to glide,  
The Genii of the stream:  
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue  
Thro' richest purple to the view  
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw:  
A whisker first and then a claw,  
With many an ardent wish,  
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize.  
What female heart can gold despise?  
What Cat's averse to fish?

## THOMAS GRAY

Presumptuous Maid ! with looks intent  
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,  
Nor knew the gulf between.  
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled.)  
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguiled,  
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood  
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god,  
Some speedy aid to send.  
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd:  
Nor cruel *Tom*, nor *Susan* heard.  
A Fav'rite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties undeceived,  
Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,  
And be with caution bold.  
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes  
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;  
Nor all that glisters, gold.

## WILLIAM COLLINS

1721-1759

469

### *Ode to Simplicity*

**O** THOU, by Nature taught  
To breathe her genuine thought  
In numbers warmly pure and sweetly strong:  
Who first on mountains wild,  
In Fancy, loveliest child,  
Thy babe and Pleasure's, nursed the pow'rs of song !  
Thou, who with hermit heart  
Disdain'st the wealth of art,

## WILLIAM COLLINS

And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall:  
But com'st a decent maid,  
In Attic robe array'd,  
O chaste, unboastful nymph, to thee I call!

By all the honey'd store  
On Hybla's thymy shore,  
By all her blooms and mingled murmurs dear,  
By her whose love-lorn woe,  
In evening musings slow,  
Soothed sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephissus deep,  
Who spread his wavy sweep  
In warbled wand'rings round thy green retreat;  
On whose enamell'd side,  
When holy Freedom died,  
No equal haunt allured thy future feet!

O sister meek of Truth,  
To my admiring youth  
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse!  
The flow'rs that sweetest breathe,  
Though beauty cull'd the wreath,  
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none esteem,  
But virtue's patriot theme,  
You loved her hills, and led her laureate band;  
But stay'd to sing alone  
To one distinguish'd throne,  
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bow'r,  
The passions own thy pow'r.

WILLIAM COLLINS

Love, only Love her forceless numbers mean;  
For thou hast left her shrine,  
Nor olive more, nor vine,  
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.  
Though taste, though genius bless  
To some divine excess,  
Faint's the cold work till thou inspire the whole;  
What each, what all supply,  
May court, may charm our eye,  
Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul!  
Of these let others ask,  
To aid some mighty task,  
I only seek to find thy temperate vale;  
Where oft my reed might sound  
To maids and shepherds round,  
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.

470

*How sleep the Brave*

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.  
By fairy hands their knell is rung;  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair  
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

WILLIAM COLLINS

471

*Ode to Evening*

**I**F aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,  
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,  
Like thy own solemn springs,  
Thy springs and dying gales;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-hair'd sun  
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,  
With brede ethereal wove,  
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd save where the weak-eyed bat  
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,  
Or where the beetle winds  
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises, 'midst the twilight path  
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:  
Now teach me, maid composed,  
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,  
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,  
As, musing slow, I hail  
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows  
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp  
The fragrant hours, and elves  
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,  
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,  
The pensive pleasures sweet,  
Prepare thy shadowy car:

WILLIAM COLLINS

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake  
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallow'd pile,  
Or upland fallows grey  
Reflect its last cool gleam.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,  
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut  
That from the mountain's side  
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,  
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all  
Thy dewy fingers draw  
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft he wont,  
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!  
While Summer loves to sport  
Beneath thy lingering light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,  
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,  
Affrights thy shrinking train,  
And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,  
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipp'd Health  
Thy gentlest influence own,  
And hymn thy favourite name!

472

*Fidele*

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb  
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring  
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,  
And rifle all the breathing Spring.

## WILLIAM COLLINS

No wailing ghost shall dare appear  
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;  
But shepherd lads assemble here,  
And melting virgins own their love.  
No wither'd witch shall here be seen,  
No goblins lead their nightly crew;  
The female fays shall haunt the green,  
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.  
The redbreast oft at evening hours  
Shall kindly lend his little aid,  
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,  
To deck the ground where thou art laid.  
When howling winds, and beating rain,  
In tempests shake thy sylvan cell;  
Or 'midst the chase, on every plain,  
The tender thought on thee shall dwell;  
Each lonely scene shall thee restore,  
For thee the tear be duly shed;  
Beloved, till life can charm no more;  
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

## MARK AKENSIDE

1721-1770

473

### *Amoret*

IF rightly tuneful bards decide,  
If it be fix'd in Love's decrees,  
That Beauty ought not to be tried  
But by its native power to please,  
Then tell me, youths and lovers, tell—  
What fair can Amoret excel?

## MARK AKENSIDE

Behold that bright unsullied smile,  
And wisdom speaking in her mien:  
Yet—she so artless all the while,  
So little studious to be seen—  
We naught but instant gladness know,  
Nor think to whom the gift we owe.

But neither music, nor the powers  
Of youth and mirth and frolic cheer,  
Add half the sunshine to the hours,  
Or make life's prospect half so clear,  
As memory brings it to the eye  
From scenes where Amoret was by.

This, sure, is Beauty's happiest part;  
This gives the most unbounded sway;  
This shall enchant the subject heart  
When rose and lily fade away;  
And she be still, in spite of Time,  
Sweet Amoret in all her prime.

474

### *The Complaint*

AWAY! away!  
Tempt me no more, insidious Love:  
Thy soothing sway  
Long did my youthful bosom prove:  
At length thy treason is discern'd,  
At length some dear-bought caution earn'd:  
Away! nor hope my riper age to move.

## MARK AKENSIDE

I know, I see  
Her merit. Needs it now be shown,  
Alas! to me?  
How often, to myself unknown,  
The graceful, gentle, virtuous maid  
Have I admired! How often said—  
What joy to call a heart like hers one's own!

But, flattering god,  
O squanderer of content and ease  
In thy abode  
Will care's rude lesson learn to please?  
O say, deceiver, hast thou won  
Proud Fortune to attend thy throne,  
Or placed thy friends above her stern decrees?

475

### *The Nightingale*

**T**O-NIGHT retired, the queen of heaven  
With young Endymion stays;  
And now to Hesper it is given  
Awhile to rule the vacant sky,  
Till she shall to her lamp supply  
A stream of brighter rays.

Propitious send thy golden ray,  
Thou purest light above!  
Let no false flame seduce to stray  
Where gulf or steep lie hid for harm;  
But lead where music's healing charm  
May soothe afflicted love.

## MARK AKENSIDE

To them, by many a grateful song  
In happier seasons vow'd,  
These lawns, Olympia's haunts, belong:  
Oft by yon silver stream we walk'd,  
Or fix'd, while Philomela talk'd,  
Beneath yon copses stood.

Nor seldom, where the beechen boughs  
That roofless tower invade,  
We came, while her enchanting Muse  
The radiant moon above us held:  
Till, by a clamorous owl compell'd,  
She fled the solemn shade.

But hark! I hear her liquid tone!  
Now Hesper guide my feet!  
Down the red marl with moss o'ergrown,  
Through yon wild thicket next the plain,  
Whose hawthorns choke the winding lane  
Which leads to her retreat.

See the green space: on either hand  
Enlarged it spreads around:  
See, in the midst she takes her stand,  
Where one old oak his awful shade  
Extends o'er half the level mead,  
Enclosed in woods profound.

Hark! how through many a melting note  
She now prolongs her lays:  
How sweetly down the void they float!  
The breeze their magic path attends;  
The stars shine out; the forest bends;  
The wakeful heifers graze.

## MARK AKENSIDE

Whoe'er thou art whom chance may bring  
To this sequester'd spot,  
If then the plaintive Siren sing,  
O softly tread beneath her bower  
And think of Heaven's disposing power,  
Of man's uncertain lot.

O think, o'er all this mortal stage  
What mournful scenes arise:  
What ruin waits on kingly rage;  
How often virtue dwells with woe;  
How many griefs from knowledge flow;  
How swiftly pleasure flies!

O sacred bird! let me at eve,  
Thus wandering all alone,  
Thy tender counsel oft receive,  
Bear witness to thy pensive airs,  
And pity Nature's common cares,  
Till I forget my own.

## THOMAS OSBERT MORDAUNT

1730-1809

476

### *The Call*

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife!  
Throughout the sensual world proclaim,  
One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name.

JOHN SCOTT OF AMWELL

1730-1783

477

*Retort on the Foregoing*

**I** HATE that drum's discordant sound,  
Parading round, and round, and round:  
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,  
And lures from cities and from fields,  
To sell their liberty for charms  
Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms;  
And when Ambition's voice commands,  
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,  
Parading round, and round, and round:  
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,  
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,  
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,  
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans;  
And all that Misery's hand bestows,  
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

*Poetical Works, 1782.*

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT

1721-1771

478

*To Leven Water*

**P**URE stream, in whose transparent wave  
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;  
No torrents stain thy limpid source,  
No rocks impede thy dimpling course  
Devolving from thy parent lake  
A charming maze thy waters make  
By bowers of birch and groves of pine  
And edges flower'd with eglantine.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT

Still on thy banks so gaily green  
May numerous herds and flocks be seen,  
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,  
And shepherds piping in the dale,  
And ancient faith that knows no guile,  
And industry embrown'd with toil,  
And hearts resolved and hands prepared  
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

CHRISTOPHER SMART

1722-1770

479

*Song to David*

SUBLIME—invention ever young,  
Of vast conception, tow'ring tongue  
To God th' eternal theme;  
Notes from yon exaltations caught,  
Unrivall'd royalty of thought  
O'er meaner strains supreme!

His muse, bright angel of his verse,  
Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce,  
For all the pangs that rage;  
Blest light still gaining on the gloom,  
The more than Michal of his bloom,  
Th' Abishag of his age.

He sang of God—the mighty source  
Of all things—the stupendous force  
On which all strength depends;  
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,  
All period, power, and enterprise  
Commences, reigns, and ends.

## CHRISTOPHER SMART

Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said  
To Moses; while earth heard in dread,  
And, smitten to the heart,  
At once above, beneath, around,  
All Nature, without voice or sound,  
Replied, O LORD, THOU ART.

The world, the clustering spheres, He made;  
The glorious light, the soothing shade,  
Dale, champaign, grove, and hill;  
The multitudinous abyss,  
Where Secrecy remains in bliss,  
And Wisdom hides her skill.

The pillars of the Lord are seven,  
Which stand from earth to topmost heaven;  
His Wisdom drew the plan;  
His Word accomplish'd the design,  
From brightest gem to deepest mine;  
From Christ enthroned, to Man.

For Adoration all the ranks  
Of Angels yield eternal thanks,  
And David in the midst;  
With God's good poor, which, last and least  
In man's esteem, 'Thou to Thy feast,  
O blessèd Bridegroom, bidd'st!

For Adoration, David's Psalms  
Lift up the heart to deeds of alms;  
And he, who kneels and chants,  
Prevails his passions to control,  
Finds meat and medicine to the soul,  
Which for translation pants.

## CHRISTOPHER SMART

For Adoration, in the dome  
Of Christ, the sparrows find a home,  
And on His olives perch:  
The swallow also dwells with thee,  
O man of God's humility,  
Within his Saviour's church.

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes,  
And drops upon the leafy limes;  
Sweet, Hermon's fragrant air:  
Sweet is the lily's silver bell,  
And sweet the wakeful taper's smell  
That watch for early prayer.

Sweet the young nurse, with love intense,  
Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence;  
Sweet, when the lost arrive:  
Sweet the musician's ardour beats,  
While his vague mind's in quest of sweets,  
The choicest flowers to hive.

Strong is the horse upon his speed;  
Strong in pursuit the rapid glede,  
Which makes at once his game:  
Strong the tall ostrich on the ground;  
Strong through the turbulent profound  
Shoots Xiphias to his aim.

Strong is the lion—like a coal  
His eyeball,—like a bastion's mole  
His chest against the foes:  
Strong the gier-eagle on his sail;  
Strong against tide th' enormous whale  
Emerges as he goes.

glede] kite.      Xiphias] sword-fish.

## CHRISTOPHER SMART

But stronger still, in earth and air,  
And in the sea, the man of prayer,  
And far beneath the tide:  
And in the seat to faith assign'd,  
Where ask is have, where seek is find,  
Where knock is open wide.

Precious the penitential tear;  
And precious is the sigh sincere,  
Acceptable to God:  
And precious are the winning flowers,  
In gladsome Israel's feast of bowers  
Bound on the hallow'd sod.

Glorious the sun in mid career;  
Glorious th' assembled fires appear;  
Glorious the comet's train:  
Glorious the trumpet and alarm;  
Glorious the Almighty's stretch'd-out arm;  
Glorious th' enraptured main:

Glorious the northern lights astream;  
Glorious the song, when God's the theme;  
Glorious the thunder's roar:  
Glorious Hosanna from the den;  
Glorious the catholic Amen;  
Glorious the martyr's gore:

Glorious—more glorious—is the crown  
Of Him that brought salvation down,  
By meekness call'd thy Son:  
Thou that stupendous truth believed;—  
And now the matchless deed's achieved,  
Determined, dared, and done!

*A Lament for Flodden*

I'VE heard them lilting at our ewe-milking,  
 Lasses a' lilting before dawn o' day;  
 But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—  
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At bughts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,  
 Lasses are lonely and dowie and wae;  
 Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing,  
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,  
 Bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray:  
 At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—  
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming  
 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;  
 But ilk ane sits eerie, lamenting her dearie—  
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border!  
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;  
 The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,  
 The prime of our land, lie cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at our ewe-milking;  
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae;  
 Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—  
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

loaning] lane, field-track.    wede] weeded.    bughts] sheep-  
 folds.    daffing] joking.    leglin] milk-pail.    hairst] harvest.  
 bandsters] binders.    lyart] gray-haired.    runkled] wrinkled.  
 fleeching] coaxing.    swankies] lusty lads.    bogle] boggy,  
 hide-and-seek.

481

*Woman*

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,  
 And finds too late that men betray,  
 What charm can soothe her melancholy?  
 What art can wash her tears away?

The only art her guilt to cover,  
 To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,  
 To give repentance to her lover,  
 And wring his bosom is—to die.

482

*Memory*

O MEMORY. thou fond deceiver,  
 Still importunate and vain,  
 To former joys recurring ever,  
 And turning all the past to pain:  
 Thou, like the world, th' oppress'd oppressing,  
 Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe:  
 And he who wants each other blessing  
 In thee must ever find a foe.

ROBERT CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM OF  
 GARTMORE

1735-1797

483

*If Doughty Deeds*

IF doughty deeds my lady please,  
 Right soon I'll mount my steed;  
 And strong his arm and fast his seat,  
 That bears frae me the meed.

ROBERT CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM

I'll wear thy colours in my cap,  
Thy picture in my heart;  
And he that bends not to thine eye  
Shall rue it to his smart!  
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love;  
O tell me how to woo thee!  
For thy dear sake nae care I'll take,  
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye  
I'll dight me in array;  
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,  
And squire thee all the day.  
If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,  
These sounds I'll strive to catch;  
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysel',  
That voice that nane can match.  
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love . . .

But if fond love thy heart can gain,  
I never broke a vow;  
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,  
I never loved but you.  
For you alone I ride the ring,  
For you I wear the blue;  
For you alone I strive to sing,  
O tell me how to woo!  
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love;  
O tell me how to woo thee!  
For thy dear sake nae care I'll take  
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

484

*To Mary Unwin*

MARY! I want a lyre with other strings,  
 Such aid from Heaven as some have feign'd they drew,  
 An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new  
 And undebased by praise of meaner things;  
 That ere through age or woe I shed my wings,  
 I may record thy worth with honour due,  
 In verse as musical as thou art true,  
 And that immortalizes whom it sings:  
 But thou hast little need. There is a Book  
 By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,  
 On which the eyes of God not rarely look,  
 A chronicle of actions just and bright—  
 There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine;  
 And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

485

*My Mary*

THE twentieth year is wellnigh past  
 Since first our sky was overcast;  
 Ah, would that this might be the last!  
My Mary!  
 Thy spirits have a fainter flow,  
 I see thee daily weaker grow;  
 'Twas my distress that brought thee low,  
My Mary!  
 Thy needles, once a shining store,  
 For my sake restless heretofore,  
 Now rust disused, and shine no more;  
My Mary!

## WILLIAM COWPER

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil  
The same kind office for me still,  
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,  
My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,  
And all thy threads with magic art  
Have wound themselves about this heart,  
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem  
Like language utter'd in a dream;  
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,  
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,  
Are still more lovely in my sight  
Than golden beams of orient light,  
My Mary!

For could I view nor them nor thee,  
What sight worth seeing could I see?  
The sun would rise in vain for me,  
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,  
Thy hands their little force resign;  
Yet, gently press'd, press gently mine,  
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,  
That now at every step thou mov'st  
Upheld by two; yet still thou lov'st,  
My Mary!

WILLIAM COWPER

And still to love, though press'd with ill,  
In wintry age to feel no chill,  
With me is to be lovely still,

My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know  
How oft the sadness that I show  
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,

My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast  
With much resemblance of the past,  
Thy worn-out heart will break at last—

My Mary!

JAMES BEATTIE

1735-1803

486

*An Epitaph*

LIKE thee I once have stemm'd the sea of life,  
Like thee have languish'd after empty joys,  
Like thee have labour'd in the stormy strife,  
    Been grieved for trifles, and amused with toys.  
Forget my frailties; thou art also frail:  
    Forgive my lapses; for thyself may'st fall:  
Nor read unmoved my artless tender tale—  
    I was a friend, O man, to thee, to all.

ISOBEL PAGAN

1740-1821

487

*Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes*

CA' the yowes to the knowes,  
Ca' them where the heather grows,  
Ca' them where the burnie rows,  
    My bonnie dearie.

487 yowes] ewes.      knowes] knolls, little hills.      rows] rolls.

## ISOBEL PAGAN

As I gaed down the water side,  
There I met my shepherd lad;  
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,  
And he ca'd me his dearie.

'Will ye gang down the water side,  
And see the waves sae sweetly glide  
Beneath the hazels spreading wide?  
The moon it shines fu' clearly.'

'I was bred up at nae sic school,  
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,  
And a' the day to sit in dool,  
And naebody to see me.'

'Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,  
Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,  
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,  
And ye sall be my dearie.'

'If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,  
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,  
And ye may row me in your plaid,  
And I sall be your dearie.'

'While waters wimple to the sea,  
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,  
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,  
Ye aye sall be my dearie!'

row'd] rolled, wrapped.

dool] dule, sorrow.

lift] sky.

LIFE! I know not what thou art,  
But know that thou and I must part;  
And when, or how, or where we met,  
I own to me's a secret yet.  
But this I know, when thou art fled,  
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,  
No clod so valueless shall be  
As all that then remains of me.

O whither, whither dost thou fly?  
Where bend unseen thy trackless course?  
And in this strange divorce,  
Ah, tell where I must seek this compound I?  
To the vast ocean of empyreal flame  
From whence thy essence came  
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed  
From matter's base encumbering weed?  
Or dost thou, hid from sight,  
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,  
Through blank oblivious years th' appointed hour  
To break thy trance and reassume thy power?  
Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be?  
O say, what art thou, when no more thou'rt thee?

Life! we have been long together,  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;  
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;—

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD

Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time;  
Say not Good-night, but in some brighter clime  
Bid me Good-morning!

FANNY GREVILLE

18th cent.

489

*Prayer for Indifference*

I ASK no kind return of love,  
No tempting charm to please;  
Far from the heart those gifts remove,  
That sighs for peace and ease.  
Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,  
That, like the needle true,  
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,  
But, turning, trembles too.  
Far as distress the soul can wound,  
'Tis pain in each degree:  
'Tis bliss but to a certain bound,  
Beyond is agony.

MICHAEL BRUCE

1740-1767

490

*To the Cuckoo*

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!  
Thou messenger of Spring!  
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,  
And woods thy welcome ring.  
What time the daisy decks the green,  
Thy certain voice we hear:  
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
Or mark the rolling year?

MICHAEL BRUCE

Delightful visitant! with thee  
I hail the time of flowers,  
And hear the sound of music sweet  
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wand'ring through the wood  
To pull the primrose gay,  
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,  
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,  
Thou flit'st thy vocal vale,  
An annual guest in other lands,  
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,  
Thy sky is ever clear;  
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
No Winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!  
We'd make, with joyful wing,  
Our annual visit o'er the globe,  
Companions of the Spring.

LADY ANNE LINDSAY

1750-1825

491

*Auld Robin Gray*

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,  
And a' the warld to rest are gane,  
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,  
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

## LADY ANNE LINDSAY

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;  
But saving a croun he had naething else beside:  
To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea;  
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,  
When my father brak his arm, and the cow was stown awa';  
My mother she fell sick,—and my Jamie at the sea—  
And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin;  
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;  
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e  
Said, 'Jennie, for their sakes, O, marry me!'

My heart it said nay; I look'd for Jamie back;  
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;  
His ship it was a wrack—Why didna Jamie dee?  
Or why do I live to cry, Wae's me!

My father urged me sair: my mother didna speak;  
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break:  
They gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was in the sea;  
Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,  
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,  
I saw my Jamie's wraith,—for I couldna think it he,  
Till he said, 'I'm come hame to marry thee.'

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;  
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away:  
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;  
And why was I born to say, Wae's me!

LADY ANNE LINDSAY

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;  
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;  
But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,  
For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

SIR WILLIAM JONES

1746-1794

492

*Epigram*

ON parent knees, a naked new-born child,  
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled:  
So live, that sinking to thy life's last sleep,  
Calm thou may'st smile, whilst all around thee weep.

THOMAS CHATTERTON

1752-1770

493

*Song from Ælla*

OSING unto my roundelay,  
O drop the briny tear with me;  
Dance no more at holyday,  
Like a running river be:  
My love is dead,  
Gone to his death-bed  
All under the willow-tree.

Black his cryne as the winter night,  
White his rode as the summer snow,  
Red his face as the morning light,  
Cold he lies in the grave below:

My love is dead,  
Gone to his death-bed  
All under the willow-tree.

493 cryne] hair.      rode] complexion.

## THOMAS CHATTERTON

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note,  
Quick in dance as thought can be,  
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;  
O he lies by the willow-tree!  
    My love is dead,  
    Gone to his death-bed  
All under the willow-tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing  
In the brier'd dell below;  
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing  
To the nightmares, as they go:  
    My love is dead,  
    Gone to his death-bed  
All under the willow-tree.

See! the white moon shines on high;  
Whiter is my true-love's shroud:  
Whiter than the morning sky,  
Whiter than the evening cloud:  
    My love is dead,  
    Gone to his death-bed  
All under the willow-tree.

Here upon my true-love's grave  
Shall the barren flowers be laid;  
Not one holy saint to save  
All the coldness of a maid:  
    My love is dead,  
    Gone to his death-bed  
All under the willow-tree.

THOMAS CHATTERTON

With my hands I'll dent the briers  
Round his holy corse to gre:  
Ouph and fairy, light your fires,  
Here my body still shall be:

My love is dead,  
Gone to his death-bed  
All under the willow-tree.

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,  
Drain my heart's blood away;  
Life and all its good I scorn,  
Dance by night, or feast by day:

My love is dead,  
Gone to his death-bed  
All under the willow-tree.

GEORGE CRABBE

1754-1832

494

*Meeting*

MY Damon was the first to wake  
The gentle flame that cannot die;  
My Damon is the last to take

The faithful bosom's softest sigh:  
The life between is nothing worth,  
O cast it from thy thought away!  
Think of the day that gave it birth,  
And this its sweet returning day.

Buried be all that has been done,  
Or say that naught is done amiss;  
For who the dangerous path can shun  
In such bewildering world as this?

493 dent] fasten.

gre] grow.

ouph] elf.

GEORGE CRABBE

But love can every fault forgive,  
Or with a tender look reprove;  
And now let naught in memory live  
But that we meet, and that we love.

495

*Late Wisdom*

WE'VE trod the maze of error round,  
Long wandering in the winding glade;  
And now the torch of truth is found,  
It only shows us where we strayed:  
By long experience taught, we know—  
Can rightly judge of friends and foes;  
Can all the worth of these allow,  
And all the faults discern in those.

Now, 'tis our boast that we can quell  
The wildest passions in their rage,  
Can their destructive force repel,  
And their impetuous wrath assuage.—  
Ah, Virtue! dost thou arm when now  
This bold rebellious race are fled?  
When all these tyrants rest, and thou  
Art warring with the mighty dead?

496

*A Marriage Ring*

THE ring, so worn as you behold,  
So thin, so pale, is yet of gold:  
The passion such it was to prove—  
Worn with life's care, love yet was love.

497

*To the Muses*

**W**HETHER on Ida's shady brow  
 Or in the chambers of the East,  
 The chambers of the Sun, that now  
 From ancient melody have ceased;  
 Whether in heaven ye wander fair,  
 Or the green corners of the earth,  
 Or the blue regions of the air  
 Where the melodious winds have birth;  
 Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,  
 Beneath the bosom of the sea,  
 Wandering in many a coral grove;  
 Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry;  
 How have you left the ancient love  
 That bards of old enjoy'd in you!  
 The languid strings do scarcely move,  
 The sound is forced, the notes are few.

498

*To Spring*

**O** THOU with dewy locks, who lookest down  
 Through the clear windows of the morning, turn  
 Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,  
 Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring!  
 The hills tell one another, and the listening  
 Valleys hear; all our longing eyes are turn'd  
 Up to thy bright pavilions: issue forth  
 And let thy holy feet visit our clime!

WILLIAM BLAKE

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds  
Kiss thy perfumèd garments; let us taste  
Thy morn and evening breath; scatter thy pearls  
Upon our lovesick land that mourns for thee.

O deck her forth with thy fair fingers; pour  
Thy soft kisses on her bosom; and put  
Thy golden crown upon her languish'd head,  
Whose modest tresses are bound up for thee.

499

*Jerusalem (from 'Milton')*

AND did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains green?  
And was the holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!  
Bring me my arrows of desire!  
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!  
Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.

*Reeds of Innocence*

PIPING down the valleys wild,  
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,  
 On a cloud I saw a child,  
 And he laughing said to me:

‘Pipe a song about a Lamb!’  
 So I piped with merry cheer.  
 ‘Piper, pipe that song again;’  
 So I piped: he wept to hear.

‘Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;  
 Sing thy songs of happy cheer!’  
 So I sung the same again,  
 While he wept with joy to hear.

‘Piper, sit thee down and write  
 In a book that all may read.’  
 So he vanish’d from my sight;  
 And I pluck’d a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,  
 And I stain’d the water clear,  
 And I wrote my happy songs  
 Every child may joy to hear.

*The Little Black Boy*

MY mother bore me in the southern wild,  
 And I am black, but O, my soul is white!  
 White as an angel is the English child,  
 But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

## WILLIAM BLAKE

My mother taught me underneath a tree,  
And, sitting down before the heat of day,  
She took me on her lap and kissèd me,  
And, pointing to the East, began to say:  
'Look at the rising sun: there God does live,  
And gives His light, and gives His heat away,  
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive  
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.  
'And we are put on earth a little space,  
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;  
And these black bodies and this sunburnt face  
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.  
'For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear,  
The cloud will vanish, we shall hear His voice,  
Saying, "Come out from the grove, my love and care,  
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice."'  
Thus did my mother say, and kissèd me,  
And thus I say to little English boy.  
When I from black and he from white cloud free,  
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,  
I'll shade him from the heat till he can bear  
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;  
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,  
And be like him, and he will then love me.

502

### *Hear the Voice*

**H**EAR the voice of the Bard,  
Who present, past, and future, sees;  
Whose ears have heard  
The Holy Word  
That walk'd among the ancient trees;

## WILLIAM BLAKE

Calling the lapsèd soul,  
And weeping in the evening dew;  
That might control  
The starry pole,  
And fallen, fallen light renew!

'O Earth, O Earth, return!  
Arise from out the dewy grass!  
Night is worn,  
And the morn  
Rises from the slumbrous mass.

'Turn away no more;  
Why wilt thou turn away?  
The starry floor,  
The watery shore,  
Is given thee till the break of day.'

503

### *The Tiger*

**T**IGER, tiger, burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And, when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand and what dread feet?

## WILLIAM BLAKE

What the hammer? What the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? What dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?  
When the stars threw down their spears,  
And water'd heaven with their tears,  
Did He smile His work to see?  
Did He who made the lamb make thee?  
Tiger, tiger, burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

504

### *Cradle Song*

SLEEP, sleep, beauty bright,  
Dreaming in the joys of night;  
Sleep, sleep; in thy sleep  
Little sorrows sit and weep.  
Sweet babe, in thy face  
Soft desires I can trace,  
Secret joys and secret smiles,  
Little pretty infant wiles.  
As thy softest limbs I feel,  
Smiles as of the morning steal  
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast  
Where thy little heart doth rest.  
O the cunning wiles that creep  
In thy little heart asleep!  
When thy little heart doth wake,  
Then the dreadful night shall break.

*Night*

THE sun descending in the west,  
 The evening star does shine;  
 The birds are silent in their nest.  
 And I must seek for mine.  
 The moon, like a flower  
 In heaven's high bower,  
 With silent delight  
 Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy grove,  
 Where flocks have took delight:  
 Where lambs have nibbled, silent move  
 The feet of angels bright;  
 Unseen they pour blessing  
 And joy without ceasing  
 On each bud and blossom,  
 On each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest  
 Where birds are cover'd warm;  
 They visit caves of every beast,  
 To keep them all from harm:  
 If they see any weeping  
 That should have been sleeping,  
 They pour sleep on their head,  
 And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey,  
 They pitying stand and weep,  
 Seeking to drive their thirst away  
 And keep them from the sheep.

WILLIAM BLAKE

But, if they rush dreadful,  
The angels, most heedful,  
Receive each mild spirit,  
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes  
Shall flow with tears of gold:  
And pitying the tender cries,  
And walking round the fold:  
Saying, 'Wrath by His meekness,  
And, by His health, sickness,  
Are driven away  
From our immortal day.

'And now beside thee, bleating lamb,  
I can lie down and sleep,  
Or think on Him who bore thy name,  
Graze after thee, and weep.  
For, wash'd in life's river,  
My bright mane for ever  
Shall shine like the gold  
As I guard o'er the fold.'

506

*Love's Secret*

**N**EVER seek to tell thy love,  
Love that never told can be;  
For the gentle wind doth move  
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,  
I told her all my heart,  
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears.  
Ah! she did depart!

WILLIAM BLAKE

Soon after she was gone from me,  
A traveller came by,  
Silently, invisibly:  
He took her with a sigh.

ROBERT BURNS

1759-1796

507

*Mary Morison*

O MARY, at thy window be,  
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!  
Those smiles and glances let me see,  
That make the miser's treasure poor:  
How blythely wad I bide the stour  
A weary slave frae sun to sun,  
Could I the rich reward secure,  
The lovely Mary Morison!

Yestreen, when to the trembling string  
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',  
To thee my fancy took its wing,  
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:  
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,  
And yon the toast of a' the town,  
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',  
'Ye arena Mary Morison.'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,  
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?  
Or canst thou break that heart of his,  
Whase only faut is loving thee?

507 stour] dust, turmoil.

ROBERT BURNS

If love for love thou wilt na gie,  
At least be pity to me shown;  
A thought ungentle canna be  
The thought o' Mary Morison.

508

*Jean*

**O**F a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
I dearly like the west,  
For there the bonnie lassie lives,  
The lassie I lo'e best:  
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,  
And monie a hill between;  
But day and night my fancy's flight  
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
I see her sweet and fair:  
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
I hear her charm the air:  
There's not a bonnie flower that springs  
By fountain, shaw, or green;  
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,  
But minds me o' my Jean.

509

*Auld Lang Syne*

**S**HOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to min'?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days o' lang syne?

508 airts] points of the compass. row] roll.

## ROBERT BURNS

We twa hae rin about the braes,  
 And pu'd the gowans fine;  
 But we've wander'd monie a weary fit  
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,  
 Frae mornin' sun till dine;  
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
 Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,  
 And gie's a hand o' thine;  
 And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught  
 For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,  
 And surely I'll be mine;  
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet  
 For auld lang syne!

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet  
 For auld lang syne.

510

### *My Bonnie Mary*

GO fetch to me a pint o' wine,  
 An' fill it in a silver tassie,  
 That I may drink, before I go,  
 A service to my bonnie lassie.  
 The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,

509 gowans] daisies.      fit] foot.      dine] dinner-time.  
 fiere] partner.      guid-willie waught] friendly draught.  
 510 tassie] cup.

## ROBERT BURNS

Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry,  
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,  
 And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.  
 The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
 The glittering spears are rankèd ready;  
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,  
 The battle closes thick and bloody;  
 But it's no the roar o' sea or shore  
 Wad mak me langer wish to tarry;  
 Nor shout o' war that's heard afar—  
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary!

511

*John Anderson, my Jo*

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,  
 When we were first acquaint,  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 Your bonnie brow was brent;  
 But now your brow is beld, John,  
 Your locks are like the snow;  
 But blessings on your frosty pow,  
 John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill thegither;  
 And monie a canty day, John,  
 We've had wi' ane anither:  
 Now we maun totter down, John,  
 But hand in hand we'll go,  
 And sleep thegither at the foot,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

511 jo] sweetheart.  
 bald. pow] pate.

brent] smooth, unwrinkled.  
 canty] cheerful.

beld]

*The Banks o' Doon*

**Y**E flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,  
 How can ye blume sae fair!  
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
 And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,  
 That sings upon the bough;  
 Thou minds me o' the happy days  
 When my fause luv was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,  
 That sings beside thy mate;  
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,  
 And wistna o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,  
 To see the woodbine twine;  
 And ilka bird sang o' its luv,  
 And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose  
 Upon a morn in June;  
 And sae I flourish'd on the morn,  
 And sae was pu'd or' noon.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose  
 Upon its thorny tree;  
 But my fause luv staw my rose,  
 And left the thorn wi' me.

or'] ere.      staw] stole.

ROBERT BURNS

513

*Ae Fond Kiss*

**A**E fond kiss, and then we sever;  
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him  
While the star of hope she leaves him?  
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,  
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy;  
Naething could resist my Nancy;  
But to see her was to love her,  
Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,  
Had we never loved sae blindly,  
Never met—or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!  
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!  
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!  
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

wage] stake, plight.

*Bonnie Lesley*

O SAW ye bonnie Lesley  
 As she gaed o'er the Border?  
 She's gane, like Alexander,  
 To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,  
 And love but her for ever;  
 For Nature made her what she is,  
 And ne'er made sic anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,  
 Thy subjects we, before thee:  
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,  
 The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he couldna scaith thee,  
 Or aught that wad belang thee;  
 He'd look into thy bonnie face  
 And say, 'I canna wrang thee!'

The Powers aboon will tent thee,  
 Misfortune sha'na steer thee:  
 Thou'rt like themsel' sae lovely,  
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,  
 Return to Caledonie!  
 That we may brag we hae a lass  
 There's nane again sae bonnie!

scaith] harm.

tent] watch.

steer] molest.

*Highland Mary*

YE banks and braes and streams around  
 The castle o' Montgomery,  
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,  
 Your waters never drumlie!  
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,  
 And there the langest tarry;  
 For there I took the last fareweel  
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,  
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
 As underneath their fragrant shade  
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!  
 The golden hours on angel wings  
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
 For dear to me as light and life  
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace  
 Our parting was fu' tender;  
 And, pledging aft to meet again,  
 We tore oursels asunder;  
 But oh! fell Death's untimely frost,  
 That nipt my flower sae early!  
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips  
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!  
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance  
 That dwelt on me sae kindly!

drumlie] miry.

ROBERT BURNS

And mouldering now in silent dust  
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!  
But still within my bosom's core  
Shall live my Highland Mary.

516      *O were my Love yon Lilac fair*

**O** WERE my Love yon lilac fair,  
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring,  
And I a bird to shelter there,  
When wearied on my little wing;  
How I wad mourn when it was torn  
By autumn wild and winter rude!  
But I wad sing on wanton wing  
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

O gin my Love were yon red rose  
That grows upon the castle wa',  
And I mysel a drap o' dew,  
Into her bonnie breast to fa';  
O there, beyond expression blest,  
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;  
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,  
Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light.

517      *A Red, Red Rose*

**O** MY Luve's like a red, red rose  
That's newly sprung in June:  
O my Luve's like the melodie  
That's sweetly play'd in tune!

## ROBERT BURNS

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in luv am I:  
And I will luv thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
I will luv thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve,  
And fare thee weel a while!  
And I will come again, my Luve,  
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

518

### *Lament for Culloden*

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,  
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;  
For e'en and morn she cries, 'Alas!'  
And aye the saut tear blin's her e'e:  
'Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,  
A waefu' day it was to me!  
For there I lost my father dear,  
My father dear and brethren three.

'Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,  
Their graves are growing green to see;  
And by them lies the dearest lad  
That ever blest a woman's e'e!  
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,

ROBERT BURNS

A bluidy man I trow thou be;  
For monie a heart thou hast made sair,  
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.'

519

*The Farewell*

**I**T was a' for our rightfu' King  
We left fair Scotland's strand;  
It was a' for our rightfu' King  
We e'er saw Irish land,  
My dear—  
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,  
And a' is done in vain;  
My love and native land, farewell,  
For I maun cross the main,  
My dear—  
For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about  
Upon the Irish shore;  
And gae his bridle-reins a shake,  
With, Adieu for evermore,  
My dear—  
With, Adieu for evermore!

The sodger frae the wars returns,  
The sailor frae the main;  
But I hae parted frae my love,  
Never to meet again,  
My dear—  
Never to meet again.

ROBERT BURNS

When day is gane, and night is come,  
And a' folk bound to sleep,  
I think on him that's far awa',  
The lee-lang night, and weep,  
My dear—  
The lee-lang night, and weep.

520

*Hark! the Mavis*

*C*A' the yowes to the knowes,  
Ca' them where the heather grows,  
Ca' them where the burnie rows,  
My bonnie dearie.

Hark! the mavis' evening sang  
Sounding Clouden's woods amang,  
Then a-faulding let us gang,  
My bonnie dearie.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,  
Through the hazels spreading wide,  
O'er the waves that sweetly glide  
To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,  
Where at moonshine midnight hours  
O'er the dewy bending flowers  
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;  
Thou'rt to Love and Heaven sae dear,  
Nocht of ill may come thee near,  
My bonnie dearie.

519 lee-lang] livelong.

## ROBERT BURNS

Fair and lovely as thou art,  
Thou hast stown my very heart;  
I can die—but canna part,  
My bonnie dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea;  
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;  
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my e'e,  
Ye shall be my dearie.

*Ca' the yowes to the knowes . . .*

## HENRY ROWE

1754-1819

521

*Sun*

ANGEL, king of streaming morn;  
Cherub, call'd by Heav'n to shine;  
T' orient tread the waste forlorn;  
Guide ætherial, pow'r divine;  
Thou, Lord of all within!

Golden spirit, lamp of day,  
Host, that dips in blood the plain,  
Bids the crimson'd mead be gay,  
Bids the green blood burst the vein;  
Thou, Lord of all within!

Soul, that wraps the globe in light;  
Spirit, beckoning to arise;  
Drives the frowning brow of night,  
Glory bursting o'er the skies;  
Thou, Lord of all within!

520 lift] sky.

HENRY ROWE

522

*Moon*

THEE too, modest tressèd maid,  
When thy fallen stars appear;  
When in lawn of fire array'd  
Sov'reign of yon powder'd sphere;  
To thee I chant at close of day,  
Beneath, O maiden Moon! thy ray.

Throned in sapphired ring supreme,  
Pregnant with celestial juice,  
On silver wing thy diamond stream  
Gives what summer hours produce;  
While view'd impearl'd earth's rich inlay,  
Beneath, O maiden Moon! thy ray.

Glad, pale Cynthian wine I sip,  
Breathed the flow'ry leaves among;  
Draughts delicious wet my lip;  
Drown'd in nectar drunk my song;  
While tuned to Philomel the lay,  
Beneath, O maiden Moon! thy ray.

Dew, that od'rous ointment yields,  
Sweets, that western winds disclose,  
Bathing spring's more purpled fields,  
Soft's the band that winds the rose;  
While o'er thy myrtled lawns I stray  
Beneath, O maiden Moon! thy ray.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES

1762-1850

523

*Time and Grief*

**O** TIME! who know'st a lenient hand to lay  
 Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence  
 (Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)  
 The faint pang stealest unperceived away;  
 On thee I rest my only hope at last,  
 And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear  
 That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,  
 I may look back on every sorrow past,  
 And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile:  
 As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,  
 Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient shower  
 Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:—  
 Yet ah! how much must this poor heart endure,  
 Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

JOANNA BAILLIE

1762-1851

524

*The Outlaw's Song*

**T**HE chough and crow to roost are gone,  
 The owl sits on the tree,  
 The hush'd wind wails with feeble moan,  
 Like infant charity.  
 The wild-fire dances on the fen,  
 The red star sheds its ray;  
 Uprouse ye then, my merry men!  
 It is our op'ning day.

## JOANNA BAILLIE

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,  
And closed is every flower,  
And winking tapers faintly peep  
High from my lady's bower;  
Bewilder'd hinds with shorten'd ken  
Shrink on their murky way;  
Uprouse ye then, my merry men!  
It is our op'ning day.

Nor board nor garner own we now,  
Nor roof nor latchèd door,  
Nor kind mate, bound by holy vow  
To bless a good man's store;  
Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,  
And night is grown our day;  
Uprouse ye then, my merry men!  
And use it as ye may.

## MARY LAMB

1765-1847

525

### *A Child*

**A** CHILD's a plaything for an hour;  
Its pretty tricks we try  
For that or for a longer space—  
Then tire, and lay it by.  
But I knew one that to itself  
All seasons could control;  
That would have mock'd the sense of pain  
Out of a grievèd soul.  
Thou straggler into loving arms,  
Young climber-up of knees,  
When I forget thy thousand ways  
Then life and all shall cease.

*The Land o' the Leal*

I'M wearin' awa', John,  
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,  
I'm wearin' awa'  
To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, John,  
There's neither cauld nor care, John,  
The day is aye fair  
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,  
She was baith gude and fair, John;  
And O! we grudged her sair  
To the land o' the leal.

But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,  
And joy's a-coming fast, John,  
The joy that's aye to last  
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's the joy was bought, John,  
Sae free the battle fought, John,  
That sinfu' man e'er brought  
To the land o' the leal.

O, dry your glistening e'e, John!  
My saul lings to be free, John,  
And angels beckon me  
To the land o' the leal.

CAROLINA, LADY NAIRNE

O, haud ye leal and true, John!  
Your day it's wearin' through, John,  
And I'll welcome you  
To the land o' the leal.

Now fare-ye-weel, my ain John,  
This warld's cares are vain, John,  
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,  
In the land o' the leal.

JAMES HOGG

1770-1835

527

*A Boy's Song*

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,  
Where the grey trout lies asleep,  
Up the river and over the lea,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,  
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,  
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,  
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,  
There to track the homeward bee,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,  
Where the shadow falls the deepest,  
Where the clustering nuts fall free,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

## JAMES HOGG

Why the boys should drive away  
Little sweet maidens from the play,  
Or love to banter and fight so well,  
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play  
Through the meadow, among the hay;  
Up the water and over the lea,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

528

### *Kilmeny*

**B**ONNIE Kilmeny gaed up the glen;  
But it wasna to meet Duncraig's men,  
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,  
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.  
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,  
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring;  
The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,  
And the nut that hung frae the hazel tree;  
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.  
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',  
And lang may she seek i' the green-wood shaw;  
Lang the laird o' Duncraig blame,  
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame!

When many a day had come and fled,  
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,  
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,  
When the bedesman had pray'd and the dead bell rung,

528 yorlin] the yellow-hammer.  
minny] mother.                      greet] mourn.

hindberrye] bramble.

## JAMES HOGG

Late, late in gloamin' when all was still,  
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,  
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,  
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain,  
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;  
When the ingle low'd wi' an eiry leme,  
Late, late in the gloamin' Kilmeny came hame!

'Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?  
Lang hae we sought baith holt and den;  
By linn, by ford, and green-wood tree,  
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.  
Where gat you that joup o' the lily scheen?  
That bonnie snood of the birk sae green?  
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?  
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?'

Kilmeny look'd up with a lovely grace,  
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;  
As still was her look, and as still was her e'e,  
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,  
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.  
For Kilmeny had been, she knew not where,  
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;  
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,  
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew.  
But it seem'd as the harp of the sky had rung,  
And the airs of heaven play'd round her tongue,  
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,  
And a land where sin had never been;

westlin] western.	its lane] alone, by itself.	low'd] flamed.
eiry leme] eery gleam.	linn] waterfall.	joup] mantle.

## JAMES HOGG

A land of love and a land of light,  
 Withouten sun, or moon, or night;  
 Where the river swa'd a living stream,  
 And the light a pure celestial beam;  
 The land of vision, it would seem,  
 A still, an everlasting dream.

In yon green-wood there is a waik,  
 And in that waik there is a wene,  
 And in that wene there is a maik,  
 That neither has flesh, blood, nor bane;  
 And down in yon green-wood he walks his lane.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,  
 Her bosom happ'd wi' flowerets gay;  
 But the air was soft and the silence deep,  
 And bonnie Kilmeny fell sound asleep.  
 She kenn'd nae mair, nor open'd her e'e,  
 Till waked by the hymns of a far countrie.

She 'waken'd on a couch of the silk sae slim,  
 All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim;  
 And lovely beings round were rife,  
 Who erst had travell'd mortal life;  
 And aye they smiled and 'gan to speer,  
 'What spirit has brought this mortal here?'—

'Lang have I journey'd, the world wide,'  
 A meek and reverend fere replied;  
 'Baith night and day I have watch'd the fair,  
 Eident a thousand years and mair.

swa'd] swelled.	waik] a row of deep damp grass.	wene]
? whin, a bush.	maik] a mate, match, equal.	his lane]
alone, by himself.	happ'd] covered.	speer] inquire.
fellow.	eident] unintermittently.	fere]

## JAMES HOGG

Yes, I have watch'd o'er ilk degree,  
Wherever blooms feminitye;  
But sinless virgin, free of stain  
In mind and body, fand I nane.  
Never, since the banquet of time,  
Found I a virgin in her prime,  
Till late this bonnie maiden I saw  
As spotless as the morning snaw:  
Full twenty years she has lived as free  
As the spirits that sojourn in this countrie:  
I have brought her away frae the snares of men,  
That sin or death she never may ken.'—

They clasp'd her waist and her hands sae fair,  
They kiss'd her cheek and they kemed her hair,  
And round came many a blooming fere,  
Saying, 'Bonnie Kilmeny, ye're welcome here!  
Women are freed of the littand scorn:  
O blest be the day Kilmeny was born!  
Now shall the land of the spirits see,  
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!  
Many a lang year, in sorrow and pain,  
Many a lang year through the world we've gane,  
Commission'd to watch fair womankind,  
For it's they who nurice the immortal mind.  
We have watch'd their steps as the dawning shone,  
And deep in the green-wood walks alone;  
By lily bower and silken bed,  
The viewless tears have o'er them shed;  
Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,  
Or left the couch of love to weep.

kemed] combed.

## JAMES HOGG

We have seen ! we have seen ! but the time must come,  
And the angels will weep at the day of doom !

‘O would the fairest of mortal kind  
Aye keep the holy truths in mind,  
That kindred spirits their motions see,  
Who watch their ways with anxious e’e,  
And grieve for the guilt of humanitye !  
O, sweet to Heaven the maiden’s prayer,  
And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair !  
And dear to Heaven the words of truth,  
And the praise of virtue frae beauty’s mouth !  
And dear to the viewless forms of air,  
The minds that kyth as the body fair !

‘O bonnie Kilmeny ! free frae stain,  
If ever you seek the world again,  
That world of sin, of sorrow and fear,  
O tell of the joys that are waiting here;  
And tell of the signs you shall shortly see;  
Of the times that are now, and the times that shall be.’—  
They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,  
And she walk’d in the light of a sunless day;  
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,  
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light:  
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,  
And the flowers of everlasting blow.  
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,  
That her youth and beauty never might fade;  
And they smiled on heaven, when they saw her lie  
In the stream of life that wander’d bye.

kyth] show, appear.

## JAMES HOGG

And she heard a song, she heard it sung,  
She kenn'd not where; but sae sweetly it rung,  
It fell on the ear like a dream of the morn:  
'O, blest be the day Kilmeny was born!  
Now shall the land of the spirits see,  
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!  
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,  
A borrow'd gleid frae the fountain of light;  
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,  
Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun,  
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,  
And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.  
But lang, lang after baith night and day,  
When the sun and the world have elyed away;  
When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,  
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!—

They bore her away, she wist not how,  
For she felt not arm nor rest below;  
But so swift they wain'd her through the light,  
'Twas like the motion of sound or sight;  
They seem'd to split the gales of air,  
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.  
Unnumber'd groves below them grew,  
They came, they pass'd, and backward flew,  
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,  
In moment seen, in moment gone.  
O, never vales to mortal view  
Appear'd like those o'er which they flew!  
That land to human spirits given,  
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;

gleid] spark, glow.

elyed] vanished.

## JAMES HOGG

From thence they can view the world below,  
And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow,  
More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green,  
To see what mortal never had seen;  
And they seated her high on a purple sward,  
And bade her heed what she saw and heard,  
And note the changes the spirits wrought,  
For now she lived in the land of thought.  
She look'd, and she saw nor sun nor skies,  
But a crystal dome of a thousand dyes:  
She look'd, and she saw nae land aright,  
But an endless whirl of glory and light:  
And radiant beings went and came,  
Far swifter than wind, or the linkèd flame.  
She hid her e'en frae the dazzling view;  
She look'd again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun on a summer sky,  
And clouds of amber sailing bye;  
A lovely land beneath her lay,  
And that land had glens and mountains gray;  
And that land had valleys and hoary piles,  
And marlèd seas, and a thousand isles.  
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,  
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,  
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay  
The sun and the sky and the cloudlet gray;  
Which heaved and trembled, and gently swung,  
On every shore they seem'd to be hung;

marled] variegated, parti-coloured.

## JAMES HOGG

For there they were seen on their downward plain  
A thousand times and a thousand again;  
In winding lake and placid firth,  
Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Kilmeny sigh'd and seem'd to grieve,  
For she found her heart to that land did cleave;  
She saw the corn wave on the vale,  
She saw the deer run down the dale;  
She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,  
And the brows that the badge of freedom bore;  
And she thought she had seen the land before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,  
The fairest that ever the sun shone on !  
A lion lick'd her hand of milk,  
And she held him in a leish of silk;  
And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,  
With a silver wand and melting e'e;  
Her sovereign shield till love stole in  
And poison'd all the fount within.

Then a gruff untoward bedesman came,  
And hundert the lion on his dame;  
And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless e'e,  
She dropp'd a tear, and left her knee;  
And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,  
Till the bonniest flower of the world lay dead;  
A coffin was set on a distant plain,  
And she saw the red blood fall like rain;  
'Then bonnie Kilmeny's heart grew sair,  
And she turn'd away, and could look nae mair.

leifu'] lone, wistful.

## JAMES HOGG

Then the gruff grim carle girn'd amain,  
 And they trampled him down, but he rose again;  
 And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,  
 Till he lapp'd the blood to the kingdom dear;  
 And weening his head was danger-preef,  
 When crown'd with the rose and clover leaf,  
 He gowl'd at the carle, and chased him away  
 To feed wi' the deer on the mountain gray.  
 He gowl'd at the carle, and geck'd at Heaven,  
 But his mark was set, and his arles given.  
 Kilmeny a while her e'en withdrew;  
 She look'd again, and the scene was new.

She saw before her fair unfurl'd  
 One half of all the glowing world,  
 Where oceans roll'd, and rivers ran,  
 To bound the aims of sinful man.  
 She saw a people, fierce and fell,  
 Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell;  
 Their lilies grew, and the eagle flew;  
 And she herkèd on her ravening crew,  
 Till the cities and towers were wrapp'd in a blaze,  
 And the thunder it roar'd o'er the lands and the seas.  
 The widows they wail'd, and the red blood ran,  
 And she threaten'd an end to the race of man;  
 She never lened, nor stood in awe,  
 Till caught by the lion's deadly paw.  
 O, then the eagle swink'd for life,  
 And brainyell'd up a mortal strife;

girn'd] snarled.      weir] war.      gowl'd] howled.      geck'd]  
 mocked.      arles] money paid on striking a bargain: *fig.* a  
 beating.      lened] crouched.      swink'd] laboured.  
 brainyell'd] stirred, beat.

## JAMES HOGG

But flew she north, or flew she south,  
She met wi' the gowl o' the lion's mouth.

With a mooted wing and waefu' maen,  
The eagle sought her eiry again;  
But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,  
And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,  
Before she sey another flight,  
To play wi' the norland lion's might.

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,  
So far surpassing nature's law,  
The singer's voice wad sink away,  
And the string of his harp wad cease to play.  
But she saw till the sorrows of man were bye,  
And all was love and harmony;  
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,  
Like flakes of snaw on a winter day.

Then Kilmeny begg'd again to see  
The friends she had left in her own countrie;  
To tell of the place where she had been,  
And the glories that lay in the land unseen;  
To warn the living maidens fair,  
The loved of Heaven, the spirits' care,  
That all whose minds unmeled remain  
Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,  
They lull'd Kilmeny sound asleep;  
And when she awaken'd, she lay her lane,  
All happ'd with flowers, in the green-wood wene.

mooted] moulted.      sey] essay.      unmeled] unblemished.  
her lane] alone, by herself.

# JAMES HOGG

When seven lang years had come and fled,  
 When grief was calm, and hope was dead;  
 When scarce was remember'd Kilmeny's name,  
 Late, late in a gloamin' Kilmeny came hame!  
 And O, her beauty was fair to see,  
 But still and steadfast was her e'e!  
 Such beauty bard may never declare,  
 For there was no pride nor passion there;  
 And the soft desire of maiden's e'en  
 In that mild face could never be seen.  
 Her seymar was the lily flower,  
 And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;  
 And her voice like the distant melodye,  
 That floats along the twilight sea.  
 But she loved to raik the lanely glen,  
 And keepèd afar frae the haunts of men;  
 Her holy hymns unheard to sing,  
 To suck the flowers, and drink the spring.  
 But wherever her peaceful form appear'd,  
 The wild beasts of the hill were cheer'd;  
 The wolf play'd blythly round the field,  
 The lordly byson low'd and kneel'd;  
 The dun deer woo'd with manner bland,  
 And cower'd aneath her lily hand.  
 And when at even the woodlands rung,  
 When hymns of other worlds she sung  
 In ecstasy of sweet devotion,  
 O, then the glen was all in motion!  
 The wild beasts of the forest came,  
 Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,

seymar] cymar, a slight covering.  
 bughts] milking-pens.

raike] range, wander.

## JAMES HOGG

And goved around, charm'd and amazed;  
 Even the dull cattle croon'd and gazed,  
 And murmur'd and look'd with anxious pain  
 For something the mystery to explain.  
 The buzzard came with the throstle-cock;  
 The corby left her houf in the rock;  
 The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew;  
 The hind came tripping o'er the dew;  
 The wolf and the kid their raik began,  
 And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;  
 The hawk and the hern attour them hung,  
 And the merle and the mavis forhooy'd their young;  
 And all in a peaceful ring were hurl'd;  
 It was like an eve in a sinless world!

When a month and a day had come and gane,  
 Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene;  
 There laid her down on the leaves sae green,  
 And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.  
 But O, the words that fell from her mouth  
 Were words of wonder, and words of truth!  
 But all the land were in fear and dread,  
 For they kendna whether she was living or dead.  
 It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain;  
 She left this world of sorrow and pain,  
 And return'd to the land of thought again.

goved] stared, gazed.

raik] ramble.

neglected.

tod] fox.

corby] raven.

attour] out over.

houf] haunt.

forhooy'd]

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770-1850

*Lucy*

529.

(i)

STRANGE fits of passion have I known:  
And I will dare to tell,  
But in the lover's ear alone,  
What once to me befell.

When she I loved look'd every day  
Fresh as a rose in June,  
I to her cottage bent my way,  
Beneath an evening moon.

Upon the moon I fix'd my eye,  
All over the wide lea;  
With quickening pace my horse drew nigh  
Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reach'd the orchard-plot;  
And, as we climb'd the hill,  
The sinking moon to Lucy's cot  
Came near and nearer still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,  
Kind Nature's gentlest boon!  
And all the while my eyes I kept  
On the descending moon.

My horse moved on; hoof after hoof  
He raised, and never stopp'd:  
When down behind the cottage roof,  
At once, the bright moon dropp'd.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide  
Into a lover's head!

'O mercy!' to myself I cried,  
'If Lucy should be dead!'

530

(ii)

**S**HE dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A Maid whom there were none to praise  
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye!  
Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and oh,  
The difference to me!

531

(iii)

**I** TRAVELL'D among unknown men,  
In lands beyond the sea;  
Nor, England! did I know till then  
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!  
Nor will I quit thy shore  
A second time; for still I seem  
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel  
The joy of my desire;  
And she I cherish'd turn'd her wheel  
Beside an English fire.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Thy mornings show'd, thy nights conceal'd,  
The bowers where Lucy play'd;  
And thine too is the last green field  
That Lucy's eyes survey'd.

532

(iv)

THREE years she grew in sun and shower;  
Then Nature said, 'A lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown;  
This child I to myself will take;  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A lady of my own.

'Myself will to my darling be  
Both law and impulse: and with me  
The girl, in rock and plain,  
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,  
Shall feel an overseeing power  
To kindle or restrain.

'She shall be sportive as the fawn  
That wild with glee across the lawn  
Or up the mountain springs;  
And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
And hers the silence and the calm  
Of mute insensate things.

'The floating clouds their state shall lend  
To her; for her the willow bend;  
Nor shall she fail to see  
Even in the motions of the storm  
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form  
By silent sympathy.

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

'The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.

'And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height,  
Her virgin bosom swell;  
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
While she and I together live  
Here in this happy dell.'

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—  
How soon my Lucy's race was run!  
She died, and left to me  
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;  
The memory of what has been,  
And never more will be.

533

(v)

**A** SLUMBER did my spirit seal;  
I had no human fears:  
She seem'd a thing that could not feel  
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;  
She neither hears nor sees;  
Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course,  
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

534

*Upon Westminster Bridge*

**E**ARTH has not anything to show more fair:  
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
 A sight so touching in its majesty:  
 This City now doth like a garment wear  
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky;  
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
 Never did sun more beautifully steep  
 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;  
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

535

*Evening on Calais Beach*

**I**T is a beauteous evening, calm and free,  
 The holy time is quiet as a Nun  
 Breathless with adoration; the broad sun  
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity;  
 The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea:  
 Listen! the mighty Being is awake,  
 And doth with his eternal motion make  
 A sound like thunder—everlastingly.  
 Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,  
 If thou appear untouch'd by solemn thought,  
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine:  
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;  
 And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,  
 God being with thee when we know it not.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

536      *On the Extinction of the Venetian  
Republic, 1802*

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous East in fee;  
And was the safeguard of the West: the worth  
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,  
Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.  
She was a maiden City, bright and free;  
No guile seduced, no force could violate;  
And, when she took unto herself a mate,  
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.  
And what if she had seen those glories fade,  
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;  
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid  
When her long life hath reach'd its final day:  
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade  
Of that which once was great is pass'd away.

537      *England, 1802 (i)*

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must look  
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,  
To think that now our life is only drest  
For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,  
Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook  
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:  
The wealthiest man among us is the best:  
No grandeur now in nature or in book  
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,  
This is idolatry; and these we adore:  
Plain living and high thinking are no more:  
The homely beauty of the good old cause  
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,  
And pure religion breathing household laws.

538

(ii)

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour:  
 England hath need of thee: she is a fen  
 Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,  
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;  
 O raise us up, return to us again,  
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power!  
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;  
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:  
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

539

(iii)

GREAT men have been among us; hands that penn'd  
 And tongues that utter'd wisdom—better none:  
 The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,  
 Young Vane, and others who call'd Milton friend.  
 These moralists could act and comprehend:  
 They knew how genuine glory was put on;  
 Taught us how rightfully a nation shone  
 In splendour: what strength was, that would not bend  
 But in magnanimous meekness. France, 'tis strange,  
 Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then.  
 Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!  
 No single volume paramount, no code,  
 No master spirit, no determined road;  
 But equally a want of books and men!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

540

(iv)

IT is not to be thought of that the flood  
 Of British freedom, which, to the open sea  
 Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity  
 Hath flow'd, 'with pomp of waters, unwithstood,'—  
 Roused though it be full often to a mood  
 Which spurns the check of salutary bands,—  
 That this most famous stream in bogs and sands  
 Should perish; and to evil and to good  
 Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung  
 Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:  
 We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
 That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold  
 Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung  
 Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

541

(v)

WHEN I have borne in memory what has tamed  
 Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart  
 When men change swords for ledgers, and desert  
 The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed  
 I had, my Country—am I to be blamed?  
 Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,  
 Verily, in the bottom of my heart,  
 Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.  
 For dearly must we prize thee; we who find  
 In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;  
 And I by my affection was beguiled:  
 What wonder if a Poet now and then,  
 Among the many movements of his mind,  
 Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

*✓The Solitary Reaper*

BEHOLD her, single in the field,  
 Yon solitary Highland Lass!  
 Reaping and singing by herself;  
     Stop here, or gently pass!  
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
 And sings a melancholy strain;  
 O listen! for the Vale profound  
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt  
     More welcome notes to weary bands  
 Of travellers in some shady haunt,  
     Among Arabian sands:  
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
 In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,  
 Breaking the silence of the seas  
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—  
     Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
     And battles long ago:  
 Or is it some more humble lay,  
 Familiar matter of to-day?  
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
 That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang  
     As if her song could have no ending;  
 I saw her singing at her work,  
     And o'er the sickle bending;—

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I listen'd, motionless and still;  
And, as I mounted up the hill,  
The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more. ✓

543

*Perfect Woman*

SHE was a phantom of delight  
When first she gleam'd upon my sight;  
A lovely apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament;  
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;  
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;  
A dancing shape, an image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine;

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A traveller between life and death;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;  
A perfect Woman, nobly plann'd,  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a Spirit still, and bright  
With something of angelic light.

544

### *Daffodils*

**I** WANDER'D lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the Milky Way,  
They stretch'd in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

545

### *Ode to Duty*

**S**TERN Daughter of the Voice of God!  
O Duty! if that name thou love,  
Who art a light to guide, a rod  
To check the erring and reprove;  
Thou, who art victory and law  
When empty terrors overawe;  
From vain temptations dost set free;  
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye  
Be on them; who, in love and truth,  
Where no misgiving is, rely  
Upon the genial sense of youth:  
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot;  
Who do thy work, and know it not:  
O, if through confidence misplaced  
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,  
And happy will our nature be,  
When love is an unerring light,  
And joy its own security.

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

And they a blissful course may hold  
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,  
Live in the spirit of this creed;  
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;  
No sport of every random gust,  
Yet being to myself a guide,  
Too blindly have reposed my trust:  
And oft, when in my heart was heard  
Thy timely mandate, I deferr'd  
The task, in smoother walks to stray;  
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,  
Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
I supplicate for thy control;  
But in the quietness of thought.  
Me this uncharter'd freedom tires;  
I feel the weight of chance-desires;  
My hopes no more must change their name,  
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Yet not the less would I throughout  
Still act according to the voice  
Of my own wish; and feel past doubt  
That my submissiveness was choice:  
Not seeking in the school of pride  
For 'precepts over dignified,'  
Denial and restraint I prize  
No farther than they breed a second Will more wise.

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear  
The Godhead's most benignant grace;  
Nor know we anything so fair  
As is the smile upon thy face:  
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,  
And fragrance in thy footing treads;  
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;  
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh and  
strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!  
I call thee: I myself commend  
Unto thy guidance from this hour;  
O, let my weakness have an end!  
Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
The spirit of self-sacrifice;  
The confidence of reason give;  
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live!

546

### *The Rainbow*

**M**Y heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky:  
So was it when my life began;  
So is it now I am a man;  
So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die!  
The Child is father of the Man;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

547

*The Sonnet (i)*

**N**UNS fret not at their convent's narrow room,  
 And hermits are contented with their cells,  
 And students with their pensive citadels;  
 Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,  
 Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom,  
 High as the highest peak of Furness fells,  
 Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells:  
 In truth the prison unto which we doom  
 Ourselves no prison is: and hence for me,  
 In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound  
 Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground;  
 Pleased if some souls (for such there needs must be)  
 Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,  
 Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

548

*(ii)*

**S**CORN not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frown'd,  
 Mindless of its just honours; with this key  
 Shakespeare unlock'd his heart; the melody  
 Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;  
 A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;  
 With it Camões sooth'd an exile's grief;  
 The Sonnet glitter'd a gay myrtle leaf  
 Amid the cypress with which Dante crown'd  
 His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,  
 It cheer'd mild Spenser, call'd from Faery-land  
 To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp  
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand  
 The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew  
 Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

549

*The World*

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers;  
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

550

*Ode*

*Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of  
Early Childhood*

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight,  
To me did seem  
Apparell'd in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—  
Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
By night or day,  
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The rainbow comes and goes,  
And lovely is the rose;  
The moon doth with delight  
Look round her when the heavens are bare;  
Waters on a starry night  
Are beautiful and fair;  
The sunshine is a glorious birth;  
But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
And while the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound,  
To me alone there came a thought of grief:  
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
And I again am strong:

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;  
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;  
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,  
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
And all the earth is gay;  
Land and sea  
Give themselves up to jollity,  
And with the heart of May  
Doth every beast keep holiday;—  
Thou Child of Joy,  
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy Shepherd-boy!

Ye blessèd creatures, I have heard the call  
Ye to each other make; I see  
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;  
My heart is at your festival,

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

My head hath its coronal,  
The fullness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.  
O evil day! if I were sullen  
While Earth herself is adorning,  
This sweet May-morning,  
And the children are culling  
On every side,  
In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,  
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm:—  
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!  
—But there's a tree, of many, one,  
A single field which I have look'd upon,  
Both of them speak of something that is gone:  
The pansy at my feet  
Doth the same tale repeat:  
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar:  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home:  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!  
Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing Boy,  
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
He sees it in his joy;

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The Youth, who daily farther from the east  
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended;  
At length the Man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;  
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind;  
And, even with something of a mother's mind,  
And no unworthy aim,  
The homely nurse doth all she can  
To make her foster-child, her inmate Man,  
Forget the glories he hath known,  
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,  
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!  
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
With light upon him from his father's eyes!  
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art;  
A wedding or a festival,  
A mourning or a funeral;  
And this hath now his heart,  
And unto this he frames his song:  
Then will he fit his tongue  
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;  
But it will not be long  
Ere this be thrown aside,  
And with new joy and pride

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The little actor cons another part;  
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'  
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,  
That Life brings with her in her equipage;  
As if his whole vocation  
Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
Thy soul's immensity;  
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep  
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,  
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—  
Mighty prophet! Seer blest!  
On whom those truths do rest,  
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;  
Thou, over whom thy Immortality  
Broods like the Day, a master o'er a slave,  
A presence which is not to be put by;  
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might  
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,  
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?  
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,  
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers  
Is something that doth live,  
That nature yet remembers

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

What was so fugitive!  
The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
Perpetual benediction: not indeed  
For that which is most worthy to be blest—  
Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—  
Not for these I raise  
The song of thanks and praise;  
But for those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings;  
Blank misgivings of a Creature  
Moving about in worlds not realized,  
High instincts before which our mortal Nature  
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:  
But for those first affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,  
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;  
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,  
To perish never:  
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,  
Nor Man nor Boy,  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy!  
Hence in a season of calm weather  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Which brought us hither,  
Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!  
And let the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound!

We in thought will join your throng,  
Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
Ye that through your hearts to-day  
Feel the gladness of the May!

What though the radiance which was once so bright  
Be now for ever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;

We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind;

In the primal sympathy

Which having been must ever be;

In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering;

In the faith that looks through death,

In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,  
Forebode not any severing of our loves!

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;

I only have relinquish'd one delight

To live beneath your more habitual sway.

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I love the brooks which down their channels fret,  
Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they;  
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day  
Is lovely yet;  
The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;  
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

551

### *Desideria*

**S**URPRISED by joy—impatient as the Wind  
I turned to share the transport—O! with whom  
But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,  
That spot which no vicissitude can find?  
Love, faithful love, recall'd thee to my mind—  
But how could I forget thee? Through what power,  
Even for the least division of an hour,  
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind  
To my most grievous loss?—That thought's return  
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,  
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,  
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;  
That neither present time, nor years unborn  
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

552 *Valedictory Sonnet to the River Duddon*

**I** THOUGHT of Thee, my partner and my guide,  
As being pass'd away.—Vain sympathies!

For, backward, Duddon! as I cast my eyes,  
I see what was, and is, and will abide;

Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide;

The Form remains, the Function never dies;

While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,  
We Men, who in our morn of youth defied  
The elements, must vanish;—be it so!

Enough, if something from our hands have power

To live, and act, and serve the future hour;

And if, as toward the silent tomb we go, [dower,

Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent  
We feel that we are greater than we know.

553 *Mutability*

**F**ROM low to high doth dissolution climb,  
And sink from high to low, along a scale

Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail;

A musical but melancholy chime,

Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,

Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.

Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear  
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,

That in the morning whiten'd hill and plain

And is no more; drop like the tower sublime

Of yesterday, which royally did wear

His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain

Some casual shout that broke the silent air,

Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

554

*The Trosachs*

**T**HERE'S not a nook within this solemn Pass  
 But were an apt confessional for one  
 Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,  
 That Life is but a tale of morning grass  
 Wither'd at eve. From scenes of art which chase  
 That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes  
 Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,  
 Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass  
 Untouch'd, unbreathed upon. Thrice happy quest,  
 If from a golden perch of aspen spray  
 (October's workmanship to rival May)  
 The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast  
 That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,  
 Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest!

555

*Speak!*

**W**HY art thou silent! Is thy love a plant  
 Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air  
 Of absence withers what was once so fair?  
 Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?  
 Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant—  
 Bound to thy service with unceasing care,  
 The mind's least generous wish a mendicant  
 For naught but what thy happiness could spare.  
 Speak—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold  
 A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,  
 Be left more desolate, more dreary cold  
 Than a forsaken bird's-nest fill'd with snow  
 'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—  
 Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know

556

*Proud Maisie*

**P**ROUD Maisie is in the wood,  
Walking so early;  
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,  
Singing so rarely.

‘Tell me, thou bonny bird,  
When shall I marry me?’  
—‘When six braw gentlemen  
Kirkward shall carry ye.’

‘Who makes the bridal bed,  
Birdie, say truly?’  
—‘The grey-headed sexton  
That delves the grave duly.’

‘The glow-worm o’er grave and stone  
Shall light thee steady;  
The owl from the steeple sing  
Welcome, proud lady!’

557

*Brignall Banks*

**O** BRIGNALL banks are wild and fair,  
And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands there,  
Would grace a summer queen:  
And as I rode by Dalton Hall,  
Beneath the turrets high,  
A Maiden on the castle wall  
Was singing merrily:—

SIR WALTER SCOTT

'O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
And Greta woods are green!  
I'd rather rove with Edmund there  
Than reign our English Queen.'

'If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me  
To leave both tower and town,  
Thou first must guess what life lead we,  
That dwell by dale and down:  
And if thou canst that riddle read,  
As read full well you may,  
Then to the green-wood shalt thou speed  
As blithe as Queen of May.'

Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are green!  
I'd rather rove with Edmund there  
Than reign our English Queen.'

'I read you by your bugle horn  
And by your palfrey good,  
I read you for a Ranger sworn  
To keep the King's green-wood.'  
'A Ranger, Lady, winds his horn,  
And 'tis at peep of light;  
His blast is heard at merry morn,  
And mine at dead of night.'

Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are gay!  
I would I were with Edmund there,  
To reign his Queen of May!

## SIR WALTER SCOTT

'With burnish'd brand and musketoon

So gallantly you come,

I read you for a bold Dragoon,

That lists the tuck of drum.'

'I list no more the tuck of drum,

No more the trumpet hear;

But when the beetle sounds his hum,

My comrades take the spear.

'And O! though Brignall banks be fair,

And Greta woods be gay,

Yet mickle must the maiden dare,

Would reign my Queen of May!

'Maiden! a nameless life I lead,

A nameless death I'll die;

The fiend whose lantern lights the mead

Were better mate than I!

And when I'm with my comrades met

Beneath the green-wood bough,

What once we were we all forget,

Nor think what we are now.'

*Chorus.* Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,

And Greta woods are green,

And you may gather flowers there

Would grace a summer queen.

558

### *Lucy Ashton's Song*

LOOK not thou on beauty's charming;  
Sit thou still when kings are arming;

Taste not when the wine-cup glistens;

Speak not when the people listens;

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Stop thine ear against the singer;  
From the red gold keep thy finger;  
Vacant heart and hand and eye,  
Easy live and quiet die.

559

*The Rover's Adieu*

A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,  
A weary lot is thine!  
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,  
And press the rue for wine.  
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,  
A feather of the blue,  
A doublet of the Lincoln green—  
No more of me ye knew,  
My Love!  
No more of me ye knew.

'This morn is merry June, I trow,  
The rose is budding fain;  
But she shall bloom in winter snow  
Ere we two meet again.'  
—He turn'd his charger as he spake  
Upon the river shore,  
He gave the bridle-reins a shake,  
Said 'Adieu for evermore,  
My Love!  
And adieu for evermore.'

SIR WALTER SCOTT

*Patriotism*

560

*1. Innominatus*

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
‘This is my own, my native land!’  
Whose heart hath ne’er within him burn’d  
As home his footsteps he hath turn’d  
From wandering on a foreign strand?  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;  
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentred all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonour’d, and unsung.

561

*2. Nelson, Pitt, Fox*

TO mute and to material things  
New life revolving summer brings;  
The genial call dead Nature hears,  
And in her glory reappears.  
But oh, my Country’s wintry state  
What second spring shall renovate?  
What powerful call shall bid arise  
The buried warlike and the wise;  
The mind that thought for Britain’s weal,  
The hand that grasp’d the victor steel?

## SIR WALTER SCOTT

The vernal sun new life bestows  
Even on the meanest flower that blows;  
But vainly, vainly may he shine  
Where glory weeps o'er NELSON's shrine;  
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom  
That shrouds, O PITT, thy hallow'd tomb!

Deep graved in every British heart,  
O never let those names depart!  
Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave,  
Who victor died on Gadite wave!  
To him, as to the burning levin,  
Short, bright, resistless course was given.  
Where'er his country's foes were found  
Was heard the fated thunder's sound,  
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,  
Roll'd, blazed, destroy'd—and was no more.

Nor mourn ye less his perish'd worth,  
Who bade the conqueror go forth,  
And launch'd that thunderbolt of war  
On Egypt, Hafnia, Trafalgar;  
Who, born to guide such high emprise,  
For Britain's weal was early wise;  
Alas! to whom the Almighty gave,  
For Britain's sins, an early grave!  
—His worth, who in his mightiest hour  
A bauble held the pride of power,  
Spurn'd at the sordid lust of pelf,  
And served his Albion for herself;  
Who, when the frantic crowd amain  
Strain'd at subjection's bursting rein,

## SIR WALTER SCOTT

O'er their wild mood full conquest gain'd,  
The pride he would not crush, restrain'd,  
Show'd their fierce zeal a worthier cause,  
And brought the freeman's arm to aid the freeman's laws

Hadst thou but lived, though stripp'd of power,  
A watchman on the lonely tower,  
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,  
When fraud or danger were at hand;  
By thee, as by the beacon-light,  
Our pilots had kept course aright;  
As some proud column, though alone,  
Thy strength had propp'd the tottering throne.  
Now is the stately column broke,  
The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,  
The trumpet's silver voice is still,  
The warder silent on the hill!

O think, how to his latest day,  
When Death, just hovering, claim'd his prey,  
With Palinure's unalter'd mood  
Firm at his dangerous post he stood;  
Each call for needful rest repell'd,  
With dying hand the rudder held,  
Till in his fall with fateful sway  
The steerage of the realm gave way.  
Then—while on Britain's thousand plains  
One unpolluted church remains,  
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around  
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,  
But still upon the hallow'd day  
Convoke the swains to praise and pray;

## SIR WALTER SCOTT

While faith and civil peace are dear,  
Grace this cold marble with a tear:—  
He who preserved them, PITT, lies here!

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,  
Because his rival slumbers nigh;  
Nor be thy *Requiescat* dumb  
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.  
For talents mourn, untimely lost,  
When best employ'd, and wanted most;  
Mourn genius high, and lore profound,  
And wit that loved to play, not wound;  
And all the reasoning powers divine  
To penetrate, resolve, combine;  
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow—  
They sleep with him who sleeps below:  
And, if thou mourn'st they could not save  
From error him who owns this grave,  
Be every harsher thought suppress'd,  
And sacred be the last long rest.  
*Here*, where the end of earthly things  
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings;  
Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,  
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung;  
*Here*, where the fretted vaults prolong  
The distant notes of holy song,  
As if some angel spoke agen,  
'All peace on earth, good-will to men';  
If ever from an English heart,  
O, *here* let prejudice depart,  
And, partial feeling cast aside,  
Record that Fox a Briton died!

## SIR WALTER SCOTT

When Europe crouch'd to France's yoke,  
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,  
    And the firm Russian's purpose brave  
Was barter'd by a timorous slave—  
Even then dishonour's peace he spurn'd,  
The sullied olive-branch return'd,  
Stood for his country's glory fast,  
And nail'd her colours to the mast!  
Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave  
A portion in this honour'd grave;  
And ne'er held marble in its trust  
Of two such wondrous men the dust.

With more than mortal powers endow'd,  
How high they soar'd above the crowd!  
Theirs was no common party race,  
Jostling by dark intrigue for place;  
Like fabled gods, their mighty war  
Shook realms and nations in its jar;  
Beneath each banner proud to stand,  
Look'd up the noblest of the land,  
Till through the British world were known  
The names of PITT and Fox alone.  
Spells of such force no wizard grave  
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,  
Though his could drain the ocean dry,  
And force the planets from the sky.  
These spells are spent, and, spent with these  
The wine of life is on the lees.  
Genius, and taste, and talent gone,  
For ever tomb'd beneath the stone,

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Where—taming thought to human pride!—  
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.  
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,  
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;  
O'er PITT's the mournful requiem sound,  
And Fox's shall the notes rebound.  
The solemn echo seems to cry,  
'Here let their discord with them die.  
Speak not for those a separate doom  
Whom fate made Brothers in the tomb;  
But search the land of living men,  
Where wilt thou find their like agen?'

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

1772-1834

562      *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*

PART I

**I**T is an ancient Mariner,  
And he stoppeth one of three.  
'By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,  
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

An ancient  
Mariner  
meeteth three  
gallants  
bidden to a  
wedding feast,  
and detaineth  
one.

The Bridegroom's doors are open'd wide,  
And I am next of kin;  
The guests are met, the feast is set:  
May'st hear the merry din.'

He holds him with his skinny hand,  
'There was a ship,' quoth he.  
'Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!'  
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

The Wedding-Guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale. He holds him with his glittering eye—  
The Wedding-Guest stood still,  
And listens like a three years' child:  
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:  
He cannot choose but hear;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner.

'The ship was cheer'd, the harbour clear'd,  
Merrily did we drop  
Below the kirk, below the hill,  
Below the lighthouse top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the Line.

The Sun came up upon the left,  
Out of the sea came he!  
And he shone bright, and on the right  
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,  
Till over the mast at noon——'  
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,  
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wedding-Guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,  
Red as a rose is she;  
Nodding their heads before her goes  
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,  
Yet he cannot choose but hear;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner.

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

'And now the Storm-blast came, and he  
Was tyrannous and strong:  
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,  
And chased us south along.

The ship driven  
by a storm to-  
ward the South  
Pole.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,  
As who pursued with yell and blow  
Still treads the shadow of his foe,  
And forward bends his head,  
The ship drove fast, loud roar'd the blast,  
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,  
And it grew wondrous cold:  
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,  
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts  
Did send a dismal sheen:  
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—  
The ice was all between.

The land of ice,  
and of fearful  
sounds, where  
no living thing  
was to be seen.

The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around:  
It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd and howl'd,  
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an Albatross,  
Thorough the fog it came;  
As if it had been a Christian soul,  
We hail'd it in God's name.

Till a great  
sea-bird, called  
the Albatross,  
came through  
the snow-fog,  
and was re-  
ceived with  
great joy and  
hospitality.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,  
And round and round it flew.  
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;  
The helmsman steer'd us through!

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

And lo! the  
Albatross  
proveth a bird  
of good omen,  
and followeth  
the ship as it  
returned north-  
ward through  
fog and floating  
ice.

And a good south wind sprung up behind;  
The Albatross did follow,  
And every day, for food or play,  
Came to the mariners' hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,  
It perch'd for vespers nine;  
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,  
Glimmer'd the white moonshine.'

The ancient  
Mariner in-  
hospitably  
killeth the pious  
bird of good  
omen.

'God save thee, ancient Mariner,  
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—  
Why look'st thou so?'—'With my crossbow  
I shot the Albatross.

### PART II

'The Sun now rose upon the right:  
Out of the sea came he,  
Still hid in mist, and on the left  
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,  
But no sweet bird did follow,  
Nor any day for food or play  
Came to the mariners' hollo!

His shipmates  
cry out against  
the ancient  
Mariner for  
killing the bird  
of good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,  
And it would work 'em woe:  
For all averr'd I had kill'd the bird  
That made the breeze to blow.  
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,  
That made the breeze to blow!

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,  
The glorious Sun uprist:  
Then all averr'd I had kill'd the bird  
That brought the fog and mist.  
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,  
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
The furrow follow'd free;  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,  
'Twas sad as sad could be;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,  
The bloody Sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water, everywhere  
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!  
That ever this should be!  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea.

But when the  
fog cleared off,  
they justify the  
same, and thus  
make them-  
selves accom-  
plices in the  
crime.

The fair breeze  
continues; the  
ship enters the  
Pacific Ocean,  
and sails north-  
ward, even till  
it reaches the  
Line.

The ship hath  
been suddenly  
becalmed.

And the Alba-  
tross begins to  
be avenged.

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

About, about, in reel and rout  
The death-fires danced at night;  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

A Spirit had followed them, one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; con-

cerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And some in dreams assurèd were  
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;  
Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us  
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,  
Was wither'd at the root;  
We could not speak, no more than if  
We had been choked with soot.

The shipmates in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks  
Had I from old and young!  
Instead of the cross, the Albatross  
About my neck was hung.

### PART III

"There passed a weary time. Each throat  
Was parch'd, and glazed each eye.  
A weary time! a weary time!  
How glazed each weary eye!  
When, looking westward, I beheld  
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

At first it seem'd a little speck,  
And then it seem'd a mist;  
It moved and moved, and took at last  
A certain shape, I wist.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!  
And still it near'd and near'd:  
As if it dodged a water-sprite,  
It plunged, and tack'd and veer'd.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
We could nor laugh nor wail;  
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!  
I bit my arm, I suck'd the blood,  
And cried, A sail! a sail!

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
Agape they heard me call:  
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,  
And all at once their breath drew in,  
As they were drinking all.

A flash of joy;

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!  
Hither to work us weal—  
Without a breeze, without a tide,  
She steadies with upright keel!

And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

The western wave was all aflame,  
The day was wellnigh done!  
Almost upon the western wave  
Rested the broad, bright Sun;  
When that strange shape drove suddenly  
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was fleck'd with bars  
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!),  
As if through a dungeon-grate he peer'd  
With broad and burning face.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)  
How fast she nears and nears!  
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,  
Like restless gossameres?

And its ribs  
are seen as  
bars on the  
face of the  
setting Sun.  
The Spectre-  
Woman and her  
Death-mate,  
and no other,  
on board the  
skeleton ship.  
Like vessel,  
like crew!

Are those her ribs through which the Sun  
Did peer, as through a grate?  
And is that Woman all her crew  
Is that a Death? and are there two?  
Is Death that Woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,  
Her locks were yellow as gold:  
Her skin was as white as leprosy,  
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,  
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Death and  
Life-in-Death  
have dined for  
the ship's crew,  
and she (the  
latter) winneth  
the ancient  
Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came,  
And the twain were casting dice;  
"The game is done! I've won! I've won!"  
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

No twilight  
within the  
courts of the  
Sun.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:  
At one stride comes the dark;  
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,  
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listen'd and look'd sideways up!  
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,  
My life-blood seem'd to sip!  
The stars were dim, and thick the night,  
The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd white;  
From the sails the dew did drip—

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Till clomb above the eastern bar  
The hornèd Moon, with one bright star  
Within the nether tip.

At the rising  
of the Moon,

One after one, by the star-dogg'd Moon,  
Too quick for groan or sigh,  
Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang,  
And cursed me with his eye.

One after  
another,

Four times fifty living men  
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),  
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
They dropp'd down one by one.

His shipmates  
drop down  
dead.

The souls did from their bodies fly—  
They fled to bliss or woe!  
And every soul, it pass'd me by  
Like the whizz of my crossbow!

But Life-in-  
Death begins  
her work on  
the ancient  
Mariner.

### PART IV

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!  
I fear thy skinny hand!  
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
As is the ribb'd sea-sand.

The Wedding-  
Guest feareth  
that a spirit  
is talking to  
him.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,  
And thy skinny hand so brown.'—  
'Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!  
This body dropt not down.

But the an-  
cient Mariner  
assureth him  
of his bodily  
life, and pro-  
ceedeth to re-  
late his horrible  
penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone  
Alone on a wide, wide sea!  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

He despiseth  
the creatures of  
the calm.

The many men, so beautiful!  
And they all dead did lie:  
And a thousand thousand slimy things  
Lived on; and so did I.

And envieth  
that they  
should live,  
and so many  
lie dead.

I look'd upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away;  
I look'd upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

I look'd to heaven, and tried to pray;  
But or ever a prayer had gusht,  
A wicked whisper came, and made  
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,  
And the balls like pulses beat;  
But the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,  
Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse  
liveth for him  
in the eye of the  
dead men.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,  
Nor rot nor reek did they:  
The look with which they look'd on me  
Had never pass'd away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell  
A spirit from on high;  
But oh! more horrible than that  
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!  
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,  
And yet I could not die.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

The moving Moon went up the sky,  
And nowhere did abide;  
Softly she was going up,  
And a star or two beside—

sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still

Her beams bemock'd the sultry main,  
Like April hoar-frost spread;  
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,  
The charmèd water burnt alway  
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,  
I watch'd the water-snakes:  
They moved in tracks of shining white,  
And when they rear'd, the elfish light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.

By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

Within the shadow of the ship  
I watch'd their rich attire:  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
They coil'd and swam; and every track  
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare:  
A spring of love gush'd from my heart,  
And I bless'd them unaware:  
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
And I bless'd them unaware.

Their beauty and their happiness.

He blesseth them in his heart.

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

The spell  
begins to  
break.

The selfsame moment I could pray;  
And from my neck so free  
The Albatross fell off, and sank  
Like lead into the sea.

### PART V

'O sleep! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole!  
To Mary Queen the praise be given!  
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,  
That slid into my soul.

By grace of  
the holy  
Mother, the  
ancient  
Mariner is  
refreshed  
with rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,  
That had so long remain'd,  
I dreamt that they were fill'd with dew;  
And when I awoke, it rain'd.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold.  
My garments all were dank;  
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,  
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:  
I was so light—almost  
I thought that I had died in sleep,  
And was a blessèd ghost.

He heareth  
sounds and  
seeth strange  
sights and  
commotions  
in the sky and  
the element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:  
It did not come anear;  
But with its sound it shook the sails,  
That were so thin and sere.

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

The upper air burst into life;  
And a hundred fire-flags sheen;  
To and fro they were hurried about!  
And to and fro, and in and out,  
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,  
And the sails did sigh like sedge;  
And the rain pour'd down from one black cloud;  
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still  
The Moon was at its side;  
Like waters shot from some high crag,  
The lightning fell with never a jag,  
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reach'd the ship,  
Yet now the ship moved on!  
Beneath the lightning and the Moon  
The dead men gave a groan.

The bodies of  
the ship's crew  
are inspired,  
and the ship  
moves on;

They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,  
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;  
It had been strange, even in a dream,  
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steer'd, the ship moved on;  
Yet never a breeze up-blew;  
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,  
Where they were wont to do;  
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—  
We were a ghastly crew.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

The body of my brother's son  
Stood by me, knee to knee:  
The body and I pull'd at one rope,  
But he said naught to me.'

But not by  
the souls of  
the men, nor  
by demons of  
earth or middle  
air, but by a  
blessed troop  
of angelic  
spirits, sent  
down by the  
invocation of  
the guardian  
saint.

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!  
'Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest:  
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,  
Which to their corse came again,  
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawn'd—they dropp'd their arms,  
And cluster'd round the mast;  
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,  
And from their bodies pass'd.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,  
Then darted to the Sun;  
Slowly the sounds came back again,  
Now mix'd, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky  
I heard the skylark sing;  
Sometimes all little birds that are,  
How they seem'd to fill the sea and air  
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,  
Now like a lonely flute;  
And now it is an angel's song,  
That makes the Heavens be mute.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

It ceased; yet still the sails made on  
A pleasant noise till noon,  
A noise like of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sail'd on,  
Yet never a breeze did breathe:  
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,  
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,  
From the land of mist and snow,  
The Spirit slid: and it was he  
That made the ship to go.  
The sails at noon left off their tune,  
And the ship stood still also.

The lonesome  
Spirit from the  
South Pole  
carries on the  
ship as far as  
the Line, in  
obedience to  
the angelic  
troop, but still  
requireth  
vengeance.

The Sun, right up above the mast,  
Had fix'd her to the ocean:  
But in a minute she 'gan stir,  
With a short uneasy motion—  
Backwards and forwards half her length  
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,  
She made a sudden bound:  
It flung the blood into my head,  
And I fell down in a swoond.

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

The Polar Spirit's fellow demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

How long in that same fit I lay,  
I have not to declare;  
But ere my living life return'd,  
I heard, and in my soul discern'd  
Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "is this the man?  
By Him who died on cross,  
With his cruel bow he laid full low  
The harmless Albatross.

The Spirit who bideth by himself  
In the land of mist and snow,  
He loved the bird that loved the man  
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,  
As soft as honey-dew:  
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,  
And penance more will do."

### PART VI

#### *First Voice:*

"But tell me, tell me! speak again,  
Thy soft response renewing—  
What makes that ship drive on so fast?  
What is the Ocean doing?"

#### *Second Voice:*

"Still as a slave before his lord,  
The Ocean hath no blast;  
His great bright eye most silently  
Up to the Moon is cast—

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

If he may know which way to go;  
For she guides him smooth or grim.  
See, brother, see! how graciously  
She looketh down on him."

### *First Voice:*

"But why drives on that ship so fast,  
Without or wave or wind?"

### *Second Voice:*

"The air is cut away before,  
And closes from behind.  
Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!  
Or we shall be belated:  
For slow and slow that ship will go,  
When the Mariner's trance is abated."

I woke, and we were sailing on  
As in a gentle weather:  
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high;  
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,  
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:  
All fix'd on me their stony eyes,  
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,  
Had never pass'd away:  
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,  
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt: once more  
I viewed the ocean green,  
And look'd far forth, yet little saw  
Of what had else been seen—

The Mariner  
hath been cast  
into a trance;  
for the angelic  
power causeth  
the vessel to  
drive north-  
ward faster  
than human life  
could endure.

The super-  
natural motion  
is retarded;  
the Mariner  
awakes, and  
his penance  
begins anew.

The curse is  
finally expiated.

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Like one that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once turn'd round, walks on,  
And turns no more his head;  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,  
Nor sound nor motion made:  
Its path was not upon the sea,  
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fann'd my cheek  
Like a meadow-gale of spring—  
It mingled strangely with my fears,  
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,  
Yet she sail'd softly too:  
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—  
On me alone it blew.

And the ancient  
Mariner be-  
holdeth his  
native country.

O dream of joy! is this indeed  
The lighthouse top I see?  
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?  
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,  
And I with sobs did pray—  
O let me be awake, my God!  
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,  
So smoothly it was strewn!  
And on the bay the moonlight lay,  
And the shadow of the Moon.

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less  
That stands above the rock:  
The moonlight steep'd in silentness  
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light  
Till rising from the same,  
Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
In crimson colours came.

The angelic  
spirits leave the  
dead bodies,

A little distance from the prow  
Those crimson shadows were:  
I turn'd my eyes upon the deck—  
O Christ! what saw I there!

And appear in  
their own forms  
of light.

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,  
And, by the holy rood!  
A man all light, a seraph-man,  
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:  
It was a heavenly sight!  
They stood as signals to the land,  
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,  
No voice did they impart—  
No voice; but O, the silence sank  
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,  
I heard the Pilot's cheer;  
My head was turn'd perforce away,  
And I saw a boat appear.

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,  
I heard them coming fast:  
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy  
The dead men could not blast.  
I saw a third—I heard his voice:  
It is the Hermit good!  
He singeth loud his godly hymns  
That he makes in the wood.  
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away  
The Albatross's blood.

### PART VII

The Hermit  
of the Wood.

'This hermit good lives in that wood  
Which slopes down to the sea.  
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!  
He loves to talk with marineres  
That come from a far countree.  
He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—  
He hath a cushion plump.  
It is the moss that wholly hides  
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat near'd: I heard them talk,  
"Why, this is strange, I trow!  
Where are those lights so many and fair,  
That signal made but now?"

Approacheth  
the ship with  
wonder.

"Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit said—  
"And they answer'd not our cheer!  
The planks look warp'd! and see those sails  
How thin they are and sere!  
I never saw aught like to them,  
Unless perchance it were

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag  
My forest-brook along;  
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,  
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,  
That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—  
(The Pilot made reply)  
I am a-fear'd."—"Push on, push on!"  
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,  
But I nor spake nor stirr'd;  
The boat came close beneath the ship,  
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on  
Still louder and more dread:  
It reach'd the ship, it split the bay;  
The ship went down like lead

The ship suddenly sinketh.

Stunn'd by that loud and dreadful sound,  
Which sky and ocean smote,  
Like one that hath been seven days drown'd  
My body lay afloat;  
But swift as dreams, myself I found  
Within the Pilot's boat.

The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,  
The boat spun round and round;  
And all was still, save that the hill  
Was telling of the sound.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

I moved my lips—the Pilot shriek'd  
And fell down in a fit;  
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,  
And pray'd where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,  
Who now doth crazy go,  
Laugh'd loud and long, and all the while  
His eyes went to and fro.  
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see  
The Devil knows how to row."

The ancient  
Mariner  
earnestly en-  
treateth the  
Hermit to  
shrieve him;  
and the pen-  
ance of life  
falls on him.

And now, all in my own countree,  
I stood on the firm land!  
The Hermit stepp'd forth from the boat,  
And scarcely he could stand.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"  
The Hermit cross'd his brow.  
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—  
What manner of man art thou?"

And ever  
and anon  
throughout  
his future life  
an agony  
constraineth  
him to travel  
from land to  
land;

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd  
With a woful agony,  
Which forced me to begin my tale;  
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,  
That agony returns:  
And till my ghastly tale is told,  
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;  
I have strange power of speech;

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

That moment that his face I see,  
I know the man that must hear me:  
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!  
The wedding-guests are there:  
But in the garden-bower the bride  
And bride-maids singing are:  
And hark, the little vesper bell,  
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been  
Alone on a wide, wide sea:  
So lonely 'twas, that God Himself  
Scarce seemèd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,  
And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father bends,  
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,  
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell  
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!  
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.'

And to teach,  
by his own  
example, love  
and reverence  
to all things  
that God  
made and  
loveth.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,  
Whose beard with age is hoar,  
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest  
Turn'd from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunn'd,  
And is of sense forlorn:  
A sadder and a wiser man  
He rose the morrow morn.

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*Kubla Khan*

**I**N Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round:  
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills  
Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But O, that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!  
A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!  
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
A mighty fountain momently was forced;

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:  
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.  
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion  
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:  
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
Floated midway on the waves;  
Where was heard the mingled measure  
From the fountain and the caves.  
It was a miracle of rare device,  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw:  
It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And on her dulcimer she play'd,  
Singing of Mount Abora.  
Could I revive within me,  
Her symphony and song,  
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,  
That with music loud and long,  
I would build that dome in air,  
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
And all who heard should see them there,  
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

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*Love*

**A**LL thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
All are but ministers of Love,  
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I  
Live o'er again that happy hour,  
When midway on the mount I lay,  
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,  
Had blended with the lights of eve;  
And she was there, my hope, my joy,  
My own dear Genevieve!

She lean'd against the armèd man,  
The statue of the armèd Knight;  
She stood and listen'd to my lay,  
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,  
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!  
She loves me best whene'er I sing  
The songs that make her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air;  
I sang an old and moving story—  
An old rude song, that suited well  
That ruin wild and hoary.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

She listen'd with a flitting blush,  
With downcast eyes and modest grace;  
For well she knew I could not choose  
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore  
Upon his shield a burning brand;  
And that for ten long years he woo'd  
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!  
The deep, the low, the pleading tone  
With which I sang another's love,  
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,  
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;  
And she forgave me, that I gazed  
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn  
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,  
And that he cross'd the mountain-woods,  
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,  
And sometimes from the darksome shade,  
And sometimes starting up at once  
In green and sunny glade—

There came and look'd him in the face  
An angel beautiful and bright;  
And that he knew it was a Fiend,  
This miserable Knight!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

And that, unknowing what he did,  
He leap'd amid a murderous band,  
And saved from outrage worse than death  
The Lady of the Land;—

And how she wept and clasp'd his knees;  
And how she tended him in vain—  
And ever strove to expiate  
The scorn that crazed his brain;—

And that she nursed him in a cave;  
And how his madness went away,  
When on the yellow forest leaves  
A dying man he lay;—

His dying words—but when I reach'd  
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,  
My faltering voice and pausing harp  
Disturb'd her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense  
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve;  
The music and the doleful tale,  
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,  
An undistinguishable throng,  
And gentle wishes long subdued,  
Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight,  
She blush'd with love and virgin shame;  
And like the murmur of a dream,  
I heard her breathe my name.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Her bosom heaved—she stepp'd aside,  
As conscious of my look she stept—  
Then suddenly, with timorous eye  
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,  
She press'd me with a meek embrace;  
And bending back her head, look'd up,  
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,  
And partly 'twas a bashful art,  
That I might rather feel, than see,  
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,  
And told her love with virgin pride;  
And so I won my Genevieve,  
My bright and beauteous Bride.

565

*Youth and Age*

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,  
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—  
Both were mine! Life went a-maying  
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,  
When I was young!  
When I was young?—Ah, woful When!  
Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!  
This breathing house not built with hands,  
This body that does me grievous wrong,  
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,  
How lightly then it flash'd along—  
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

On winding lakes and rivers wide,  
That ask no aid of sail or oar,  
That fear no spite of wind or tide!  
Naught cared this body for wind or weather  
When Youth and I lived in 't together.

Flowers are lovely! Love is flower-like;  
Friendship is a sheltering tree;  
O the joys, that came down shower-like,  
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,  
Ere I was old!

Ere I was old? Ah, woful Ere,  
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!  
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,  
'Tis known that thou and I were one;  
I'll think it but a fond conceit—  
It cannot be that thou art gone!  
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd—  
And thou wert aye a masker bold!  
What strange disguise hast now put on,  
To make believe that thou art gone?  
I see these locks in silvery slips,  
This drooping gait, this alter'd size:  
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,  
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!  
Life is but thought: so think I will  
That Youth and I are housemates still.

Dewdrops are the gems of morning,  
But the tears of mournful eve!  
Where no hope is, life's a warning  
That only serves to make us grieve,  
When we are old!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

That only serves to make us grieve  
With oft and tedious taking-leave,  
Like some poor nigh-related guest  
That may not rudely be dismiss.  
Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while,  
And tells the jest without the smile.

566

*Time, Real and Imaginary*

AN ALLEGORY

ON the wide level of a mountain's head  
(I knew not where, but 'twas some faery place),  
Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails outspread,  
Two lovely children run an endless race,  
A sister and a brother!  
This far outstripp'd the other;  
Yet ever runs she with reverted face,  
And looks and listens for the boy behind:  
For he, alas! is blind!  
O'er rough and smooth with even step he pass'd,  
And knows not whether he be first or last.

567

*Work without Hope*

ALL Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair—  
The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—  
And Winter, slumbering in the open air,  
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!  
And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,  
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.  
Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,  
Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Bloom, O ye amaranths ! bloom for whom ye may,  
For me ye bloom not ! Glide, rich streams, away !  
With lips unbrighten'd, wreathless brow, I stroll:  
And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?  
Work without Hope draws nectar in a sieve,  
And Hope without an object cannot live.

568

*Glycine's Song*

A SUNNY shaft did I behold,  
From sky to earth it slanted:  
And poised therein a bird so bold—  
Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted !  
He sank, he rose, he twinkled, he troll'd  
Within that shaft of sunny mist;  
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,  
All else of amethyst !  
And thus he sang: 'Adieu ! adieu !  
Love's dreams prove seldom true.  
The blossoms, they make no delay:  
The sparking dew-drops will not stay.  
Sweet month of May,  
We must away;  
Far, far away !  
To-day ! to-day !'

ROBERT SOUTHEY

1774-1843

569

*His Books*

MY days among the Dead are past;  
Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
The mighty minds of old:

ROBERT SOUTHEY

My never-failing friends are they,  
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal  
And seek relief in woe;  
And while I understand and feel  
How much to them I owe,  
My cheeks have often been bedew'd  
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead; with them  
I live in long-past years,  
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
Partake their hopes and fears;  
And from their lessons seek and find  
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead; anon  
My place with them will be,  
And I with them shall travel on  
Through all Futurity;  
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
That will not perish in the dust.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

1775-1864

570

*Corinna, from Athens, to Tanagra*

**T**ANAGRA! think not I forget  
Thy beautifully-storey'd streets;  
Be sure my memory bathes yet  
In clear Thermodon, and yet greets

## WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

The blythe and liberal shepherd boy,  
Whose sunny bosom swells with joy  
When we accept his matted rushes  
Upheaved with sylvan fruit; away he bounds, and blushes.

I promise to bring back with me  
What thou with transport wilt receive,  
The only proper gift for thee,  
Of which no mortal shall bereave  
In later times thy mouldering walls,  
Until the last old turret falls;  
A crown, a crown from Athens won!  
A crown no god can wear, beside Latona's son.

There may be cities who refuse  
To their own child the honours due,  
And look ungently on the Muse;  
But ever shall those cities rue  
The dry, unyielding, niggard breast,  
Offering no nourishment, no rest,  
To that young head which soon shall rise  
Disdainfully, in might and glory, to the skies.

Sweetly where cavern'd Dirce flows  
Do white-arm'd maidens chaunt my lay,  
Flapping the while with laurel-rose  
The honey-gathering tribes away;  
And sweetly, sweetly, Attick tongues  
Lisp your Corinna's early songs;  
To her with feet more graceful come  
The verses that have dwelt in kindred breasts at home.

## WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

O let thy children lean aslant  
Against the tender mother's knee,  
And gaze into her face, and want  
To know what magic there can be  
In words that urge some eyes to dance,  
While others as in holy trance  
Look up to heaven; be such my praise!  
Why linger? I must haste, or lose the Delphick bays.

571

### *The Maid's Lament*

I LOVED him not; and yet now he is gone,  
I feel I am alone.  
I check'd him while he spoke; yet, could he speak,  
Alas! I would not check.  
For reasons not to love him once I sought,  
And wearied all my thought  
To vex myself and him; I now would give  
My love, could he but live  
Who lately lived for me, and when he found  
'Twas vain, in holy ground  
He hid his face amid the shades of death.  
I waste for him my breath  
Who wasted his for me; but mine returns,  
And this lorn bosom burns  
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,  
And waking me to weep  
Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years  
Wept he as bitter tears.  
Merciful God! such was his latest prayer,  
"These may she never share!"

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold  
Than daisies in the mould,  
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,  
His name and life's brief date.  
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be,  
And, O, pray too for me!

572

*Rose Aylmer*

AH, what avails the sceptred race!  
Ah, what the form divine!  
What every virtue, every grace!  
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes  
May weep, but never see,  
A night of memories and sighs  
I consecrate to thee.

573

*Ianthe*

FROM you, Ianthe, little troubles pass  
Like little ripples down a sunny river;  
Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,  
Cut down, and up again as blithe as ever.

574

*Ianthe's Question*

DO you remember me? or are you proud?  
Lightly advancing thro' her star-trimm'd crowd,  
Ianthe said, and look'd into my eyes.  
'A yes, a yes to both: for Memory  
Where you but once have been must ever be,  
And at your voice Pride from his throne must rise.'

575

*Verse*

PAST ruin'd Ilion Helen lives,  
 Alcestis rises from the shades;  
 Verse calls them forth; 'tis verse that gives  
 Immortal youth to mortal maids.

Soon shall Oblivion's deepening veil  
 • Hide all the peopled hills you see,  
 The gay, the proud, while lovers hail  
 These many summers you and me.

576

*Proud Word you never spoke*

PROUD word you never spoke, but you will speak  
 Four not exempt from pride some future day.  
 Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek,  
 Over my open volume you will say,  
 "This man loved *me*"—then rise and trip away.

577

*Mother, I cannot mind my Wheel*

MOTHER, I cannot mind my wheel;  
 My fingers ache, my lips are dry:  
 O, if you felt the pain I feel!  
 But O, who ever felt as I?

No longer could I doubt him true—  
 All other men may use deceit;  
 He always said my eyes were blue,  
 And often swore my lips were sweet.

578

*Of Clementina*

**I**N Clementina's artless mien  
 Lucilla asks me what I see,  
 And are the roses of sixteen  
                   Enough for me?

Lucilla asks, if that be all,  
 Have I not cull'd as sweet before:  
 Ah yes, Lucilla! and their fall  
                   I still deplore.

I now behold another scene,  
 Where Pleasure beams with Heaven's own light,  
 More pure, more constant, more serene,  
                   And not less bright.

Faith, on whose breast the Loves repose,  
 Whose chain of flowers no force can sever,  
 And Modesty who, when she goes,  
                   Is gone for ever.

579

*Alciphron and Leucippe*

**A**N ancient chestnut's blossoms threw  
 Their heavy odour over two:  
 Leucippe, it is said, was one;  
 The other, then, was Alciphron.  
 'Come, come! why should we stand beneath  
 This hollow tree's unwholesome breath?'  
 Said Alciphron, 'here's not a blade  
 Of grass or moss, and scanty shade.  
 Come; it is just the hour to rove  
 In the lone dingle shepherds love;

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

There, straight and tall, the hazel twig  
Divides the crookèd rock-held fig,  
O'er the blue pebbles where the rill  
In winter runs and may run still.  
Come then, while fresh and calm the air,  
And while the shepherds are not there.'

*Leucippe.* But I would rather go when they  
Sit round about and sing and play.  
Then why so hurry me? for you  
Like play and song, and shepherds too.

*Alciphron.* I like the shepherds very well,  
And song and play, as you can tell.  
But there is play, I sadly fear,  
And song I would not have you hear.

*Leucippe.* What can it be? What can it be?

*Alciphron.* To you may none of them repeat  
The play that you have play'd with me,  
The song that made your bosom beat.

*Leucippe.* Don't keep your arm about my waist.

*Alciphron.* Might you not stumble?

*Leucippe.* Well then, do.  
But why are we in all this haste?

*Alciphron.* To sing.

*Leucippe.* Alas! and not play too?

580

*Dirce*

STAND close around, ye Stygian set,  
With Dirce in one boat convey'd!  
Or Charon, seeing, may forget  
That he is old and she a shade.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

581

*On Catullus*

TELL me not what too well I know  
About the bard of Sirmio.

Yes, in Thalia's son  
Such stains there are—as when a Grace  
Sprinkles another's laughing face  
With nectar, and runs on.

582

*The Dragon-fly*

LIFE (priest and poet say) is but a dream;  
I wish no happier one than to be laid  
Beneath a cool syringa's scented shade,  
Or wavy willow, by the running stream,  
Brimful of moral, where the dragon-fly,  
Wanders as careless and content as I.

Thanks for this fancy, insect king,  
Of purple crest and filmy wing,  
Who with indifference givest up  
The water-lily's golden cup,  
To come again and overlook  
What I am writing in my book.  
Believe me, most who read the line  
Will read with hornier eyes than thine;  
And yet their souls shall live for ever,  
And thine drop dead into the river!  
God pardon them, O insect king,  
Who fancy so unjust a thing!

583

*Years*

YEARS, many parti-colour'd years,  
Some have crept on, and some have flown  
Since first before me fell those tears  
I never could see fall alone.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Years, not so many, are to come,  
Years not so varied, when from you  
One more will fall: when, carried home,  
I see it not, nor hear *Adieu*.

584

*Finis*

**I** STROVE with none, for none was worth my strife.  
Nature I loved and, next to Nature, Art:  
I warm'd both hands before the fire of life;  
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE

1775-1842

585

*To Night*

**M**YSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew  
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
This glorious canopy of light and blue?  
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,  
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.  
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed  
Within thy beams, O sun! or who could find,  
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!  
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?  
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

685

*A Wish*

**M**INE be a cot beside the hill;  
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;  
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,  
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch  
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;  
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch  
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring  
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;  
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing  
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,  
Where first our marriage vows were given,  
With merry peals shall swell the breeze  
And point with taper spire to Heaven.

*The Old Familiar Faces*

**I** HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,  
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days—  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies—  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB

I loved a Love once, fairest among women:  
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:  
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;  
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,  
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,  
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?  
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,  
And some are taken from me; all are departed—  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

588

*Hester*

WHEN maidens such as Hester die  
Their place ye may not well supply,  
Though ye among a thousand try  
With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead,  
Yet cannot I by force be led  
To think upon the wormy bed  
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,  
A rising step, did indicate  
Of pride and joy no common rate,  
That flush'd her spirit:

CHARLES LAMB

I know not by what name beside  
I shall it call: if 'twas not pride,  
It was a joy to that allied,  
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,  
Which doth the human feeling cool;  
But she was train'd in Nature's school;  
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind;  
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;  
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind;  
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour! gone before  
To that unknown and silent shore,  
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,  
Some summer morning—

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray  
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,  
A bliss that would not go away,  
A sweet forewarning?

589 *On an Infant dying as soon as born*

I SAW where in the shroud did lurk  
A curious frame of Nature's work;  
A floweret crush'd in the bud,  
A nameless piece of Babyhood,  
Was in her cradle-coffin lying;  
Extinct, with scarce the sense of dying:  
So soon to exchange the imprisoning womb

## CHARLES LAMB

For darker closets of the tomb!  
She did but ope an eye, and put  
A clear beam forth, then straight up shut  
For the long dark: ne'er more to see  
Through glasses of mortality.

Riddle of destiny, who can show  
What thy short visit meant, or know  
What thy errand here below?  
Shall we say that Nature blind  
Check'd her hand, and changed her mind,  
Just when she had exactly wrought  
A finish'd pattern without fault?  
Could she flag, or could she tire,  
Or lack'd she the Promethean fire  
(With her nine moons' long workings sicken'd)  
That should thy little limbs have quicken'd?  
Limbs so firm, they seem'd to assure  
Life of health, and days mature:  
Woman's self in miniature!  
Limbs so fair, they might supply  
(Themselves now but cold imagery)  
The sculptor to make Beauty by.  
Or did the stern-eyed Fate descry  
That babe or mother, one must die;  
So in mercy left the stock  
And cut the branch; to save the shock  
Of young years widow'd, and the pain  
When single state comes back again  
To the lone man who, reft of wife,  
Thenceforward drags a maim'd life?  
The economy of Heaven is dark,  
And wisest clerks have miss'd the mark,

## CHARLES LAMB

Why human buds, like this, should fall,  
More brief than fly ephemeral  
That has his day; while shrivell'd crones  
Stiffen with age to stocks and stones;  
And crabbèd use the conscience sears  
In sinners of an hundred years.

Mother's prattle, mother's kiss,  
Baby fond, thou ne'er wilt miss:  
Rites, which custom does impose,  
Silver bells, and baby clothes;  
Coral redder than those lips  
Which pale death did late eclipse;  
Music framed for infants' glee,  
Whistle never tuned for thee;  
Though thou want'st not, thou shalt have them,  
Loving hearts were they which gave them.  
Let not one be missing; nurse,  
See them laid upon the hearse  
Of infant slain by doom perverse.  
Why should kings and nobles have  
Pictured trophies to their grave,  
And we, churls, to thee deny  
Thy pretty toys with thee to lie—  
A more harmless vanity?

## THOMAS CAMPBELL

1774-1844

590

### *Ye Mariners of England*

**Y**E Mariners of England  
That guard our native seas!  
Whose flag has braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze!

## THOMAS CAMPBELL

Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe;  
And sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow!  
While the battle rages loud and long  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave—  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And Ocean was their grave:  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow!  
While the battle rages loud and long  
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep;  
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak  
She quells the floods below,  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy winds do blow!  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn;  
Till danger's troubled night depart  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!

## THOMAS CAMPBELL

Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow!  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

591

### *The Battle of the Baltic*

OF Nelson and the North  
Sing the glorious day's renown,  
When to battle fierce came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown,  
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;  
By each gun the lighted brand  
In a bold determined hand,  
And the Prince of all the land  
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat  
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,  
While the sign of battle flew  
On the lofty British line:  
It was ten of April morn by the chime:  
As they drifted on their path  
There was silence deep as death,  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd  
To anticipate the scene;  
And her van the fleeter rush'd  
O'er the deadly space between:  
'Hearts of oak!' our captains cried, when each gun

## THOMAS CAMPBELL

From its adamantine lips  
Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !  
And the havoc did not slack,  
Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
To our cheering sent us back ;—  
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—  
Then ceased—and all is wail,  
As they strike the shatter'd sail,  
Or in conflagration pale  
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then  
As he hail'd them o'er the wave :  
'Ye are brothers ! ye are men !  
And we conquer but to save :—  
So peace instead of death let us bring :  
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
With the crews, at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our King.' . . .

Now joy, old England, raise !  
For the tidings of thy might,  
By the festal cities' blaze,  
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light !  
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,  
Let us think of them that sleep  
Full many a fathom deep,  
By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore !

592

*The Young May Moon*

**T**HE young May moon is beaming, love,  
 The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love;  
 How sweet to rove  
 Through Morna's grove,  
 When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!  
 Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear,  
 'Tis never too late for delight, my dear;  
 And the best of all ways  
 To lengthen our days  
 Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!  
 Now all the world is sleeping, love,  
 But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,  
 And I, whose star  
 More glorious far  
 Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.  
 Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,  
 The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,  
 Or in watching the flight  
 Of bodies of light  
 He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

593

*The Light of Other Days*

**O**FT, in the stilly night,  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Fond Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me:  
 The smiles, the tears  
 Of boyhood's years,

## THOMAS MOORE

The words of love then spoken;  
The eyes that shone,  
Now dimm'd and gone,  
The cheerful hearts now broken!  
Thus, in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
The friends, so link'd together,  
I've seen around me fall  
Like leaves in wintry weather,  
I feel like one  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet-hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed!  
Thus, in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me.  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

594

### *At the Mid Hour of Night*

**A**T the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly  
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in  
thine eye;  
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air  
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,  
And tell me our love is remember'd even in the sky.

## THOMAS MOORE

Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to hear,  
When our voices commingling breathed like one on the ear;  
And as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,  
I think, O my love! 'tis thy voice from the Kingdom of  
Souls  
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

## EDWARD THURLOW, LORD THURLOW

1781-1829

595

### *May*

**M**AY! queen of blossoms,  
And fulfilling flowers,  
With what pretty music  
Shall we charm the hours?  
Wilt thou have pipe and reed,  
Blown in the open mead?  
Or to the lute give heed  
In the green bowers?

Thou hast no need of us,  
Or pipe or wire;  
Thou hast the golden bee  
Ripen'd with fire;  
And many thousand more  
Songsters, that thee adore,  
Filling earth's grassy floor  
With new desire.

Thou hast thy mighty herds,  
Tame and free-livers;  
Doubt not, thy music too  
In the deep rivers;

EDWARD THURLOW

And the whole plummy flight  
Warbling the day and night—  
Up at the gates of light,  
See, the lark quivers!

EBENEZER ELLIOTT

1781-1849

596

*Plaint*

**D**ARK, deep, and cold the current flows  
Unto the sea where no wind blows,  
Seeking the land which no one knows.

O'er its sad gloom still comes and goes  
The mingled wail of friends and foes,  
Borne to the land which no one knows.

Why shrieks for help yon wretch, who goes  
With millions, from a world of woes,  
Unto the land which no one knows?

Though myriads go with him who goes,  
Alone he goes where no wind blows,  
Unto the land which no one knows.

For all must go where no wind blows,  
And none can go for him who goes;  
None, none return whence no one knows.

Yet why should he who shrieking goes  
With millions, from a world of woes,  
Reunion seek with it or those?

Alone with God, where no wind blows,  
And Death, his shadow—doom'd, he goes.  
That God is there the shadow shows.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT

O shoreless Deep, where no wind blows!  
And thou, O Land which no one knows!  
That God is All, His shadow shows.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

1784-1842

597

*Hame, Hame, Hame*

**H**AME, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be—  
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is on the tree,  
The larks shall sing me hame in my ain countree;  
Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be—  
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

The green leaf o' loyaltie's beginning for to fa',  
The bonnie White Rose it is withering an' a';  
But I'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,  
An' green it will graw in my ain countree.

O, there's nocht now frae ruin my country can save,  
But the keys o' kind heaven, to open the grave;  
That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie  
May rise again an' fight for their ain countree.

The great now are gane, a' wha ventured to save,  
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave;  
But the sun through the mirk blinks blythe in my e'e,  
'I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree.'

Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be—  
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

*Abou Ben Adhem*

**A**BOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)  
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,  
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
 An angel writing in a book of gold:—  
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
 And to the presence in the room he said,

‘What writest thou?’—The vision rais’d its head,  
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,  
 Answer’d, ‘The names of those who love the Lord.’

‘And is mine one?’ said Abou. ‘Nay, not so,’  
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,  
 But cheerly still; and said, ‘I pray thee, then,  
 Write me as one that loves his fellow men.’

The angel wrote, and vanish’d. The next night  
 It came again with a great wakening light,  
 And show’d the names whom love of God had blest,  
 And lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

599 *The Fish, the Man, and the Spirit*

## TO A FISH

**Y**OU strange, astonished-looking, angle-faced,  
 Dreary-mouthed, gaping wretches of the sea,  
 Gulping salt-water everlastingly,  
 Cold-blooded, though with red your blood be graced,  
 And mute, though dwellers: in the roaring waste;  
 And you, all shapes beside, that fishy be,—  
 Some round, some flat, some long, all devilry,  
 Legless, unloving, infamously chaste:—

## LEIGH HUNT

O scaly, slippery, wet, swift, staring wights,  
What is't ye do? What life lead? eh, dull goggles?  
How do ye vary your vile days and nights?  
How pass your Sundays? Are ye still but joggles  
In ceaseless wash? Still nought but gapes, and bites,  
And drinks, and stares, diversified with boggles?

### A FISH ANSWERS

Amazing monster! that, for aught I know,  
With the first sight of thee didst make our race  
For ever stare! O flat and shocking face,  
Grimly divided from the breast below!  
Thou that on dry land horribly dost go  
With a split body and most ridiculous pace,  
Prong after prong, disgracer of all grace,  
Long-useless-finned, haired, upright, unwet, slow!  
O breather of unbreathable, sword-sharp air,  
How canst exist? How bear thyself, thou dry  
And dreary sloth? What particle canst share  
Of the only blessed life, the watery?  
I sometimes see of ye an actual *pair*  
Go by! linked fin by fin! most odiously.

### THE FISH TURNS INTO A MAN, AND THEN INTO A SPIRIT, AND AGAIN SPEAKS

Indulge thy smiling scorn, if smiling still,  
O man! and loathe, but with a sort of love;  
For difference must its use by difference prove,  
And, in sweet clang, the spheres with music fill.  
One of the spirits am I, that at his will  
Live in whate'er has life—fish, eagle, dove—  
No hate, no pride, beneath nought, nor above,  
A visitor of the rounds of God's sweet skill.

## LEIGH HUNT

Man's life is warm, glad, sad, 'twixt loves and graves,  
Boundless in hope, honoured with pangs austere,  
Heaven-gazing; and his angel-wings he craves:—  
The fish is swift, small-needing, vague yet clear,  
A cold, sweet, silver life, wrapped in round waves,  
Quickened with touches of transporting fear.

600

### *Jenny kiss'd Me*

JENNY kiss'd me when we met,  
Jumping from the chair she sat in;  
Time, you thief, who love to get  
Sweets into your list, put that in!  
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,  
Say that health and wealth have miss'd me,  
Say I'm growing old, but add,  
Jenny kiss'd me.

## JOHN KENYON

1784-1856

601

### *Champagne Rosée*

LILY on liquid roses floating—  
So floats yon foam o'er pink champagne  
Fain would I join such pleasant boating,  
And prove that ruby main,  
And float away on wine!

Those seas are dangerous (greybeards swear)  
Whose sea-beach is the goblet's brim;  
And true it is they drown Old Care—  
But what care we for him,  
So we but float on wine?

## JOHN KENYON

And true it is they cross in pain  
Who sober cross the Stygian ferry:  
But only make our Styx champagne,  
And we shall cross right merry,  
Floating away on wine!

Old Charon's self shall make him mellow,  
Then gaily row his boat from shore;  
While we and every jovial fellow,  
Hear unconcern'd the oar  
That dips itself in wine!

## THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

1785-1866

602

### *Love and Age*

I PLAY'D with you 'mid cowslips blowing,  
When I was six and you were four;  
When garlands weaving, flower-balls throwing,  
Were pleasures soon to please no more.  
Through groves and meads, o'er grass and heather,  
With little playmates, to and fro,  
We wander'd hand in hand together;  
But that was sixty years ago.

You grew a lovely roseate maiden,  
And still our early love was strong;  
Still with no care our days were laden,  
They glided joyously along;  
And I did love you very dearly,  
How dearly words want power to show;  
I thought your heart was touch'd as nearly;  
But that was fifty years ago.

## THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

Then other lovers came around you,  
Your beauty grew from year to year,  
And many a splendid circle found you  
The centre of its glittering sphere.  
I saw you then, first vows forsaking,  
On rank and wealth your hand bestow;  
O, then I thought my heart was breaking!—  
But that was forty years ago.

And I lived on, to wed another:  
No cause she gave me to repine;  
And when I heard you were a mother,  
I did not wish the children mine.  
My own young flock, in fair progression,  
Made up a pleasant Christmas row:  
My joy in them was past expression;  
But that was thirty years ago.

You grew a matron plump and comely,  
You dwelt in fashion's brightest blaze;  
My earthly lot was far more homely;  
But I too had my festal days.  
No merrier eyes have ever glisten'd  
Around the hearth-stone's wintry glow,  
Than when my youngest child was christen'd;  
But that was twenty years ago.

Time pass'd. My eldest girl was married,  
And I am now a grandsire gray;  
One pet of four years old I've carried  
Among the wild-flower'd meads to play.

## THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

In our old fields of childish pleasure,  
Where now, as then, the cowslips blow,  
She fills her basket's ample measure;  
And that is not ten years ago.

But though first love's impassion'd blindness  
Has pass'd away in colder light,  
I still have thought of you with kindness,  
And shall do, till our last good-night.  
The ever-rolling silent hours  
Will bring a time we shall not know,  
When our young days of gathering flowers  
Will be an hundred years ago.

603

### *Three Men of Gotham*

SEAMEN three! What men be ye?  
Gotham's three wise men we be.  
Whither in your bowl so free?  
To rake the moon from out the sea.  
The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.  
And our ballast is old wine.—  
And your ballast is old wine.

Who art thou, so fast adrift?  
I am he they call Old Care.  
Here on board we will thee lift.  
No: I may not enter there.  
Wherefore so? 'Tis Jove's decree,  
In a bowl Care may not be.—  
In a bowl Care may not be.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

Fear ye not the waves that roll?  
No: in charmèd bowl we swim.  
What the charm that floats the bowl?  
Water may not pass the brim.  
The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.  
And our ballast is old wine.—  
And your ballast is old wine.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

1787-1874

604

*For a Fountain*

REST! This little Fountain runs  
Thus for aye:—It never stays  
For the look of summer suns,  
Nor the cold of winter days.  
Whosoe'er shall wander near,  
When the Syrian heat is worst,  
Let him hither come, nor fear  
Lest he may not slake his thirst:  
He will find this little river  
Running still, as bright as ever.  
Let him drink, and onward hie,  
Bearing but in thought, that I,  
EROTAS, bade the Naiad fall,  
And thank the great god Pan for all!

GEORGE GORDON BYRON, LORD BYRON

1788-1824

605

*When we Two parted*

WHEN we two parted  
In silence and tears,  
Half broken-hearted  
To sever for years,

## LORD BYRON

Pale grew thy cheek and cold,  
Colder thy kiss;  
Truly that hour foretold  
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning  
Sunk chill on my brow—  
It felt like the warning  
Of what I feel now.  
Thy vows are all broken,  
And light is thy fame:  
I hear thy name spoken,  
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,  
A knell to mine ear;  
A shudder comes o'er me—  
Why wert thou so dear?  
They know not I knew thee,  
Who knew thee too well:  
Long, long shall I rue thee,  
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—  
In silence I grieve,  
That thy heart could forget,  
Thy spirit deceive.  
If I should meet thee  
After long years,  
How should I greet thee?  
With silence and tears.

606

*We'll go no more a-roving*

**S**O, we'll go no more a-roving  
So late into the night,  
Though the heart be still as loving,  
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,  
And the soul wears out the breast,  
And the heart must pause to breathe,  
And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,  
And the day returns too soon,  
Yet we'll go no more a-roving  
By the light of the moon.

607

*She walks in Beauty*

**S**HE walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impair'd the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

LORD BYRON

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent!

608

*The Isles of Greece*

THE isles of Greece! the isles of Greece  
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
Where grew the arts of war and peace,  
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!  
Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,  
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
Have found the fame your shores refuse:  
Their place of birth alone is mute  
To sounds which echo further west  
Than your sires' 'Islands of the Blest.

The mountains look on Marathon—  
And Marathon looks on the sea;  
And musing there an hour alone,  
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;  
For standing on the Persians' grave,  
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;  
And ships, by thousands, lay below,  
And men in nations;—all were his!

## LORD BYRON

He counted them at break of day—  
And when the sun set, where were they?  
And where are they? and where art thou,  
My country? On thy voiceless shore  
The heroic lay is tuneless now—  
The heroic bosom beats no more!  
And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
Degenerate into hands like mine?  
'Tis something in the dearth of fame,  
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,  
To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;  
For what is left the poet here?  
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.  
Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?  
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.  
Earth! render back from out thy breast  
A remnant of our Spartan dead!  
Of the three hundred grant but three,  
To make a new Thermopylæ!  
What, silent still? and silent all?  
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead  
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
And answer, 'Let one living head,  
But one, arise,—we come, we come!'  
'Tis but the living who are dumb.  
In vain—in vain: strike other chords;  
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!  
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!

## LORD BYRON

Hark ! rising to the ignoble call—  
How answers each bold Bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;  
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?  
Of two such lessons, why forget

The nobler and the manlier one?  
You have the letters Cadmus gave—  
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
We will not think of themes like these !  
It made Anacreon's song divine:

He served—but served Polycrates—  
A tyrant; but our masters then  
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;  
*That* tyrant was Miltiades !

O that the present hour would lend  
Another despot of the kind !  
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,  
Exists the remnant of a line

Such as the Doric mothers bore;  
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,  
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—  
They have a king who buys and sells;  
In native swords and native ranks  
The only hope of courage dwells:

## LORD BYRON

But Turkish force and Latin fraud  
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

Our virgins dance beneath the shade—  
I see their glorious black eyes shine;

But gazing on each glowing maid,  
My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,

Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;

There, swan-like, let me sing and die:  
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—  
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

## SIR AUBREY DE VERE

1788-1846

609

### *The Children Band*

ALL holy influences dwell within  
The breast of Childhood: instincts fresh from God  
Inspire it, ere the heart beneath the rod  
Of grief hath bled, or caught the plague of sin.  
How mighty was that fervour which could win  
Its way to infant souls!—and was the sod  
Of Palestine by infant Croises trod?

Like Joseph went they forth, or Benjamin,  
In all their touching beauty to redeem?

And did their soft lips kiss the Sepulchre?  
Alas! the lovely pageant as a dream

Faded! They sank not through ignoble fear;  
They felt not Moslem steel. By mountain, stream,  
In sands, in fens, they died—no mother near!

CHARLES WOLFE

1791-1823

610     *The Burial of Sir John Moore after  
Corunna*

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning,  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light  
And the lanthorn dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed  
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—  
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

## CHARLES WOLFE

But half of our heavy task was done  
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;  
And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing.  
Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;  
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,  
But we left him alone with his glory.

611

### *To Mary*

**I**F I had thought thou couldst have died,  
I might not weep for thee;  
But I forgot, when by thy side,  
That thou couldst mortal be:  
It never through my mind had past  
The time would e'er be o'er,  
And I on thee should look my last,  
And thou shouldst smile no more!  
And still upon that face I look,  
And think 'twill smile again;  
And still the thought I will not brook,  
That I must look in vain.  
But when I speak—thou dost not say  
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;  
And now I feel, as well I may,  
Sweet Mary, thou art dead!  
If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,  
All cold and all serene—  
I still might press thy silent heart,  
And where thy smiles have been.

CHARLES WOLFE

While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,  
Thou seemest still mine own;  
But there—I lay thee in thy grave,  
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,  
Thou hast forgotten me;  
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart  
In thinking too of thee:  
Yet there was round thee such a dawn  
Of light ne'er seen before,  
As fancy never could have drawn,  
And never can restore!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1792-1822

612

*Hymn of Pan*

FROM the forests and highlands  
We come, we come;  
From the river-girt islands,  
Where loud waves are dumb,  
Listening to my sweet pipings.  
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,  
The bees on the bells of thyme,  
The birds on the myrtle bushes,  
The cicale above in the lime,  
And the lizards below in the grass,  
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,  
Listening to my sweet pipings.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Liquid Peneus was flowing,  
And all dark Tempe lay  
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing  
The light of the dying day,  
Speeded by my sweet pipings.  
The Sileni and Sylvans and Fauns,  
And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,  
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,  
And the brink of the dewy caves,  
And all that did then attend and follow,  
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,  
With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,  
I sang of the dædal earth,  
And of heaven, and the giant wars,  
And love, and death, and birth.  
And then I changed my pipings—  
Singing how down the vale of Mænalus  
I pursued a maiden, and clasp'd a reed:  
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus;  
It breaks in our bosom, and then we bleed.  
All wept—as I think both ye now would,  
If envy or age had not frozen your blood—  
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

613

*The Invitation*

**B**EST and brightest, come away!  
Fairer far than this fair Day,  
Which, like thee to those in sorrow,  
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow

## PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

To the rough Year just awake  
In its cradle on the brake.  
The brightest hour of unborn Spring,  
Through the winter wandering,  
Found, it seems, the halcyon Morn  
To hoar February born.  
Bending from heaven, in azure mirth,  
It kiss'd the forehead of the Earth;  
And smiled upon the silent sea;  
And bade the frozen streams be free;  
And waked to music all their fountains;  
And breathed upon the frozen mountains;  
And like a prophetess of May  
Strew'd flowers upon the barren way,  
Making the wintry world appear  
Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

Away, away, from men and towns,  
To the wild wood and the downs—  
To the silent wilderness  
Where the soul need not repress  
Its music lest it should not find  
An echo in another's mind,  
While the touch of Nature's art  
Harmonizes heart to heart.  
I leave this notice on my door  
For each accustom'd visitor:—  
'I am gone into the fields  
To take what this sweet hour yields.  
Reflection, you may come to-morrow;  
Sit by the fireside with Sorrow.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

You with the unpaid bill, Despair,—  
You tiresome verse-reciter, Care,—  
I will pay you in the grave,—  
Death will listen to your stave.  
Expectation too, be off!  
To-day is for itself enough.  
Hope, in pity, mock not Woe  
With smiles, nor follow where I go;  
Long having lived on your sweet food,  
At length I find one moment's good  
After long pain: with all your love,  
This you never told me of.'

Radiant Sister of the Day,  
Awake! arise! and come away!  
To the wild woods and the plains;  
And the pools where winter rains  
Image all their roof of leaves;  
Where the pine its garland weaves  
Of sapless green and ivy dun  
Round stems that never kiss the sun;  
Where the lawns and pastures be,  
And the sandhills of the sea;  
When the melting hoar-frost wets  
The daisy-star that never sets,  
And wind-flowers, and violets  
Which yet join not scent to hue,  
Crown the pale year weak and new;  
When the night is left behind  
In the deep east, dun and blind,  
And the blue noon is over us,  
And the multitudinous

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Billows murmur at our feet  
Where the earth and ocean meet,  
And all things seem only one  
In the universal sun.

614

*Hellas*

THE world's great age begins anew,  
The golden years return,  
The earth doth like a snake renew  
Her winter weeds outworn:  
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam  
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains  
From waves serener far;  
A new Peneus rolls his fountains  
Against the morning star;  
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep  
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,  
Fraught with a later prize;  
Another Orpheus sings again,  
And loves, and weeps, and dies;  
A new Ulysses leaves once more  
Calypso for his native shore.

O write no more the tale of Troy,  
If earth Death's scroll must be—  
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy  
Which dawns upon the free,  
Although a subtler Sphinx renew  
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

## PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Another Athens shall arise,  
And to remoter time  
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,  
The splendour of its prime;  
And leave, if naught so bright may live,  
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose  
Shall burst, more bright and good  
Than all who fell, than One who rose,  
Than many unsubdued:  
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,  
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

O cease! must hate and death return?  
Cease! must men kill and die?  
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn  
Of bitter prophecy!  
The world is weary of the past—  
O might it die or rest at last!

615

### *To a Skylark*

**H**AIL to thee, blithe spirit!  
Bird thou never wert—  
That from heaven or near it  
Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.  
  
Higher still and higher  
From the earth thou springest,  
Like a cloud of fire;  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

In the golden light'ning  
Of the sunken sun,  
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,  
Thou dost float and run,  
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even  
Melts around thy flight;  
Like a star of heaven,  
In the broad daylight  
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight—

Keen as are the arrows  
Of that silver sphere  
Whose intense lamp narrows  
In the white dawn clear,  
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air  
With thy voice is loud,  
As, when night is bare,  
From one lonely cloud  
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not;  
What is most like thee?  
From rainbow clouds there flow not  
Drops so bright to see,  
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody:—

Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Like a high-born maiden

In a palace tower,

Soothing her love-laden

Soul in secret hour

With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden

In a dell of dew,

Scattering unbeholden

Its aërial hue

Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embower'd

In its own green leaves,

By warm winds deflower'd,

Till the scent it gives

Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves:

Sound of vernal showers

On the twinkling grass,

Rain-awaken'd flowers—

All that ever was

Joyous and clear and fresh—thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,

What sweet thoughts are thine:

I have never heard

Praise of love or wine

That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,

Or triumphal chant,

Match'd with thine would be all

But an empty vaunt—

A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

## PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

What objects are the fountains  
Of thy happy strain?  
What fields, or waves, or mountains?  
What shapes of sky or plain?  
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance  
Languor cannot be:  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never came near thee:  
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,  
Thou of death must deem  
Things more true and deep  
Than we mortals dream,  
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not:  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught;  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet, if we could scorn  
Hate and pride and fear,  
If we were things born  
Not to shed a tear,  
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures  
Of delightful sound,  
Better than all treasures  
That in books are found,  
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know;  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow,  
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

616

*The Moon*

I

AND, like a dying lady lean and pale,  
Who totters forth, wrapp'd in a gauzy veil,  
Out of her chamber, led by the insane  
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,  
The moon arose up in the murky east  
A white and shapeless mass.

II

Art thou pale for weariness  
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,  
Wandering companionless  
Among the stars that have a different birth,  
And ever changing, like a joyless eye  
That finds no object worth its constancy?

617

*Ode to the West Wind*

I

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being  
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
Are driven like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,  
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O thou  
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

## PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow  
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
With living hues and odours plain and hill;  
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;  
Destroyer and preserver; hear, O hear!

### II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,  
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,  
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,  
Angels of rain and lightning! there are spread  
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,  
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head  
Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge  
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,  
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge  
Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might  
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere  
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: O hear!

### III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams  
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,  
Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,  
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

All overgrown with azure moss, and flowers  
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou  
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,  
And tremble and despoil themselves: O hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than thou, O uncontrollable! if even

I were as in my boyhood, and could be  
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,  
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed  
Scarce seem'd a vision—I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.  
O! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!

I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!  
A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd  
One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:  
What if my leaves are falling like its own?  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,  
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,  
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,  
Like wither'd leaves, to quicken a new birth;  
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth  
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!  
Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

618

*The Indian Serenade*

I ARISE from dreams of thee  
In the first sweet sleep of night,  
When the winds are breathing low,  
And the stars are shining bright.  
I arise from dreams of thee,  
And a spirit in my feet  
Hath led me—who knows how?  
To thy chamber window, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint  
On the dark, the silent stream—  
And the Champak's odours [pine]  
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;  
The nightingale's complaint,  
It dies upon her heart,  
As I must on thine,  
O belovèd as thou art!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

O lift me from the grass!  
I die! I faint! I fail!  
Let thy love in kisses rain  
On my lips and eyelids pale.  
My cheek is cold and white, alas!  
My heart beats loud and fast:  
O press it to thine own again,  
Where it will break at last!

619

*Night*

**S**WIFTLY walk o'er the western wave,  
Spirit of Night!  
Out of the misty eastern cave,—  
Where, all the long and lone daylight,  
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear  
Which make thee terrible and dear,—  
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,  
Star-inwrought!  
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;  
Kiss her until she be wearied out.  
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,  
Touching all with thine opiate wand—  
Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn  
I sigh'd for thee;  
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,  
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

And the weary Day turn'd to her rest,  
Lirgering like an unloved guest,  
I sigh'd for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,  
'Wouldst thou me?'

Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,  
Murmur'd like a noontide bee,  
'Shall I nestle near thy side?  
Wouldst thou me?'—And I replied,  
'No, not thee!'

Death will come when thou art dead,  
Soon, too soon—  
Sleep will come when thou art fled.  
Of neither would I ask the boon  
I ask of thee, belovèd Night—  
Swift be thine approaching flight,  
Come soon, soon!

620

*From the Arabic*

AN IMITATION

**M**Y faint spirit was sitting in the light  
Of thy looks, my love;  
It panted for thee like the hind at noon  
For the brooks, my love.  
Thy barb, whose hoofs outspeed the tempest's flight,  
Bore thee far from me;  
My heart, for my weak feet were weary soon,  
Did companion thee.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Ah! fleeter far than fleetest storm or steed,  
Or the death they bear,  
The heart which tender thought clothes like a dove  
With the wings of care;  
In the battle, in the darkness, in the need,  
Shall mine cling to thee,  
Nor claim one smile for all the comfort, love,  
It may bring to thee.

621

*Lines*

WHEN the lamp is shatter'd,  
The light in the dust lies dead;  
When the cloud is scatter'd,  
The rainbow's glory is shed;  
When the lute is broken,  
Sweet tones are remember'd not;  
When the lips have spoken,  
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour  
Survive not the lamp and the lute,  
The heart's echoes render  
No song when the spirit is mute—  
No song but sad dirges,  
Like the wind through a ruin'd cell,  
Or the mournful surges  
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,  
Love first leaves the well-built nest;  
The weak one is singled  
To endure what it once possest.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

O Love, who bewailest  
The frailty of all things here,  
Why choose you the frailest  
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee,  
As the storms rock the ravens on high:  
Bright reason will mock thee,  
Like the sun from a wintry sky.  
From thy nest every rafter  
Will rot, and thine eagle home  
Leave thee naked to laughter,  
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

622

*To ———*

ONE word is too often profaned  
For me to profane it;  
One feeling too falsely disdain'd  
For thee to disdain it;  
One hope is too like despair  
For prudence to smother;  
And pity from thee more dear  
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love:  
But wilt thou accept not  
The worship the heart lifts above  
And the heavens reject not,  
The desire of the moth for the star,  
Of the night for the morrow,  
The devotion to something afar  
From the sphere of our sorrow?

I DREAM'D that, as I wander'd by the way,  
 Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring;  
 And gentle odours led my steps astray,  
     Mix'd with a sound of waters murmuring  
 Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay  
     Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling  
 Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,  
 But kiss'd it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets;  
     Daisies, those pearl'd Arcturi of the earth,  
 The constellated flower that never sets;  
     Faint oxlips; tender bluebells, at whose birth  
 The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets—  
     Like a child, half in tenderness and mirth—  
 Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears  
 When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,  
     Green cowbind and the moonlight-colour'd May,  
 And cherry-blossoms, and white cups whose wine  
     Was the bright dew yet drain'd not by the day;  
 And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,  
     With its dark buds and leaves wandering astray;  
 And flowers, azure, black, and streak'd with gold,  
 Fairer than any waken'd eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge  
     There grew broad flag-flowers, purple prank'd with white,  
 And starry river-buds among the sedge,  
     And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge  
With moonlight beams of their own watery light;  
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green  
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers  
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way  
That the same hues which in their natural bowers  
Were mingled or opposed, the like array  
Kept these imprison'd children of the Hours  
Within my hand;—and then, elate and gay,  
I hasten'd to the spot whence I had come,  
That I might there present it—O! to whom?

624.

*Remorse*

**A**WAY! the moor is dark beneath the moon,  
Rapid clouds have drunk the last pale beam of even:  
Away! the gathering winds will call the darkness soon,  
And profoundest midnight shroud the serene lights of  
heaven.

Pause not! the time is past! Every voice cries 'Away!'  
Tempt not with one last tear thy friend's ungentle mood:  
Thy lover's eye, so glazed and cold, dares not entreat thy  
stay:

Duty and dereliction guide thee back to solitude.

Away, away! to thy sad and silent home;  
Pour bitter tears on its desolated hearth;  
Watch the dim shades as like ghosts they go and come,  
And complicate strange webs of melancholy mirth.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

The leaves of wasted autumn woods shall float around thine head,

The blooms of dewy Spring shall gleam beneath thy feet:  
But thy soul or this world must fade in the frost that binds the dead,

Ere midnight's frown and morning's smile, ere thou and peace, may meet.

The cloud shadows of midnight possess their own repose,  
For the weary winds are silent, or the moon is in the deep;  
Some respite to its turbulence unresting ocean knows;

Whatever moves or toils or grieves hath its appointed sleep.  
Thou in the grave shalt rest:—yet, till the phantoms flee,  
Which that house and heath and garden made dear to thee erewhile,

Thy remembrance and repentance and deep musings are not free

From the music of two voices, and the light of one sweet smile.

625      *Music, when Soft Voices die*

MUSIC, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory;  
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heap'd for the belovèd's bed;  
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
Love itself shall slumber on.

JOHN KEBLE

1792-1866

626

*November*

**R**ED o'er the forest peers the setting sun;  
The line of yellow light dies fast away  
That crown'd the eastern copse; and chill and dun  
Falls on the moor the brief November day.

Now the tired hunter winds a parting note,  
And Echo bids good-night from every glade;  
Yet wait awhile and see the calm leaves float  
Each to his rest beneath their parent shade.

How like decaying life they seem to glide  
And yet no second spring have they in store;  
And where they fall, forgotten to abide  
Is all their portion, and they ask no more.

Soon o'er their heads blithe April airs shall sing,  
A thousand wild-flowers round them shall unfold,  
The green buds glisten in the dews of Spring,  
And all be vernal rapture as of old.

Unconscious they in waste oblivion lie,  
In all the world of busy life around  
No thought of them—in all the bounteous sky  
No drop, for them, of kindly influence found.

Man's portion is to die and rise again:  
Yet he complains, while these uncomplaining part  
With their sweet lives, as pure from sin and stain  
As his when Eden held his virgin heart.

JOHN CLARE

1793-1864

627      *Written in Northampton County  
Asylum*

I AM! yet what I am who cares, or knows?  
My friends forsake me like a memory lost.  
I am the self-consumer of my woes;  
They rise and vanish, an oblivious host,  
Shadows of life, whose very soul is lost.  
And yet I am—I live—though I am toss'd  
Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,  
Into the living sea of waking dream,  
Where there is neither sense of life, nor joys,  
But the huge shipwreck of my own esteem  
And all that's dear. Even those I loved the best  
Are strange—nay, they are stranger than the rest.  
I long for scenes where man has never trod—  
For scenes where woman never smiled or wept—  
There to abide with my Creator, God,  
And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,  
Full of high thoughts, unborn. So let me lie,—  
The grass below; above, the vaulted sky.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

1793-1835

628      *Dirge*

CALM on the bosom of thy God,  
Fair spirit, rest thee now!  
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,  
His seal was on thy brow.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!  
Soul, to its place on high!  
They that have seen thy look in death  
No more may fear to die.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

1794-1854

629

*Lines*

WHEN youthful faith hath fled,  
Of loving take thy leave;  
Be constant to the dead—  
The dead cannot deceive.

Sweet modest flowers of Spring,  
How fleet your balmy day!  
And Man's brief life can bring  
No secondary May:

No earthly burst again  
Of gladness out of gloom,  
Fond hope and vision vain,  
Ungrateful to the tomb.

But 'tis an old belief  
That on some solemn shore  
Beyond the sphere of grief  
Dear friends shall meet once more:

Beyond the sphere of Time  
And Sin and Fate's control,  
Serene in endless prime  
Of body and of soul.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

That creed I fain would keep,  
That hope I'll not forgo—  
Eternal be the sleep  
Unless to waken so!

JOHN KEATS

1795-1821

630

*Song of the Indian Maid*

FROM 'ENDYMION'

O SORROW!

Why dost borrow  
The natural hue of health, from vermeil lips?—  
To give maiden blushes  
To the white rose bushes?  
Or is it thy dewy hand the daisy tips?

O Sorrow!

Why dost borrow  
The lustrous passion from a falcon-eye?—  
To give the glow-worm light?  
Or, on a moonless night,  
To tinge, on siren shores, the salt sea-spry?

O Sorrow!

Why dost borrow  
The mellow ditties from a mourning tongue?—  
To give at evening pale  
Unto the nightingale,  
That thou mayst listen the cold dewes among?

630 sea-spry] sca-spray.

## JOHN KEATS

O Sorrow!  
Why dost borrow  
Heart's lightness from the merriment of May?—  
A lover would not tread  
A cowslip on the head,  
Though he should dance from eve till peep of day—  
Nor any drooping flower  
Held sacred for thy bower,  
Wherever he may sport himself and play.

To Sorrow  
I bade good morrow,  
And thought to leave her far away behind;  
But cheerly, cheerly,  
She loves me dearly;  
She is so constant to me, and so kind:  
I would deceive her,  
And so leave her,  
But ah! she is so constant and so kind.

Beneath my palm-trees, by the river side,  
I sat a-weeping: in the whole world wide  
There was no one to ask me why I wept,—

And so I kept  
Brimming the water-lily cups with tears  
Cold as my fears.

Beneath my palm-trees, by the river side,  
I sat a-weeping: what enamour'd bride,  
Cheated by shadowy wooer from the clouds,  
But hides and shrouds  
Beneath dark palm-trees by a river side?

## JOHN KEATS

And as I sat, over the light blue hills  
There came a noise of revellers: the rills  
Into the wide stream came of purple hue—

'Twas Bacchus and his crew!

The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills  
From kissing cymbals made a merry din—

'Twas Bacchus and his kin!

Like to a moving vintage down they came,  
Crown'd with green leaves, and faces all on flame;  
All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,

To scare thee, Melancholy!

O then, O then, thou wast a simple name!

And I forgot thee, as the berried holly

By shepherds is forgotten, when in June

Tall chestnuts keep away the sun and moon:—

I rush'd into the folly!

Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus stood,

Trifling his ivy-dart, in dancing mood,

With sidelong laughing;

And little rills of crimson wine imbrued

His plump white arms and shoulders, enough white

For Venus' pearly bite;

And near him rode Silenus on his ass,

Pelted with flowers as he on did pass

Tipsily quaffing.

'Whence came ye, merry Damsels! whence came ye,

So many, and so many, and such glee?

Why have ye left your bowers desolate,

Your lutes, and gentler fate?'—

'We follow Bacchus! Bacchus on the wing,

A-conquering!

## JOHN KEATS

Bacchus, young Bacchus! good or ill betide,  
We dance before him thorough kingdoms wide:—  
Come hither, lady fair, and joinèd be  
To our wild minstrelsy!

‘Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs! whence came ye,  
So many, and so many, and such glee?  
Why have ye left your forest haunts, why left  
Your nuts in oak-tree cleft?’—  
‘For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree;  
For wine we left our heath, and yellow brooms,  
And cold mushrooms;  
For wine we follow Bacchus through the earth;  
Great god of breathless cups and chirping mirth!  
Come hither, lady fair, and joinèd be  
To our mad minstrelsy!’

Over wide streams and mountains great we went,  
And, save when Bacchus kept his ivy tent,  
Onward the tiger and the leopard pants,  
With Asian elephants:  
Onward these myriads—with song and dance,  
With zebras striped, and sleek Arabians’ prance.  
Web-footed alligators, crocodiles,  
Bearing upon their scaly backs, in files,  
Plump infant laughers mimicking the coil  
Of seamen, and stout galley-rowers’ toil:  
With toying oars and silken sails they glide,  
Nor care for wind and tide.

Mounted on panthers’ furs and lions’ manes,  
From rear to van they scour about the plains;  
A three days’ journey in a moment done;

## JOHN KEATS

And always, at the rising of the sun,  
About the wilds they hunt with spear and horn.  
On spleenful unicorn.

I saw Osirian Egypt kneel adown  
Before the vine-wreath crown!

I saw parch'd Abyssinia rouse and sing  
To the silver cymbals' ring!

I saw the whelming vintage hotly pierce  
Old Tartary the fierce!

The kings of Ind their jewel-sceptres vail,  
And from their treasures scatter pearlèd hail;  
Great Brahma from his mystic heaven groans,  
And all his priesthood moans,  
Before young Bacchus' eye-wink turning pale.  
Into these regions came I, following him,  
Sick-hearted, weary—so I took a whim  
To stray away into these forests drear,  
Alone, without a peer:  
And I have told thee all thou mayest hear.

Young Stranger!

I've been a ranger

In search of pleasure throughout every clime;

Alas! 'tis not for me!

Bewitch'd I sure must be,

To lose in grieving all my maiden prime.

Come then, Sorrow,

Sweetest Sorrow!

Like an own babe I nurse thee on my breast:

I thought to leave thee,

And deceive thee,

But now of all the world I love thee best.

JOHN KEATS

There is not one,  
No, no, not one  
But thee to comfort a poor lonely maid;  
Thou art her mother,  
And her brother,  
Her playmate, and her wooer in the shade.

631

*Ode to a Nightingale*

MY heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:  
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
But being too happy in thy happiness,  
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,  
In some melodious plot  
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage! that hath been  
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,  
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,  
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!  
O for a beaker full of the warm South!  
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
And purple-stainèd mouth;  
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,  
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

## JOHN KEATS

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;  
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,  
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;  
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
And leaden-eyed despairs;  
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,  
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,  
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,  
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:  
Already with thee! tender is the night,  
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,  
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;  
But here there is no light,  
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown  
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet  
Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;  
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;  
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;  
And mid-May's eldest child,  
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

## JOHN KEATS

Darkling I listen; and for many a time  
I have been half in love with easeful Death,  
Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,  
To take into the air my quiet breath;  
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
In such an ecstasy!  
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—  
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!  
No hungry generations tread thee down;  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown:  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
The same that ofttimes hath  
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!  
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.  
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades  
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,  
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep  
In the next valley-glades:  
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?  
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

**T**HOU still unravish'd bride of quietness,  
 Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,  
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
     A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:  
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape  
     Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
     In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?  
 What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?  
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?  
     What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?  
 Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
     Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;  
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,  
     Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:  
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
     Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
     Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
 Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;  
     She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,  
     For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!  
 Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed  
     Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;  
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
     For ever piping songs for ever new;  
 More happy love! more happy, happy love!  
     For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,  
     For ever panting and for ever young;  
 All breathing human passion far above,  
     That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,  
     A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

## JOHN KEATS

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?  
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,  
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,  
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?  
What little town by river or sea-shore,  
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?  
And, little town, thy streets for evermore  
Will silent be; and not a soul, to tell  
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! fair attitude! with brede  
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,  
With forest branches and the trodden weed;  
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought  
As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral!  
When old age shall this generation waste,  
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,  
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.'

633

### *Ode to Psyche*

O GODDESS! hear these tuneless numbers, wrung  
By sweet enforcement and remembrance dear,  
And pardon that thy secrets should be sung  
Even into thine own soft-conch'd ear:  
Surely I dream'd to-day, or did I see  
The wing'd Psyche with awaken'd eyes?  
I wander'd in a forest thoughtlessly,  
And, on the sudden, fainting with surprise,

## JOHN KEATS

Saw two fair creatures, couchèd side by side  
In deepest grass, beneath the whisp'ring roof  
Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran  
A brooklet, scarce espied:  
'Mid hush'd, cool-rooted flowers fragrant-eyed,  
Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian  
They lay calm-breathing on the bedded grass;  
Their arms embracèd, and their pinions too;  
Their lips touch'd not, but had not bade adieu,  
As if disjoinèd by soft-handed slumber,  
And ready still past kisses to outnumber  
At tender eye-dawn of aurorean love:  
The wingèd boy I knew;  
But who wast thou, O happy, happy dove?  
His Psyche true!

O latest-born and loveliest vision far  
Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy!  
Fairer than Phœbe's sapphire-region'd star,  
Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky;  
Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,  
Nor altar heap'd with flowers;  
Nor Virgin-choir to make delicious moan  
Upon the midnight hours;  
No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet  
From chain-swung censer teeming;  
No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat  
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

O brightest! though too late for antique vows,  
Too, too late for the fond believing lyre,  
When holy were the haunted forest boughs,  
Holy the air, the water, and the fire;

## JOHN KEATS

Yet even in these days so far retired  
From happy pieties, thy lucent fans,  
Fluttering among the faint Olympians,  
I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspired.  
So let me be thy choir, and make a moan  
Upon the midnight hours;  
Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet  
From swingèd censer teeming:  
Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat  
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane  
In some untrodden region of my mind,  
Where branchèd thoughts, new grown with pleasant pain,  
Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind:  
Far, far around shall those dark-cluster'd trees  
Fledge the wild-ridgèd mountains steep by steep;  
And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,  
The moss-lain Dryads shall be lull'd to sleep;  
And in the midst of this wide quietness  
A rosy sanctuary will I dress  
With the wreath'd trellis of a working brain,  
With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,  
With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign,  
Who, breeding flowers, will never breed the same;  
And there shall be for thee all soft delight  
That shadowy thought can win,  
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,  
To let the warm Love in!

**S**EASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness!  
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
     With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;  
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,  
     And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
     To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
     With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
 Until they think warm days will never cease,  
     For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.  
  
 Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
     Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
     Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind,  
 Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
     Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
     Spare the next swath and all its twined flowers;  
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
     Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
     Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
     Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.  
  
 Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?  
     Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—  
 While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
     And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;  
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
     Among the river shallows, borne aloft  
     Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;

JOHN KEATS

Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft  
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft;  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

635

*Ode on Melancholy*

NO, no! go not to Lethe, neither twist  
Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;  
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kist  
By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;  
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,  
Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be  
Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl  
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;  
For shade to shade will come too drowsily,  
And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall  
Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,  
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,  
And hides the green hill in an April shroud;  
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,  
Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,  
Or on the wealth of globèd peonies;  
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,  
Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,  
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;  
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips  
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,  
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:

JOHN KEATS

Ay, in the very temple of Delight  
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,  
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue  
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;  
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,  
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

636 *Fragment of an Ode to Maia*

*(Written on May-Day, 1818)*

MOTHER of Hermes! and still youthful Maia!  
May I sing to thee  
As thou wast hymnèd on the shores of Baiæ?  
Or may I woo thee  
In earlier Sicilian? or thy smiles  
Seek as they once were sought, in Grecian isles,  
By bards who died content on pleasant sward,  
Leaving great verse unto a little clan?  
O give me their old vigour! and unheard  
Save of the quiet primrose, and the span  
Of heaven, and few ears,  
Rounded by thee, my song should die away  
Content as theirs,  
Rich in the simple worship of a day.

637 *Bards of Passion and of Mirth*

*Written on the Blank Page before Beaumont and Fletcher's  
Tragi-Comedy 'The Fair Maid of the Inn'*

BARDS of Passion and of Mirth,  
Ye have left your souls on earth!  
Have ye souls in heaven too,  
Doubled-lived in regions new?  
Yes, and those of heaven commune

## JOHN KEATS

With the spheres of sun and moon;  
With the noise of fountains wondrous,  
And the parle of voices thund'rous;  
With the whisper of heaven's trees  
And one another, in soft ease  
Seated on Elysian lawns  
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns;  
Underneath large blue-bells tented,  
Where the daisies are rose-scented,  
And the rose herself has got  
Perfume which on earth is not;  
Where the nightingale doth sing  
Not a senseless, tranced thing,  
But divine melodious truth;  
Philosophic numbers smooth;  
Tales and golden histories  
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then  
On the earth ye live again;  
And the souls ye left behind you  
Teach us, here, the way to find you,  
Where your other souls are joying,  
Never slumber'd, never cloying.  
Here, your earth-born souls still speak  
To mortals, of their little week;  
Of their sorrows and delights;  
Of their passions and their spites;  
Of their glory and their shame;  
What doth strengthen and what maim.  
Thus ye teach us, every day,  
Wisdom, though fled far away.

## JOHN KEATS

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,  
Ye have left your souls on earth!  
Ye have souls in heaven too,  
Double-lived in regions new!

638

### *Fancy*

EVER let the Fancy roam,  
Pleasure never is at home:  
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,  
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;  
Then let wingèd Fancy wander  
Through the thought still spread beyond her:  
Open wide the mind's cage-door,  
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.  
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;  
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,  
And the enjoying of the Spring  
Fades as does its blossoming:  
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,  
Blushing through the mist and dew,  
Cloy with tasting: What do then?  
Sit thee by the ingle, when  
The sear faggot blazes bright,  
Spirit of a winter's night;  
When the soundless earth is muffled,  
And the cakèd snow is shuffled  
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;  
When the Night doth meet the Noon  
In a dark conspiracy  
To banish Even from her sky.

## JOHN KEATS

Sit thee there, and send abroad,  
With a mind self-overawed,  
Fancy, high-commission'd:—send her!  
She has vassals to attend her:  
She will bring, in spite of frost,  
Beauties that the earth hath lost;  
She will bring thee, all together,  
All delights of summer weather;  
All the buds and bells of May,  
From dewy sward or thorny spray;  
All the heapèd Autumn's wealth,  
With a still, mysterious stealth:  
She will mix these pleasures up  
Like three fit wines in a cup,  
And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt hear  
Distant harvest-carols clear;  
Rustle of the reapèd corn;  
Sweet birds antheming the morn:  
And, in the same moment—hark!  
'Tis the early April lark,  
Or the rooks, with busy caw,  
Foraging for sticks and straw.  
Thou shalt, at one glance behold  
The daisy and the marigold;  
White-plumed lilies, and the first  
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;  
Shaded hyacinth, alway  
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;  
And every leaf, and every flower  
Pearlèd with the self-same shower.  
Thou shalt see the fieldmouse peep  
Meagre from its cellèd sleep;

## JOHN KEATS

And the snake all winter-thin  
Cast on sunny bank its skin;  
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see  
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,  
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest  
Quiet on her mossy nest;  
Then the hurry and alarm  
When the beehive casts its swarm;  
Acorns ripe down-pattering  
While the autumn breezes sing.

O sweet Fancy! let her loose;  
Every thing is spoilt by use:  
Where's the cheek that doth not fade,  
Too much gazed at? Where's the maid  
Whose lip mature is ever new?  
Where's the eye, however blue,  
Doth not weary? Where's the face  
One would meet in every place?  
Where's the voice, however soft,  
One would hear so very oft?  
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth  
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.  
Let, then, wingèd Fancy find  
Thee a mistress to thy mind:  
Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,  
Ere the God of Torment taught her  
How to frown and how to chide;  
With a waist and with a side  
White as Hebe's, when her zone  
Slipt its golden clasp, and down

## JOHN KEATS

Fell her kirtle to her feet,  
While she held the goblet sweet,  
And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh  
Of the Fancy's silken leash;  
Quickly break her prison-string,  
And such joys as these she'll bring.—  
Let the wingèd Fancy roam,  
Pleasure never is at home.

639

### *Stanzas*

**I**N a drear-nighted December,  
Too happy, happy tree,  
Thy branches ne'er remember  
Their green felicity:  
The north cannot undo them,  
With a sleety whistle through them;  
Nor frozen thawings glue them  
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,  
Too happy, happy brook,  
Thy bubblings ne'er remember  
Apollo's summer look;  
But with a sweet forgetting,  
They stay their crystal fretting,  
Never, never petting  
About the frozen time.

Ah! would 'twere so with many  
A gentle girl and boy!  
But were there ever any  
Writhed not at passèd joy?

JOHN KEATS

To know the change and feel it,  
When there is none to heal it,  
Nor numbèd sense to steal it,  
Was never said in rhyme.

640

*La Belle Dame sans Merci*

‘O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
Alone and palely loitering?  
The sedge is wither’d from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

‘O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
So haggard and so woe-begone?  
The squirrel’s granary is full,  
And the harvest’s done.

‘I see a lily on thy brow  
With anguish moist and fever dew;  
And on thy cheek a fading rose  
Fast withereth too.’

‘I met a lady in the meads,  
Full beautiful—a faery’s child,  
Her hair was long, her foot was light,  
And her eyes were wild.

‘I made a garland for her head,  
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;  
She look’d at me as she did love,  
And made sweet moan.

## JOHN KEATS

'I set her on my pacing steed  
And nothing else saw all day long,  
For sideways would she lean, and sing  
A faery's song.

'She found me roots of relish sweet,  
And honey wild and manna dew,  
And sure in language strange she said,  
"I love thee true!"

'She took me to her elfin grot,  
And there she wept and sigh'd full sore;  
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes  
With kisses four.

'And there she lullèd me asleep,  
And there I dream'd—Ah! woe betide!  
The latest dream I ever dream'd  
On the cold hill's side.

'I saw pale kings and princes too,  
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;  
Who cried—"La belle Dame sans Merci  
Hath thee in thrall!"

'I saw their starved lips in the gloam  
With horrid warning gapèd wide,  
And I awoke and found me here  
On the cold hill's side.

'And this is why I sojourn here  
Alone and palely loitering,  
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,  
And no birds sing.'

641 *On first looking into Chapman's Homer*

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold,  
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;  
 Round many western islands have I been  
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
 That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:  
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:  
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
 When a new planet swims into his ken;  
 Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes  
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—  
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

642 *When I have Fears that I may cease to be*

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be  
 Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,  
 Before high-pilèd books, in charact'ry,  
 Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd grain;  
 When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,  
 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,  
 And feel that I may never live to trace  
 Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;  
 And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!  
 That I shall never look upon thee more,  
 Never have relish in the faery power  
 Of unreflecting love;—then on the shore  
 Of the wide world I stand alone, and think,  
 Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

JOHN KEATS

643

*To Sleep*

**O** SOFT embalmer of the still midnight!  
Shutting with careful fingers and benign  
Our gloom-pleased eyes, embower'd from the light,  
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine;  
O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee, close,  
In midst of this thine hymn, my willing eyes,  
Or wait the amen, ere thy poppy throws  
Around my bed its lulling charities;  
Then save me, or the passèd day will shine  
Upon my pillow, breeding many woes;  
Save me from curious conscience, that still lords  
Its strength for darkness, burrowing like a mole;  
Turn the key deftly in the oilèd wards,  
And seal the hushèd casket of my soul.

644

*Last Sonnet*

**B**RIGHT Star, would I were steadfast as thou art—  
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,  
And watching, with eternal lids apart,  
Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,  
The moving waters at their priest-like task  
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,  
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask  
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—  
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,  
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,  
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,  
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,  
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,  
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

*Thanatopsis*

TO him who in the love of Nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language; for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
Into his darker musings, with a mild  
And healing sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart;—  
Go forth, under the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—  
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourish'd thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix for ever with the elements,  
To be a brother to the insensible rock,

## WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,  
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills  
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,—the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
The venerable woods; rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green; and, pour'd round all,  
Old Ocean's grey and melancholy waste,—  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings  
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound  
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there:  
And millions in those solitudes, since first  
The flight of years began, have laid them down  
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.  
So shalt thou rest: and what if thou withdraw

## WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

In silence from the living, and no friend  
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe  
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
Plod on, and each one as before will chase  
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave  
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come  
And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,  
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,  
The speechless babe, and the grey-headed man—  
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side  
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan which moves  
To that mysterious realm where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustain'd and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

JEREMIAH JOSEPH CALLANAN

1795-1839

646

*The Outlaw of Loch Lene*

FROM THE IRISH

**O** MANY a day have I made good ale in the glen,  
That came not of stream or malt, like the brewing of  
men:

My bed was the ground; my roof, the green-wood above;  
And the wealth that I sought, one far kind glance from my Love.

Alas! on that night when the horses I drove from the field,  
That I was not near from terror my angel to shield!  
She stretch'd forth her arms; her mantle she flung to the wind,  
And swam o'er Loch Lene, her outlaw'd lover to find.

O would that a freezing sleet-wing'd tempest did sweep,  
And I and my love were alone, far off on the deep;  
I'd ask not a ship, or a bark, or a pinnace, to save—  
With her hand round my waist, I'd fear not the wind or the  
wave.

'Tis down by the lake where the wild tree fringes its sides,  
The maid of my heart, my fair one of Heaven resides:  
I think, as at eve she wanders its mazes among,  
The birds go to sleep by the sweet wild twist of her song.

WILLIAM SIDNEY WALKER

647

1795-1846

**T**OO solemn for day, too sweet for night,  
Come not in darkness, come not in light;  
But come in some twilight interim,  
When the gloom is soft, and the light is dim.

648

*The Phoenix*

**O** FAST her amber blood doth flow  
 From the heart-wounded Incense Tree,  
 Fast as earth's deep-embosom'd woe  
 In silent rivulets to the sea!

Beauty may weep her fair first-born,  
 Perchance in as resplendent tears,  
 Such golden dewdrops bow the corn  
 When the stern sickleman appears:

But O! such perfume to a bower  
 Never allured sweet-seeking bee,  
 As to sip fast that nectarous shower  
 A thirstier minstrel drew in me!

649

*The Solitary Lyre*

**W**HEREFORE, unlaurell'd Boy,  
 Whom the contemptuous Muse will not inspire,  
 With a sad kind of joy  
 Still sing'st thou to thy solitary lyre?

The melancholy winds  
 Pour through unnumber'd reeds their idle woes,  
 And every Naiad finds  
 A stream to weep her sorrow as it flows.

GEORGE DARLEY

Her sighs unto the air  
The Wood-maid's native oak doth broadly tell,  
And Echo's fond despair  
Intelligible rocks re-syllable.

Wherefore then should not I,  
Albeit no haughty Muse my heart inspire,  
Fated of grief to die,  
Impart it to my solitary lyre?

650

*Song*

SWEET in her green dell the flower of beauty slumbers,  
Lull'd by the faint breezes sighing through her hair;  
Sleeps she and hears not the melancholy numbers  
Breathed to my sad lute 'mid the lonely air.

Down from the high cliffs the rivulet is teeming  
To wind round the willow banks that lure him from above:  
O that in tears, from my rocky prison streaming,  
I too could glide to the bower of my love!

Ah! where the woodbines with sleepy arms have wound her,  
Opes she her eyelids at the dream of my lay,  
Listening, like the dove, while the fountains echo round her,  
To her lost mate's call in the forests far away.

Come then, my bird! For the peace thou ever bearest,  
Still Heaven's messenger of comfort to me—  
Come—this fond bosom, O faithfullest and fairest,  
Bleeds with its death-wound, its wound of love for thee!

*The Fallen Star*

A STAR is gone! a star is gone!  
There is a blank in Heaven;  
One of the cherub choir has done  
His airy course this even.

He sat upon the orb of fire  
That hung for ages there,  
And lent his music to the choir  
That haunts the nightly air.

But when his thousand years are pass'd,  
With a cherubic sigh  
He vanish'd with his car at last,  
For even cherubs die!

Hear how his angel-brothers mourn—  
The minstrels of the spheres—  
Each chiming sadly in his turn  
And dropping splendid tears.

The planetary sisters all  
Join in the fatal song,  
And weep this hapless brother's fall,  
Who sang with them so long.

But deepest of the choral band  
The Lunar Spirit sings,  
And with a bass-according hand  
Sweeps all her sullen strings.

From the deep chambers of the dome  
Where sleepless Uriel lies,  
His rude harmonic thunders come  
Mingled with mighty sighs.

GEORGE DARLEY

The thousand car-borne cherubim,  
The wandering eleven,  
All join to chant the dirge of him  
Who fell just now from Heaven.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

1796-1849

652

*Song*

SHE is not fair to outward view  
As many maidens be,  
Her loveliness I never knew  
Until she smiled on me;  
O, then I saw her eye was bright,  
A well of love, a spring of light!  
But now her looks are coy and cold,  
To mine they ne'er reply,  
And yet I cease not to behold  
The love-light in her eye:  
Her very frowns are fairer far  
Than smiles of other maidens are.

653

*Early Death*

SHE pass'd away like morning dew  
Before the sun was high;  
So brief her time, she scarcely knew  
The meaning of a sigh.  
As round the rose its soft perfume,  
Sweet love around her floated;  
Admired she grew—while mortal doom  
Crept on, unfear'd, unnoted.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

Love was her guardian Angel here,  
But Love to Death resign'd her;  
Tho' Love was kind, why should we fear  
But holy Death is kinder?

654

*Friendship*

WHEN we were idlers with the loitering rills,  
The need of human love we little noted:  
Our love was nature; and the peace that floated  
On the white mist, and dwelt upon the hills,  
To sweet accord subdued our wayward wills:  
One soul was ours, one mind, one heart devoted,  
That, wisely doting, ask'd not why it doted,  
And ours the unknown joy, which knowing kills.  
But now I find how dear thou wert to me;  
That man is more than half of nature's treasure,  
Of that fair beauty which no eye can see,  
Of that sweet music which no ear can measure;  
And now the streams may sing for others' pleasure,  
The hills sleep on in their eternity.

THOMAS HOOD

1798-1845

655

*Autumn*

I SAW old Autumn in the misty morn  
Stand shadowless like Silence, listening  
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing  
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,  
Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn;—  
Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright  
With tangled gossamer that fell by night,  
Pearling his coronet of golden corn.

## THOMAS HOOD

Where are the songs of Summer?—With the sun,  
Oping the dusky eyelids of the South,  
Till shade and silence waken up as one,  
And Morning sings with a warm odorous mouth.  
Where are the merry birds?—Away, away,  
On panting wings through the inclement skies,  
Lest owls should prey  
Undazzled at noonday,  
And tear with horny beak their lustrous eyes.

Where are the blooms of Summer?—In the West,  
Blushing their last to the last sunny hours,  
When the mild Eve by sudden Night is prest  
Like tearful Proserpine, snatch'd from her flow'rs  
To a most gloomy breast.

Where is the pride of Summer,—the green prime,—  
The many, many leaves all twinkling?—Three  
On the moss'd elm; three on the naked lime  
Trembling,—and one upon the old oak-tree!

Where is the Dryad's immortality?—  
Gone into mournful cypress and dark yew,  
Or wearing the long gloomy Winter through  
In the smooth holly's green eternity.

The squirrel gloats on his accomplish'd hoard,  
The ants have brimm'd their garner with ripe grain,  
And honey bees have stored  
The sweets of Summer in their luscious cells;  
The swallows all have wing'd across the main;  
But here the autumn Melancholy dwells,  
And sighs her tearful spells  
Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain.

## THOMAS HOOD

Alone, alone,  
Upon a mossy stone,  
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone  
With the last leaves for a love-rosary,  
Whilst all the wither'd world looks drearily,  
Like a dim picture of the drownèd past  
In the hush'd mind's mysterious far away,  
Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last  
Into that distance, gray upon the gray.

O go and sit with her, and be o'ershaded  
Under the languid downfall of her hair!  
She wears a coronal of flowers faded  
Upon her forehead, and a face of care;—  
There is enough of wither'd everywhere  
To make her bower,—and enough of gloom;  
There is enough of sadness to invite,  
If only for the rose that died, whose doom  
Is Beauty's,—she that with the living bloom  
Of conscious cheeks most beautifies the light:  
There is enough of sorrowing, and quite  
Enough of bitter fruits the earth doth bear,—  
Enough of chilly droppings for her bowl;  
Enough of fear and shadowy despair,  
To frame her cloudy prison for the soul!

## THOMAS HOOD

656

### *Silence*

THERE is a silence where hath been no sound,  
There is a silence where no sound may be,  
In the cold grave—under the deep, deep sea,  
Or in wide desert where no life is found,  
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound;  
No voice is hush'd—no life treads silently,  
But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,  
That never spoke, over the idle ground:  
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls  
Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,  
Though the dun fox or wild hyæna calls,  
And owls, that flit continually between,  
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan—  
There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

657

### *Death*

IT is not death, that sometime in a sigh  
This eloquent breath shall take its speechless flight;  
That sometime these bright stars, that now reply  
In sunlight to the sun, shall set in night;  
That this warm conscious flesh shall perish quite,  
And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow;  
That thoughts shall cease, and the immortal sprite  
Be lapp'd in alien clay and laid below;  
It is not death to know this—but to know  
That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves  
In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go  
So duly and so oft—and when grass waves  
Over the pass'd-away, there may be then  
No resurrection in the minds of men.

*Fair Ines*

O SAW ye not fair Ines?  
 She's gone into the West,  
 To dazzle when the sun is down,  
 And rob the world of rest:  
 She took our daylight with her,  
 The smiles that we love best,  
 With morning blushes on her cheek,  
 And pearls upon her breast.

O turn again, fair Ines,  
 Before the fall of night,  
 For fear the Moon should shine alone,  
 And stars unrivall'd bright;  
 And blessèd will the lover be  
 That walks beneath their light,  
 And breathes the love against thy cheek  
 I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,  
 That gallant cavalier,  
 Who rode so gaily by thy side,  
 And whisper'd thee so near!  
 Were there no bonny dames at home,  
 Or no true lovers here,  
 That he should cross the seas to win  
 The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,  
 Descend along the shore,  
 With bands of noble gentlemen,  
 And banners waved before;

## THOMAS HOOD

And gentle youth and maidens gay,  
And snowy plumes they wore:  
It would have been a beauteous dream,—  
If it had been no more!

Alas, alas! fair Ines,  
She went away with song,  
With Music waiting on her steps,  
And shoutings of the throng;  
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,  
But only Music's wrong,  
In sounds that sang Farewell, farewell,  
To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines!  
That vessel never bore  
So fair a lady on its deck,  
Nor danced so light before,—  
Alas for pleasure on the sea,  
And sorrow on the shore!  
The smile that bless'd one lover's heart  
Has broken many more!

659

### *Time of Roses*

**I**T was not in the Winter  
Our loving lot was cast;  
It was the time of roses—  
We pluck'd them as we pass'd!  
That churlish season never frown'd  
On early lovers yet:  
O no—the world was newly crown'd  
With flowers when first we met!

THOMAS HOOD

'Twas twilight, and I bade you go,  
But still you held me fast;  
It was the time of roses—  
We pluck'd them as we pass'd!

660

*Ruth*

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,  
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,  
Like the sweetheart of the sun,  
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,  
Deeply ripen'd;—such a blush  
In the midst of brown was born,  
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,  
Which were blackest none could tell,  
But long lashes veil'd a light,  
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,  
Made her tressy forehead dim;  
Thus she stood amid the stooks,  
Praising God with sweetest looks:—

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean,  
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,  
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,  
Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOOD

661

*The Death-bed*

WE watch'd her breathing thro' the night,  
Her breathing soft and low,  
As in her breast the wave of life  
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,  
So slowly moved about,  
As we had lent her half our powers  
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
Our fears our hopes belied—  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,  
And chill with early showers,  
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had  
Another morn than ours.

662

*The Bridge of Sighs*

ONE more Unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly  
Lift her with care;  
Fashion'd so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

## THOMAS HOOD

Look at her garments  
Clinging like cerements;  
Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing;  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;  
Think of her mournfully,  
Gently and humanly;  
Not of the stains of her,  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny  
Rash and undutiful:  
Past all dishonour,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,  
One of Eve's family—  
Wipe those poor lips of hers  
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb,  
Her fair auburn tresses;  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home?

Who was her father?  
Who was her mother?

## THOMAS HOOD

Had she a sister?

Had she a brother?

Or was there a dearer one

Still, and a nearer one

Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity

Of Christian charity

Under the sun!

O, it was pitiful!

Near a whole city full,

Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,

Fatherly, motherly

Feelings had changed:

Love, by harsh evidence,

Thrown from its eminence;

Even God's providence

Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver

So far in the river,

With many a light

From window and casement,

From garret to basement,

She stood, with amazement,

Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March

Made her tremble and shiver;

But not the dark arch,

Or the black flowing river:

## THOMAS HOOD

Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery,  
Swift to be hurl'd—  
Anywhere, anywhere  
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly—  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran—  
Over the brink of it,  
Picture it—think of it,  
Dissolute Man!  
Lave in it, drink of it,  
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashion'd so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly  
Stiffen too rigidly,  
Decently, kindly,  
Smooth and compose them;  
And her eyes, close them,  
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring  
Thro' muddy impurity,  
As when with the daring  
Last look of despairing  
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
Spurr'd by contumely,

THOMAS HOOD

Cold inhumanity,  
Burning insanity,  
    Into her rest.—  
Cross her hands humbly  
As if praying dumbly,  
    Over her breast!  
  
Owning her weakness,  
    Her evil behaviour,  
And leaving, with meekness,  
    Her sins to her Saviour!

ANONYMOUS

663           *The Canadian Boat Song*

**L**ISTEN to me, as when ye heard our father  
Sing long ago the song of other shores—  
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather  
    All your deep voices as ye pull your oars:  
    Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;  
    But we are exiles from our 'fathers' land.

From the lone shieling of the misty island  
    Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas—  
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,  
    And we in dreams behold the Hebrides;  
    Fair these broad meads, &c.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,  
    Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the small clear stream,  
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,  
    Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam:  
    Fair these broad meads, &c.

# ANONYMOUS

When the bold kindred, in the time long-vanish'd,  
 Conquer'd the soil and fortified the keep,—  
 No seer foretold the children would be banish'd,  
 That a degenerate Lord might boast his sheep:  
 Fair these broad meads, &c.

Come foreign rage—let Discord burst in slaughter!  
 O then for clansmen true, and stern claymore—  
 The hearts that would have given their blood like water,  
 Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar:  
 Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;  
 But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

WILLIAM THOM

1798-1848

664

## *The Blind Boy's Pranks*

**M**EN grew sae cauld, maids sae unkind,  
 Love kentna whaur to stay:  
 Wi' fient an arrow, bow, or string—  
 Wi' droopin' heart an' drizzled wing,  
 He faught his lonely way.

'Is there nae mair in Garioch fair  
 Ae spotless hame for me?  
 Hae politics an' corn an' kye  
 Ilk bosom stappit? Fie, O fie!  
 I'll swithe me o'er the sea.'

He launch'd a leaf o' jessamine,  
 On whilk he daur'd to swim,  
 An' pillow'd his head on a wee rosebud,  
 Syne laithfu', lanely, Love 'gan scud  
 Down Ury's waefu' stream.

664 kentna] knew not.      wi fient an arrow] i.q. with deuce  
 an arrow.      swithe] hie quickly.      laithfu'] regretful.

## WILLIAM THOM

The birds sang bonnie as Love drew near,  
 But dowie when he gaed by;  
 Till lull'd wi' the sough o' monie a sang,  
 He sleepit fu' soun' and sail'd alang  
 'Neath Heaven's gowden sky.

'Twas just whaur creeping Ury greets  
 Its mountain cousin Don,  
 There wander'd forth a weelfaur'd dame,  
 Wha listless gazed on the bonnie stream,  
 As it flirted an' play'd with a sunny beam  
 That flicker'd its bosom upon.

Love happit his head, I trow, that time  
 The jessamine bark drew nigh,  
 The lassie espied the wee rosebud,  
 An' aye her heart gae thud for thud,  
 An' quiet it wadna lie.

'O gin I but had yon wearie wee flower  
 That floats on the Ury sae fair!'—  
 She lootit her hand for the silly rose-leaf,  
 But little wist she o' the pawkie thief  
 That was lurkin' an' laughin' there!

Love glower'd when he saw her bonnie dark e'e,  
 An' swore by Heaven's grace  
 He ne'er had seen nor thought to see,  
 Since e'er he left the Paphian lea,  
 Sae lovely a dwallin'-place.

dowie] dejectedly.  
 happit] covered up.  
 glower'd] stared.

weelfaur'd] well-favoured, comely.  
 lootit] lowered.                      pawkie] sly.

## WILLIAM THOM

Syne first of a' in her blythesome breast  
He built a bower, I ween;  
An' what did the waefu' devilick neist?  
But kindled a gleam like the rosy east,  
That sparkled frae baith her e'en.

An' then beneath ilk high e'e-bree  
He placed a quiver there;  
His bow? What but her shinin' brow?  
An' O sic deadly strings he drew  
Frac out her silken hair!

Guid be our guard! Sic deeds waur deen  
Roun' a' our countrie then;  
An' monie a hangin' lug was seen  
'Mang farmers fat, an' lawyers lean,  
An' herds o' common men!

## SIR HENRY TAYLOR

1800-1886

665

### *Elena's Song*

**Q**UOTH tongue of neither maid nor wife  
To heart of neither wife nor maid—  
Lead we not here a jolly life  
Betwixt the shine and shade?

Quoth heart of neither maid nor wife  
To tongue of neither wife nor maid—  
Thou wagg'st, but I am worn with strife,  
And feel like flowers that fade.

664 e'e-bree] eyebrow.      lug] ear.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY,  
LORD MACAULAY

1800-1859

666 *A Jacobite's Epitaph*

TO my true king I offer'd free from stain  
Courage and faith; vain faith, and courage vain.  
For him I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,  
And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.  
For him I languish'd in a foreign clime,  
Gray-hair'd with sorrow in my manhood's prime;  
Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,  
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;  
Beheld each night my home in fever'd sleep,  
Each morning started from the dream to weep;  
Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave  
The resting-place I ask'd, an early grave.  
O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,  
From that proud country which was once mine own,  
By those white cliffs I never more must see,  
By that dear language which I spake like thee,  
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear  
O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

WILLIAM BARNES

1801-1886

667 *Mater Dolorosa*

I'D a dream to-night  
As I fell asleep,  
O! the touching sight  
Makes me still to weep:

WILLIAM BARNES

Of my little lad,  
Gone to leave me sad,  
Ay, the child I had,  
But was not to keep.

As in heaven high  
I my child did seek,  
There in train came by  
Children fair and meek,  
Each in lily white,  
With a lamp alight;  
Each was clear to sight,  
But they did not speak.

Then, a little sad,  
Came my child in turn,  
But the lamp he had,  
O it did not burn!  
He, to clear my doubt,  
Said, half turn'd about,  
'Your tears put it out;  
Mother, never mourn.'

668

*The Wife a-lost*

SINCE I noo mwore do zee your feâce,  
Up steärs or down below,  
I'll zit me in the lwonesome pleâce,  
Where flat-bough'd beech do grow;  
Below the beeches' bough, my love,  
Where you did never come,  
An' I don't look to meet ye now,  
As I do look at hwome.

## WILLIAM BARNES

Since you noo mwore be at my zide,  
In walks in zummer het,  
I'll goo alwone where mist do ride,  
Droo trees a-drippèn wet;  
Below the raïn-wet bough, my love,  
Where you did never come,  
An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,  
As I do grieve at hwome.

Since now bezide my dinner-bwoard  
Your vaïce do never sound,  
I'll eat the bit I can avword  
A-vield upon the ground;  
Below the darksome bough, my love,  
Where you did never dine,  
An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,  
As I at hwome do pine.

Since I do miss your vaïce an' feäce  
In prayër at eventide,  
I'll pray wi' woone sad vaïce vor greäce  
To goo where you do bide;  
Above the tree an' bough, my love,  
Where you be gone avore,  
An' be a-waitèn vor me now,  
To come vor evermwore.

669

### *Evening, and Maidens*

**N**OW the shiades o' the elems da stratch muore an muore,  
Vrom the low-zinkèn zun in the west o' the sky;  
An' the mâidens da stan out in clusters avore  
The doors, var to chatty an' zee vo'ke goo by.

## WILLIAM BARNES

An' ther cuombs be a-zet in ther bunches o' hiair,  
An' ther curdles da hang roun' ther necks lily-white,  
An' ther cheäks tha be ruosy, ther shoulders be biare,  
Ther looks tha be merry, ther lims tha be light.

An' the times have a-been—but tha cänt be noo muore—  
When I, too, had my jây under evemen's dim sky,  
When my Fanny did stan' out wi' others avore  
Her door, var to chatty an' zee vo'ke goo by.

An' up there, in the green, is her own honey-zuck,  
That her brother trâin'd up roun' her winder; an' there  
Is the ruose an' the jessamy, where she did pluck  
A flow'r var her buzom ar bud var her hiair.

An' zoo smile, happy mâidens! var every fiace,  
As the zummers da come an' the years da roll by,  
Wull soon sadden, ar goo vur awoy vrom the pliace,  
Ar else, lik' my Fanny, wull wither an' die.

But when you be a-lost vrom the parish, some muore  
Wull come on in y'ur pliazen to bloom an' to die;  
An' zoo zummer wull always have mâidens avore  
Ther doors, var to chatty an' zee vo'ke goo by.

Var dâ'ters ha' marnen when mothers ha' night,  
An' there's beauty alive when the fiarest is dead;  
As when oon sparklèn wiave da zink down vrom the light,  
Another da come up an' catch it instead.

Zoo smile on, happy mâidens! but I shall noo muore  
Zee the mâid I da miss under evemen's dim sky;  
An' my heart is a-touch'd to zee you out avore  
The doors, var to chatty and zee vo'ke goo by.

curdles] curls.

*The Vicar*

SOME years ago, ere time and taste  
 Had turn'd our parish topsy-turvy,  
 When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,  
 And roads as little known as scurvy,  
 The man who lost his way, between  
 St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,  
 Was always shown across the green,  
 And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;  
 Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,  
 Led the lorn traveller up the path,  
 Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle;  
 And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,  
 Upon the parlour steps collected,  
 Wagg'd all their tails, and seem'd to say—  
 'Our master knows you—you're expected.'

Uprose the Reverend Dr. Brown,  
 Uprose the Doctor's winsome marrow;  
 The lady laid her knitting down,  
 Her husband clasp'd his ponderous Barrow;  
 Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,  
 Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,  
 He found a stable for his steed,  
 And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reach'd his journey's end,  
 And warm'd himself in Court or College,  
 He had not gained an honest friend  
 And twenty curious scraps of knowledge,—

## WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

If he departed as he came,  
With no new light on love or liquor,—  
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,  
And not the Vicarage, nor the Vicar.

His talk was like a spring, which runs  
With rapid change from rocks to roses:  
It slipped from politics to puns,  
It passed from Mahomet to Moses;  
Beginning with the laws which keep  
The planets in their radiant courses,  
And ending with some precept deep  
For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound Divine,  
Of loud Dissent the mortal terror;  
And when, by dint of page and line,  
He 'stablish'd Truth, or startled Error,  
The Baptist found him far too deep;  
The Deist sigh'd with saving sorrow;  
And the lean Levite went to sleep,  
And dream'd of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermons never said or show'd  
That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,  
Without refreshment on the road  
From Jerome or from Athanasius:  
And sure a righteous zeal inspired  
The hand and head that penn'd and plann'd them,  
For all who understood admired,  
And some who did not understand them.

## WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,  
Small treatises, and smaller verses,  
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,  
And hints to noble Lords—and nurses;  
True histories of last year's ghost,  
Lines to a ringlet, or a turban,  
And trifles for the *Morning Post*,  
And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,  
Although he had a knack of joking;  
He did not make himself a bear,  
Although he had a taste for smoking;  
And when religious sects ran mad,  
He held, in spite of all his learning,  
That if a man's belief is bad,  
It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit  
In the low hut or garnish'd cottage,  
And praise the farmer's homely wit,  
And share the widow's homelier pottage:  
At his approach complaint grew mild;  
And when his hand unbarr'd the shutter,  
The clammy lips of fever smiled  
The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me  
Of Julius Caesar, or of Venus;  
From him I learnt the rule of three,  
Cat's cradle, leap-frog, and *Quae genus*:

## WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

I used to singe his powder'd wig,  
To steal the staff he put such trust in,  
And make the puppy dance a jig,  
When he began to quote Augustine.  
Alack the change! in vain I look  
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled,—  
The level lawn, the trickling brook,  
The trees I climb'd, the beds I rifled:  
The church is larger than before;  
You reach it by a carriage entry;  
It holds three hundred people more,  
And pews are fitted up for gentry.  
Sit in the Vicar's seat: you'll hear  
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,  
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,  
Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.  
Where is the old man laid?—look down,  
And construe on the slab before you,  
'*Hic jacet GVLIELMVS BROWN,*  
*Vir nullâ non donandus lauru.'*

## GERALD GRIFFIN

1803-1840

671

### *Eileen Aroon*

WHEN like the rising day,  
Eileen Aroon!  
Love sends his early ray,  
Eileen Aroon!  
What makes his dawning glow,  
Changeless through joy or woe?  
Only the constant know:—  
Eileen Aroon!

## GERALD GRIFFIN

I know a valley fair,  
                                Eileen Aroon!  
I knew a cottage there,  
                                Eileen Aroon!  
Far in that valley's shade  
I knew a gentle maid,  
Flower of a hazel glade,—  
                                Eileen Aroon! . . .  
Were she no longer true,  
                                Eileen Aroon!  
What should her lover do?  
                                Eileen Aroon!  
Fly with his broken chain  
Far o'er the sounding main,  
Never to love again,—  
                                Eileen Aroon!

## JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

1803-1849

672

### *Dark Rosaleen*

**O** MY Dark Rosaleen,  
Do not sigh, do not weep!  
The priests are on the ocean green,  
They march along the deep.  
There's wine from the royal Pope,  
Upon the ocean green;  
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,  
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,  
My Dark Rosaleen!

## JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

Over hills, and thro' dales,  
Have I roam'd for your sake;  
All yesterday I sail'd with sails  
On river and on lake.  
The Erne, at its highest flood,  
I dash'd across unseen,  
For there was lightning in my blood,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
O, there was lightning in my blood,  
Red lightning lighten'd thro' my blood.  
My Dark Rosaleen!

All day long, in unrest,  
To and fro, do I move.  
The very soul within my breast  
Is wasted for you, love!  
The heart in my bosom faints  
To think of you, my Queen,  
My life of life, my saint of saints,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,  
My life, my love, my saint of saints,  
My Dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,  
Are my lot, night and noon,  
To see your bright face clouded so,  
Like to the mournful moon.  
But yet will I rear your throne  
Again in golden sheen;

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,  
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,  
My Dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,  
Will I fly, for your weal:  
Your holy delicate white hands  
Shall girdle me with steel.  
At home, in your emerald bowers,  
From morning's dawn till e'en,  
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My fond Rosaleen!  
You'll think of me through daylight hours,  
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,  
My Dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,  
I could plough the high hills,  
O, I could kneel all night in prayer,  
To heal your many ills!  
And one beamy smile from you  
Would float like light between  
My toils and me, my own, my true,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My fond Rosaleen!  
Would give me life and soul anew,  
A second life, a soul anew,  
My Dark Rosaleen!

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

O, the Erne shall run red,  
With redundance of blood,  
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,  
And flames wrap hill and wood,  
And gun-peal and slogan-cry  
Wake many a glen serene,  
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
The Judgement Hour must first be nigh,  
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,  
My Dark Rosaleen!

673

*To Amine*

VEIL not thy mirror, sweet Amine,  
Till night shall also veil each star!  
Thou seest a twofold marvel there:  
The only face so fair as thine,  
The only eyes that, near or far,  
Can gaze on thine without despair.

674

*The Nameless One*

ROLL forth, my song, like the rushing river,  
That sweeps along to the mighty sea;  
God will inspire me while I deliver  
My soul of thee!

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening  
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,  
That once there was one whose veins ran lightning  
No eye beheld.

## JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour,  
How shone for him, through his griefs and gloom,  
No star of all heaven sends to light our  
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after ages  
Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,  
He would have taught men, from wisdom's pages,  
The way to live.

And tell how trampled, derided, hated,  
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,  
He fled for shelter to God, who mated  
His soul with song.

—With song which alway, sublime or vapid,  
Flow'd like a rill in the morning beam,  
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid—  
A mountain stream.

Tell how this Nameless, condemn'd for years long  
To herd with demons from hell beneath,  
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long  
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,  
Betray'd in friendship, befool'd in love,  
With spirit shipwreck'd, and young hopes blasted,  
He still, still strove;

Till, spent with toil, dreeing death for others  
(And some whose hands should have wrought for him,  
If children live not for sires and mothers),  
His mind grew dim;

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,  
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,  
And pawn'd his soul for the devil's dismal  
Stock of returns.

But yet redeem'd it in days of darkness,  
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,  
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,  
Stood on his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,  
And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,  
He bides in calmness the silent morrow,  
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes! Old and hoary  
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,  
He lives, enduring what future story  
Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,  
Deep in your bosoms: there let him dwell!  
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble,  
Here and in hell.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

1803-1849

675

*Wolfram's Dirge*

IF thou wilt ease thine heart  
Of love and all its smart,  
Then sleep, dear, sleep;  
And not a sorrow

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

Hang any tear on your eyelashes;  
Lie still and deep,  
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes  
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,  
In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart:  
Of love and all its smart,  
Then die, dear, die;  
'Tis deeper, sweeter,  
Than on a rose-bank to lie dreaming  
With folded eye;  
And there alone, amid the beaming  
Of Love's stars, thou'lt meet her  
In eastern sky.

676

*Dream-Pedlary*

**I**F there were dreams to sell,  
What would you buy?  
Some cost a passing bell;  
Some a light sigh,  
That shakes from Life's fresh crown  
Only a rose-leaf down.  
If there were dreams to sell.  
Merry and sad to tell,  
And the crier rang the bell,  
What would you buy?  
  
A cottage lone and still,  
With bowers nigh,  
Shadowy, my woes to still,  
Until I die.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

Such pearl from Life's fresh crown  
Fain would I shake me down.  
Were dreams to have at will,  
This would best heal my ill,  
This would I buy.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

1803-1882

677

*Give All to Love*

**G**IVE all to love;  
Obey thy heart;  
Friends, kindred, days,  
Estate, good fame,  
Plans, credit, and the Muse—  
Nothing refuse.

'Tis a brave master;  
Let it have scope:  
Follow it utterly,  
Hope beyond hope:  
High and more high  
It dives into noon,  
With wing unspent,  
Untold intent;  
But it is a god,  
Knows its own path,  
And the outlets of the sky.

It was never for the mean;  
It requireth courage stout,  
Souls above doubt,  
Valour unbending:

## RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Such 'twill reward;—  
They shall return  
More than they were,  
And ever ascending.

Leave all for love;  
Yet, hear me, yet,  
One word more thy heart behoved,  
One pulse more of firm endeavour—  
Keep thee to-day,  
To-morrow, for ever,  
Free as an Arab  
Of thy beloved.

Cling with life to the maid;  
But when the surprise,  
First vague shadow of surmise,  
Flits across her bosom young,  
Of a joy apart from thee,  
Free be she, fancy-free;  
Nor thou detain her vesture's hem,  
Nor the palest rose she flung  
From her summer diadem.

Though thou loved her as thyself,  
As a self of purer clay;  
Though her parting dims the day,  
Stealing grace from all alive;  
Heartily know,  
When half-gods go  
The gods arrive.

**L**ONG I follow'd happy guides,  
 I could never reach their sides;  
 Their step is forth and, ere the day  
 Breaks, up their leaguer and away.  
 Keen my sense, my heart was young,  
 Right goodwill my sinews strung,  
 But no speed of mine avails  
 To hunt upon their shining trails.  
 On and away, their hasting feet  
 Make the morning proud and sweet;  
 Flowers they strew,—I catch the scent;  
 Or tone of silver instrument  
 Leaves on the wind melodious trace;  
 Yet I could never see their face.  
 On eastern hills I see their smokes  
 Mix'd with mist by distant lochs.  
 I met many travellers,  
 Who the road had surely kept;  
 They saw not my fine revellers—  
 These had cross'd them while they slept.  
 Some had heard their fair report  
 In the country or the court:  
 Fleetest couriers alive  
 Never yet could once arrive,  
 As they went or they return'd,  
 At the house where these sojourn'd.  
 Sometimes their strong speed they slacken  
 Though they are not overtaken;  
 In sleep their jubilant troop is near—  
 I tuneful voices overhear,

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

It may be in wood or waste—  
At unawares 'tis come and past.  
Their near camp my spirit knows  
By signs gracious as rainbows.  
I thenceforward and long after  
Listen for their harplike laughter,  
And carry in my heart, for days,  
Peace that hallows rudest ways.

679

*Bacchus*

**B**RING me wine, but wine which never grew  
In the belly of the grape,  
Or grew on vine whose tap-roots, reaching through  
Under the Andes to the Cape,  
Suffer'd no savour of the earth to 'scape.

Let its grapes the morn salute  
From a nocturnal root,  
Which feels the acrid juice  
Of Styx and Erebus;  
And turns the woe of Night,  
By its own craft, to a more rich delight.

We buy ashes for bread;  
We buy diluted wine;  
Give me of the true,  
Whose ample leaves and tendrils curl'd  
Among the silver hills of heaven  
Draw everlasting dew;  
Wine of wine,  
Blood of the world,

## RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Form of forms, and mould of statures,  
That I intoxicated,  
And by the draught assimilated,  
May float at pleasure through all natures;  
The bird-language rightly spell,  
And that which roses say so well:

Wine that is shed  
Like the torrents of the sun  
Up the horizon walls,  
Or like the Atlantic streams, which run  
When the South Sea calls.

Water and bread,  
Food which needs no transmuting,  
Rainbow-flowering, wisdom-fruited,  
Wine which is already man,  
Food which teach and reason can.

Wine which Music is,—  
Music and wine are one,—  
That I, drinking this,  
Shall hear far Chaos talk with me;  
Kings unborn shall walk with me;  
And the poor grass shall plot and plan  
What it will do when it is man.  
Quicken'd so, will I unlock  
Every crypt of every rock.  
I thank the joyful juice  
For all I know;  
Winds of remembering  
Of the ancient being blow,

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

And seeming-solid walls of use  
Open and flow.

Pour, Bacchus! the remembering wine;  
Retrieve the loss of me and mine!  
Vine for vine be antidote,  
And the grape requite the lote!  
Haste to cure the old despair;  
Reason in Nature's lotus drench'd—  
The memory of ages quench'd—  
Give them again to shine;  
Let wine repair what this undid;  
And where the infection slid,  
A dazzling memory revive;  
Refresh the faded tints,  
Recut the agèd prints,  
And write my old adventures with the pen  
Which on the first day drew,  
Upon the tablets blue,  
The dancing Pleiads and eternal men.

680

*Brahma*

IF the red slayer think he slays,  
Or if the slain think he is slain,  
They know not well the subtle ways  
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;  
Shadow and sunlight are the same;  
The vanish'd gods to me appear;  
And one to me are shame and fame.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

They reckon ill who leave me out;  
When me they fly, I am the wings;  
I am the doubter and the doubt,  
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.  
  
The strong gods pine for my abode,  
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;  
But thou, meek lover of the good!  
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

RICHARD HENRY HORNE

1803-1884

681

*The Plough*

A LANDSCAPE IN BERKSHIRE

ABOVE yon sombre swell of land  
Thou see'st the dawn's grave orange hue,  
With one pale streak like yellow sand,  
And ~~over~~ that a vein of blue.

The air is cold above the woods;  
All silent is the earth and sky,  
Except with his own lonely moods  
The blackbird holds a colloquy.

Over the broad hill creeps a beam,  
Like hope that gilds a good man's brow;  
And now ascends the nostril-stream  
Of stalwart horses come to plough.

Ye rigid Ploughmen, bear in mind  
Your labour is for future hours:  
Advance—spare not—nor look behind—  
Plough deep and straight with all your powers!

CHARLES WHITEHEAD

1804-1862

682

*The Lamp*

AS yonder lamp in my vacated room  
With arduous flame disputes the darksome night,  
And can, with its involuntary light,  
But lifeless things, that near it stand, illumine;  
Yet all the while it doth itself consume,  
And, ere the sun begins its heavenly height  
With courier beams that meet the shepherd's sight,  
There, whence its life arose, shall be its tomb—

So wastes my light away. Perforce confined  
To common things, a limit to its sphere,  
It shines on worthless trifles undesign'd  
With fainter ray each hour imprison'd here.  
Alas! to know that the consuming mind  
Shall leave its lamp cold, ere the sun appear.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER

1804-1875

683

*King Arthur's Waes-hael*

WAES-HAEL for knight and dame!  
O merry be their dole!  
Drink-hael! in Jesu's name  
We fill the tawny bowl;  
But cover down the curving crest,  
Mould of the Orient Lady's breast.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER

Waes-hael! yet lift no lid:  
Drain ye the reeds for wine.  
Drink-hael! the milk was hid  
That soothed that Babe divine;  
Hush'd, as this hollow channel flows,  
He drew the balsam from the rose.

Waes-hael! thus glow'd the breast  
Where a God yearn'd to cling;  
Drink-hael! so Jesu press'd  
Life from its mystic spring;  
Then hush and bend in reverent sign  
And breathe the thrilling reeds for wine.

Waes-hael! in shadowy scene  
Lo! Christmas children we:  
Drink-hael! behold we lean  
At a far Mother's knee;  
To dream that thus her bosom smiled,  
And learn the lip of Bethlehem's Child.

FRANCIS MAHONY

1805-1866

684

*The Bells of Shandon*

WITH deep affection,  
And recollection,  
I often think of  
Those Shandon bells,  
Whose sounds so wild would,  
In the days of childhood,  
Fling around my cradle  
Their magic spells.

## FRANCIS MAHONY

On this I ponder  
Where'er I wander,  
And thus grow fonder,  
    Sweet Cork, of thee;  
With thy bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters  
    Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming  
Full many a clime in,  
Tolling sublime in  
    Cathedral shrine,  
While at a glib rate  
Brass tongues would vibrate—  
But all their music  
    Spoke naught like thine;  
For memory, dwelling  
On each proud swelling  
Of the belfry knelling  
    Its bold notes free,  
Made the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters  
    Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells tolling  
Old Adrian's Mole in,  
Their thunder rolling  
    From the Vatican,

FRANCIS MAHONY

And cymbals glorious  
Swinging uproarious  
In the gorgeous turrets  
Of Notre Dame;  
But thy sounds were sweeter  
Than the dome of Peter  
Flings o'er the Tíber,  
Pealing solemnly—  
O, the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,  
While on tower and kiosk O!  
In Saint Sophia  
The Turkman gets,  
And loud in air  
Calls men to prayer  
From the tapering summits  
Of tall minarets.  
Such empty phantom  
I freely grant them;  
But there's an anthem  
More dear to me,—  
'Tis the bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the River Lee.

*Farewells from Paradise**River-spirits*

HARK! the flow of the four rivers—  
Hark the flow!  
How the silence round you shivers,  
While our voices through it go,  
Cold and clear.

*A softer voice*

Think a little, while ye hear,  
Of the banks  
Where the willows and the deer  
Crowd in intermingled ranks,  
As if all would drink at once  
Where the living water runs!—  
Of the fishes' golden edges  
Flashing in and out the sedges;  
Of the swans on silver thrones,  
Floating down the winding streams  
With impassive eyes turned shoreward  
And a chant of undertones,—  
And the lotus leaning forward  
To help them into dreams.  
Fare ye well, farewell!  
The river-sounds, no longer audible,  
Expire at Eden's door.  
Each footstep of your treading

## ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Treads out some murmur which ye heard before.  
Farewell! the streams of Eden  
Ye shall hear nevermore!

### *Bird-spirit*

I am the nearest nightingale  
That singeth in Eden after you;  
And I am singing loud and true,  
And sweet,—I do not fail.  
I sit upon a cypress bough,  
Close to the gate, and I fling my song  
Over the gate and through the mail  
Of the warden angels marshall'd strong,—  
Over the gate and after you!  
And the warden angels let it pass,  
Because the poor brown bird, alas,  
Sings in the garden, sweet and true.  
And I build my song of high pure notes,  
Note over note, height over height,  
Till I strike the arch of the Infinite,  
And I bridge abysmal agonies  
With strong, clear calms of harmonies,—  
And something abides, and something floats,  
In the song which I sing after you.  
Fare ye well, farewell!  
The creature-sounds, no longer audible,  
Expire at Eden's door.  
Each footstep of your treading  
Treads out some cadence which ye heard before  
Farewell! the birds of Eden  
Ye shall hear nevermore!

686

*Grief*

**I** TELL you, hopeless grief is passionless;  
 That only men incredulous of despair,  
 Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air  
 Beat upward to God's throne in loud access  
 Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness  
 In souls as countries lieth silent-bare  
 Under the blanching, vertical eye-glare  
 Of the absolute Heavens. Deep-hearted man, express  
 Grief for thy Dead in silence like to Death—  
 Most like a monumental statue set  
 In everlasting watch and moveless woe  
 Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.  
 Touch it; the marble eyelids are not wet:  
 If it could weep, it could arise and go.

687

*A Musical Instrument*

**W**HAT was he doing, the great god Pan,  
 Down in the reeds by the river?  
 Spreading ruin and scattering ban,  
 Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,  
 And breaking the golden lilies afloat  
 With the dragon-fly on the river.  
  
 He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,  
 From the deep cool bed of the river;  
 The limpid water turbidly ran,  
 And the broken lilies a-dying lay,  
 And the dragon-fly had fled away,  
 Ere he brought it out of the river.

# ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,  
While turbidly flow'd the river;  
And hack'd and hew'd as a great god can  
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,  
Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed  
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan  
(How tall it stood in the river!),  
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,  
Steadily from the outside ring,  
And notch'd the poor dry empty thing  
In holes, as he sat by the river.

'This is the way,' laugh'd the great god Pan  
(Laugh'd while he sat by the river),  
'The only way, since gods began  
To make sweet music, they could succeed.'  
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,  
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!  
Piercing sweet by the river!  
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!  
The sun on the hill forgot to die,  
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly  
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,  
To laugh as he sits by the river,  
Making a poet out of a man:  
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain—  
For the reed which grows nevermore again  
As a reed with the reeds of the river.



690

(iii)

GO from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand  
 Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore  
 Alone upon the threshold of my door  
 Of individual life I shall command  
 The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand  
 Serenely in the sunshine as before,  
 Without the sense of that which I forbore—  
 Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land  
 Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine  
 With pulses that beat double. What I do  
 And what I dream include thee, as the wine  
 Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue  
 God for myself, He hears that name of thine,  
 And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

691

(iv)

IF thou must love me, let it be for naught  
 Except for love's sake only. Do not say,  
 'I love her for her smile—her look—her way  
 Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought  
 That falls in well with mine, and certes brought  
 A sense of pleasant ease on such a day'—  
 For these things in themselves, Belovèd, may  
 Be changed, or change for thee—and love, so wrought,  
 May be unwrought so. Neither love me for  
 Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry:  
 A creature might forget to weep, who bore  
 Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!  
 But love me for love's sake, that evermore  
 Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

692

(v)

WHEN our two souls stand up erect and strong,  
Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and nigher,  
Until the lengthening wings break into fire  
At either curving point,—what bitter wrong  
Can the earth do us, that we should not long  
Be here contented? Think! In mounting higher,  
The angels would press on us, and aspire  
To drop some golden orb of perfect song  
Into our deep, dear silence. Let us stay  
Rather on earth, Belovèd—where the unfit  
Contrarious moods of men recoil away  
And isolate pure spirits, and permit  
A place to stand and love in for a day,  
With darkness and the death-hour rounding it.

FREDERICK TENNYSON

1807-1898

693

*The Holy Tide*

THE days are sad, it is the Holy tide.  
The Winter morn is short, the Night is long;  
So let the lifeless Hours be glorified  
With deathless thoughts and echo'd in sweet song:  
And through the sunset of this purple cup  
They will resume the roses of their prime,  
And the old Dead will hear us and wake up,  
Pass with dim smiles and make our hearts sublime!

## FREDERICK TENNYSON

The days are sad, it is the Holy tide:

Be dusky mistletoes and hollies strown,  
Sharp as the spear that pierced His sacred side,  
Red as the drops upon His thorny crown;  
No haggard Passion and no lawless Mirth  
Fright off the solemn Muse,—tell sweet old tales,  
Sing songs as we sit brooding o'er the hearth,  
Till the lamp flickers and the memory fails.

## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

1807-1882

694

### *My Lost Youth*

**O**FTEN I think of the beautiful town  
That is seated by the sea;  
Often in thought go up and down  
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,  
And my youth comes back to me.  
And a verse of a Lapland song  
Is haunting my memory still:  
'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'  
I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,  
And catch, in sudden gleams,  
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,  
And islands that were the Hesperides  
Of all my boyish dreams.  
And the burden of that old song,  
It murmurs and whispers still:  
'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

I remember the black wharves and the slips,  
And the sea-tides tossing free;  
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea.  
And the voice of that wayward song  
Is singing and saying still:  
'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,  
And the fort upon the hill;  
The sunrise gun with its hollow roar,  
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,  
And the bugle wild and shrill.  
And the music of that old song  
Throbs in my memory still:  
'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

I remember the sea-fight far away,  
How it thunder'd o'er the tide!  
And the dead sea-captains, as they lay  
In their graves o'erlooking the tranquil bay  
Where they in battle died.  
And the sound of that mournful song  
Goes through me with a thrill:  
'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

I can see the breezy dome of groves,  
The shadows of Deering's woods;  
And the friendships old and the early loves

## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves  
In quiet neighbourhoods.

And the verse of that sweet old song,  
It flutters and murmurs still:

'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart  
Across the schoolboy's brain;  
The song and the silence in the heart,  
That in part are prophecies, and in part  
Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful song  
Sings on, and is never still:

'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

There are things of which I may not speak;  
There are dreams that cannot die;  
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,  
And bring a pallor into the cheek,  
And a mist before the eye.

And the words of that fatal song  
Come over me like a chill:

'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

Strange to me now are the forms I meet  
When I visit the dear old town;  
But the native air is pure and sweet,  
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,  
As they balance up and down,

## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Are singing the beautiful song,  
Are sighing and whispering still:  
'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'  
And Deering's woods are fresh and fair,  
And with joy that is almost pain  
My heart goes back to wander there,  
And among the dreams of the days that were  
I find my lost youth again.  
And the strange and beautiful song,  
The groves are repeating it still:  
'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

### 695      *The Galley of Count Arnaldos*

**A**H! what pleasant visions haunt me  
As I gaze upon the sea!  
All the old romantic legends,  
All my dreams, come back to me.  
Sails of silk and ropes of sandal,  
Such as gleam in ancient lore;  
And the singing of the sailors,  
And the answer from the shore!  
Most of all, the Spanish ballad  
Haunts me oft, and tarries long,  
Of the noble Count Arnaldos  
And the sailor's mystic song.  
Telling how the Count Arnaldos,  
With his hawk upon his hand,  
Saw a fair and stately galley,  
Steering onward to the land;—

## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

How he heard the ancient helmsman  
Chant a song so wild and clear,  
That the sailing sea-bird slowly  
Poised upon the mast to hear.

Till his soul was full of longing,  
And he cried, with impulse strong,—  
'Helmsman! for the love of heaven,  
Teach me, too, that wondrous song!'

'Wouldst thou,'—so the helmsman answered,—  
'Learn the secret of the sea?  
Only those who brave its dangers  
Comprehend its mystery!'

696

*Chaucer*

**A**N old man in a lodge within a park;  
The chamber walls depicted all around  
With portraitures of huntsman, hawk, and hound,  
And the hurt deer. He listeneth to the lark,  
Whose song comes with the sunshine through the dark  
Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound;  
He listeneth and he laugheth at the sound,  
Then writeth in a book like any clerk.  
He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote  
The Canterbury Tales, and his old age  
Made beautiful with song; and as I read  
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note  
Of lark and linnet, and from every page  
Rise odours of plough'd field or flowery mead.

**O**FT have I seen at some cathedral door  
 A labourer, pausing in the dust and heat,  
 Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet  
 Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor  
 Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;  
 Far off the noises of the world retreat;  
 The loud vociferations of the street  
 Become an undistinguishable roar.  
 So, as I enter here from day to day,  
 And leave my burden at this minster gate,  
 Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,  
 The tumult of the time disconsolate  
 To inarticulate murmurs dies away,  
 While the eternal ages watch and wait.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

1807-1892

**M**Y lady walks her morning round,  
 My lady's page her fleet greyhound,  
 My lady's hair the fond winds stir,  
 And all the birds make songs for her.

Her thrushes sing in Rathburn bowers,  
 And Rathburn side is gay with flowers;  
 But ne'er like hers, in flower or bird,  
 Was beauty seen or music heard.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Oh, proud and calm!—she cannot know  
Where'er she goes with her I go;  
Oh, cold and fair!—she cannot guess  
I kneel to share her hound's caress!

The hound and I are on her trail,  
The wind and I uplift her veil;  
As if the calm, cold moon she were,  
And I the tide, I follow her.

As unrebuked as they, I share  
The licence of the sun and air,  
And in a common homage hide  
My worship from her scorn and pride.

No lance have I, in joust or fight,  
To splinter in my lady's sight;  
But, at her feet, how blest were I  
For any need of hers to die!

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON

1808-1876

699

*I do not love Thee*

**I** DO not love thee!—no! I do not love thee!  
And yet when thou art absent I am sad;  
And envy even the bright blue sky above thee,  
Whose quiet stars may see thee and be glad.

I do not love thee!—yet, I know not why,  
Whate'er thou dost seems still well done, to me:  
And often in my solitude I sigh  
That those I do love are not more like thee!

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON

I do not love thee!—yet, when thou art gone,  
I hate the sound (though those who speak be dear)  
Which breaks the lingering echo of the tone  
Thy voice of music leaves upon my ear.

I do not love thee!—yet thy speaking eyes,  
With their deep, bright, and most expressive blue,  
Between me and the midnight heaven arise,  
Oftener than any eyes I ever knew.

I know I do not love thee! yet, alas!  
Others will scarcely trust my candid heart;  
And oft I catch them smiling as they pass,  
Because they see me gazing where thou art.

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER

1808-1879

700

*Letty's Globe*

WHEN Letty had scarce pass'd her third glad year,  
And her young artless words began to flow,  
One day we gave the child a colour'd sphere  
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know,  
By tint and outline, all its sea and land.  
She patted all the world; old empires peep'd  
Between her baby fingers; her soft hand  
Was welcome at all frontiers. How she leap'd,  
And laugh'd and prattled in her world-wide bliss;  
But when we turn'd her sweet unlearn'd eye  
On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry—  
'Oh! yes, I see it, Letty's home is there!  
And while she hid all England with a kiss,  
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

*To Helen*

HELEN, thy beauty is to me  
Like those Nicèan barks of yore  
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,  
The weary way-worn wanderer bore  
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,  
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,  
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home  
To the glory that was Greece,  
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, in yon brilliant window-niche  
How statue-like I see thee stand,  
The agate lamp within thy hand,  
Ah! Psyche, from the regions which  
Are holy land!

*For Annie*

THANK Heaven! the crisis—  
The danger is past,  
And the lingering illness  
Is over at last—  
And the fever called 'Living'  
Is conquer'd at last.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Sadly, I know

I am shorn of my strength,  
And no muscle I move

As I lie at full length:  
But no matter—I feel  
I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly

Now, in my bed,  
That any beholder  
Might fancy me dead—  
Might start at beholding me,  
Thinking me dead.

The moaning and groaning,

The sighing and sobbing,  
Are quieted now,

With that horrible throbbing  
At heart—ah, that horrible,  
Horrible throbbing!

The sickness—the nausea—

The pitiless pain—  
Have ceased, with the fever  
That madden'd my brain—  
With the fever called 'Living'  
That burn'd in my brain.

And O! of all tortures

That torture the worst  
Has abated—the terrible  
Torture of thirst

EDGAR ALLAN POE

For the naphthaline river  
Of Passion accurst—  
I have drunk of a water  
That quenches all thirst.

—Of a water that flows,  
With a lullaby sound,  
From a spring but a very few  
Feet under ground—  
From a cavern not very far  
Down under ground.

And ah! let it never  
Be foolishly said  
That my room it is gloomy,  
And narrow my bed;  
For man never slept  
In a different bed—  
And, to *sleep*, you must slumber  
In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit  
Here blandly reposes,  
Forgetting, or never  
Regretting its roses—  
Its old agitations  
Of myrtles and roses:

For now, while so quietly  
Lying, it fancies  
A holier odour  
About it, of pansies—

EDGAR ALLAN POE

A rosemary odour,  
    Commingled with pansies—  
With rue and the beautiful  
    Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,  
    Bathing in many  
A dream of the truth  
    And the beauty of Annie—  
Drown'd in a bath  
    Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kiss'd me,  
    She fondly caress'd,  
And then I fell gently  
    To sleep on her breast—  
Deeply to sleep  
    From the heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguish'd,  
    She cover'd me warm,  
And she pray'd to the angels  
    To keep me from harm—  
To the queen of the angels  
    To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly,  
    Now, in my bed  
(Knowing her love),  
    That you fancy me dead—  
And I rest so contentedly,  
    Now, in my bed

EDGAR ALLAN POE

(With her love at my breast),  
That you fancy me dead—  
That you shudder to look at me,  
Thinking me dead.

But my heart it is brighter  
Than all of the many  
Stars in the sky,  
For it sparkles with Annie—  
It glows with the light  
Of the love of my Annie—  
With the thought of the light  
Of the eyes of my Annie.

703

*To One in Paradise*

THOU wast all that to me, love,  
For which my soul did pine—  
A green isle in the sea, love,  
A fountain and a shrine,  
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,  
And all the flowers were mine.

Now all my days are trances,  
And all my nightly dreams  
Are where thy grey eye glances,  
And where thy footstep gleams—  
In what ethereal dances,  
By what eternal streams!

*Old Song*

THIS a dull sight  
To see the year dying,  
When winter winds  
Set the yellow wood sighing:  
Sighing, O sighing!

When such a time cometh  
I do retire  
Into an old room  
Beside a bright fire:  
O, pile a bright fire!

And there I sit  
Reading old things,  
Of knights and lorn damsels,  
While the wind sings—  
O, drearily sings!

I never look out  
Nor attend to the blast;  
For all to be seen  
Is the leaves falling fast:  
Falling, falling!

But close at the hearth,  
Like a cricket, sit I,  
Reading of summer  
And chivalry—  
Gallant chivalry!

## EDWARD FITZGERALD

Then with an old friend  
I talk of our youth—  
How 'twas gladsome, but often  
Foolish, forsooth:  
But gladsome, gladsome!

Or, to get merry,  
We sing some old rhyme  
That made the wood ring again  
In summer time—  
Sweet summer time!

Then go we smoking,  
Silent and snug:  
Naught passes between us,  
Save a brown jug—  
Sometimes!

And sometimes a tear  
Will rise in each eye,  
Seeing the two old friends  
So merrily—  
So merrily!

And ere to bed  
Go we, go we,  
Down on the ashes  
We kneel on the knee,  
Praying together!

Thus, then, live I  
Till, 'mid all the gloom,  
By Heaven! the bold sun  
Is with me in the room  
Shining, shining!

EDWARD FITZGERALD

Then the clouds part,  
Swallows soaring between;  
The spring is alive,  
And the meadows are green!

I jump up like mad,  
Break the old pipe in twain,  
And away to the meadows,  
The meadows again!

705

*From Omar Khayyam*

I

A BOOK of Verses underneath the Bough,  
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou  
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—  
O, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Some for the Glories of This World; and some  
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;  
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,  
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

Look to the blowing Rose about us—'Lo,  
Laughing,' she says, 'into the world I blow,  
At once the silken tassel of my Purse  
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw.'

And those who husbanded the Golden grain  
And those who flung it to the winds like Rain  
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd  
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

## EDWARD FITZGERALD

### II

Think, in this batter'd Caravanseraï  
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,  
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp  
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep  
The Courts were Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:  
And Bahrá'm, that great Hunter—the wild Ass  
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red  
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;  
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears  
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green  
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—  
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows  
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

Ah, my Belovèd, fill the Cup that clears  
To-day of past Regrets and Future Fears:  
*To-morrow!*—Why, To-morrow I may be  
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best  
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,  
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,  
And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we, that now make merry in the Room  
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,  
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth  
Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

## EDWARD FITZGERALD

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,  
Before we too into the Dust descend;  
Dust unto Dust, and under Dust to lie,  
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

### III

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,  
And wash my Body whence the Life has died,  
And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,  
By some not unfrequented Garden-side. . . .  
Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—  
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;  
How oft hereafter rising look for us  
Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!  
And when like her, O Sáki, you shall pass  
Among the Guests star-scatter'd on the Grass,  
And in your joyous errand reach the spot  
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!

## RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, LORD HOUGHTON

1809-1885

706

### *The Men of Old*

I KNOW not that the men of old  
Were better than men now,  
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,  
Of more ingenuous brow:  
I heed not those who pine for force  
A ghost of Time to raise,  
As if they thus could check the course  
Of these appointed days.

## LORD HOUGHTON

Still it is true, and over true,  
That I delight to close  
This book of life self-wise and new,  
And let my thoughts repose  
On all that humble happiness  
The world has since forgone,  
The daylight of contentedness  
That on those faces shone.

With rights, tho' not too closely scann'd,  
Enjoy'd as far as known;  
With will by no reverse unmann'd,  
With pulse of even tone,  
They from to-day and from to-night  
Expected nothing more  
Than yesterday and yesternight  
Had proffer'd them before.

To them was Life a simple art  
Of duties to be done,  
A game where each man took his part,  
A race where all must run;  
A battle whose great scheme and scope  
They little cared to know,  
Content as men-at-arms to cope  
Each with his fronting foe.

Man now his Virtue's diadem  
Puts on and proudly wears:  
Great thoughts, great feelings came to them  
Like instincts, unawares.

## LORD HOUGHTON

Blending their souls' sublimest needs  
With tasks of every day,  
They went about their gravest deeds  
As noble boys at play.

## ALFRED TENNYSON, LORD TENNYSON

1809-1892

707

### *Mariana*

WITH blackest moss the flower-plots  
Were thickly crusted, one and all:  
The rusted nails fell from the knots  
That held the pear to the gable-wall.  
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange;  
Unlifted was the clinking latch;  
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch  
Upon the lonely moated grange.  
She only said, 'My life is dreary,  
He cometh not,' she said;  
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead!'  
Her tears fell with the dews at even;  
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;  
She could not look on the sweet heaven,  
Either at morn or eventide.  
After the flitting of the bats,  
When thickest dark did trance the sky,  
She drew her casement-curtain by,  
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.  
She only said, 'The night is dreary,  
He cometh not,' she said;  
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead!'

## LORD TENNYSON

Upon the middle of the night,  
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow:  
The cock sung out an hour ere light:  
From the dark fen the oxen's low  
Came to her: without hope of change,  
In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,  
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn  
About the lonely moated grange.  
She only said, 'The day is dreary,  
He cometh not,' she said;  
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead !'

About a stone-cast from the wall  
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,  
And o'er it many, round and small,  
The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.  
Hard by a poplar shook alway,  
All silver-green with gnarlèd bark:  
For leagues no other tree did mark  
The level waste, the rounding gray.  
She only said, 'My life is dreary,  
He cometh not,' she said;  
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary  
I would that I were dead !'

And ever when the moon was low,  
And the shrill winds were up and away,  
In the white curtain, to and fro,  
She saw the gusty shadow sway.  
But when the moon was very low,  
And wild winds bound within their cell,  
The shadow of the poplar fell

## LORD TENNYSON

Upon her bed, across her brow.  
She only said, 'The night is dreary,  
He cometh not,' she said;  
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead!'

All day within the dreamy house,  
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;  
The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse  
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,  
Or from the crevice peer'd about.  
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,  
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,  
Old voices call'd her from without.  
She only said, 'My life is dreary,  
He cometh not,' she said;  
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,'  
I would that I were dead!'

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,  
The slow clock ticking, and the sound  
Which to the wooing wind aloof  
The poplar made, did all confound  
Her sense; but most she loathed the hour  
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay  
Athwart the chambers, and the day  
Was sloping toward his western bower.  
Then, said she, 'I am very dreary  
He will not come,' she said;  
She wept, 'I am aweary, aweary,  
O God, that I were dead!'

*The Lady of Shalott*

## PART I

ON either side the river lie  
 Long fields of barley and of rye,  
 That clothe the wold and meet the sky;  
 And thro' the field the road runs by  
     To many-tower'd Camelot;  
 And up and down the people go,  
 Gazing where the lilies blow  
 Round an island there below,  
     The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,  
 Little breezes dusk and shiver  
 Thro' the wave that runs for ever  
 By the island in the river  
     Flowing down to Camelot.  
 Four gray walls, and four gray towers,  
 Overlook a space of flowers,  
 And the silent isle imbowers  
     The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,  
 Slide the heavy barges trail'd  
 By slow horses; and unhail'd  
 The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd  
     Skimming down to Camelot:  
 But who hath seen her wave her hand?  
 Or at the casement seen her stand?  
 Or is she known in all the land,  
     The Lady of Shalott?

## LORD TENNYSON

Only reapers, reaping early  
In among the bearded barley,  
Hear a song that echoes cheerly  
From the river winding clearly,  
                    Down to tower'd Camelot:  
And by the moon the reaper weary,  
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,  
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy  
                    Lady of Shalott.'

### PART II

There she weaves by night and day  
A magic web with colours gay.  
She has heard a whisper say,  
A curse is on her if she stay  
                    To look down to Camelot.  
She knows not what the curse may be,  
And so she weaveth steadily,  
And little other care hath she,  
                    The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear  
That hangs before her all the year,  
Shadows of the world appear.  
There she sees the highway near  
                    Winding down to Camelot:  
There the river eddy whirls,  
And there the surly village-churls,  
And the red cloaks of market girls,  
                    Pass onward from Shalott.

## LORD TENNYSON

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,  
An abbot on an ambling pad,  
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,  
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,  
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;  
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue  
The knights come riding two and two:  
She hath no loyal knight and true,  
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights  
To weave the mirror's magic sights,  
For often thro' the silent nights  
A funeral, with plumes and lights,  
And music, went to Camelot:  
Or when the moon was overhead,  
Came two young lovers lately wed;  
'I am half sick of shadows,' said  
The Lady of Shalott.

### PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,  
He rode between the barley-sheaves,  
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,  
And flamed upon the brazen greaves  
Of bold Sir Lancelot.  
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd  
To a lady in his shield,  
That sparkled on the yellow field,  
Beside remote Shalott.

## LORD TENNYSON

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,  
Like to some branch of stars we see  
Hung in the golden Galaxy.  
The bridle bells rang merrily  
As he rode down to Camelot:  
And from his blazon'd baldric slung  
A mighty silver bugle hung,  
And as he rode his armour rung,  
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather  
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,  
The helmet and the helmet-feather  
Burn'd like one burning flame together,  
As he rode down to Camelot.  
As often thro' the purple night,  
Below the starry clusters bright,  
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,  
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;  
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;  
From underneath his helmet flow'd  
His coal-black curls as on he rode,  
As he rode down to Camelot.  
From the bank and from the river  
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,  
'Tirra lirra,' by the river  
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,  
She made three paces thro' the room,

## LORD TENNYSON

She saw the water-lily bloom,  
She saw the helmet and the plume,  
    She look'd down to Camelot.  
Out flew the web and floated wide;  
The mirror crack'd from side to side;  
'The curse is come upon me!' cried  
    The Lady of Shalott.

### PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,  
The pale yellow woods were waning,  
The broad stream in his banks complaining,  
Heavily the low sky raining  
    Over tower'd Camelot;  
Down she came and found a boat  
Beneath a willow left afloat,  
And round about the prow she wrote  
    *The Lady of Shalott.*

And down the river's dim expanse—  
Like some bold seer in a trance,  
Seeing all his own mischance—  
With a glassy countenance  
    Did she look to Camelot.  
And at the closing of the day  
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;  
The broad stream bore her far away,  
    The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white  
That loosely flew to left and right—  
The leaves upon her falling light—  
Thro' the noises of the night  
    She floated down to Camelot:

## LORD TENNYSON

And as the boat-head wound along  
The willowy hills and fields among,  
They heard her singing her last song,  
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,  
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,  
Till her blood was frozen slowly,  
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,  
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot;  
For ere she reach'd upon the tide  
The first house by the water-side,  
Singing in her song she died,  
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,  
By garden-wall and gallery,  
A gleaming shape she floated by,  
Dead-pale between the houses high,  
Silent into Camelot.  
Out upon the wharfs they came,  
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,  
And round the prow they read her name,  
*The Lady of Shalott.*

Who is this? and what is here?  
And in the lighted palace near  
Died the sound of royal cheer;  
And they cross'd themselves for fear,  
All the knights at Camelot:  
But Lancelot mused a little space;  
He said, 'She has a lovely face;  
God in His mercy lend her grace,  
The Lady of Shalott.'

*The Miller's Daughter*

**I**T is the miller's daughter,  
 And she is grown so dear, so dear,  
 That I would be the jewel  
 That trembles in her ear:  
 For hid in ringlets day and night,  
 I'd touch her neck so warm and white.  
 And I would be the girdle  
 About her dainty dainty waist,  
 And her heart would beat against me,  
 In sorrow and in rest:  
 And I should know if it beat right,  
 I'd clasp it round so close and tight.  
 And I would be the necklace,  
 And all day long to fall and rise  
 Upon her balmy bosom,  
 With her laughter or her sighs:  
 And I would lie so light, so light,  
 I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.

*Song of the Lotos-Eaters*

**T**HERE is sweet music here that softer falls  
 Than petals from blown roses on the grass,  
 Or night-dews on still waters between walls  
 Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;  
 Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,  
 Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;  
 Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.  
 Here are cool mosses deep,  
 And thro' the moss the ivies creep,

## LORD TENNYSON

And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,  
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,  
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,  
While all things else have rest from weariness?  
All things have rest: why should we toil alone,  
We only toil, who are the first of things,  
And make perpetual moan,  
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:  
Nor ever fold our wings,  
And cease from wanderings,  
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;  
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,  
'There is no joy but calm!'—

Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

Lo! in the middle of the wood,  
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud  
With winds upon the branch, and there  
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,  
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon  
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow  
Falls, and floats adown the air.

Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,  
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,  
Drops in a silent autumn night.

All its allotted length of days,  
The flower ripens in its place,  
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,  
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,  
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.

## LORD TENNYSON

Death is the end of life; ah, why  
Should life all labour be?  
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,  
And in a little while our lips are dumb.  
Let us alone. What is it that will last?  
All things are taken from us, and become  
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.  
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have  
To war with evil? Is there any peace  
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?  
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave  
In silence; ripen, fall and cease:  
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,  
With half-shut eyes ever to seem  
Falling asleep in a half-dream!  
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,  
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;  
To hear each other's whisper'd speech;  
Eating the Lotus day by day,  
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,  
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;  
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly  
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;  
To muse and brood and live again in memory,  
With those old faces of our infancy  
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,  
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,  
And dear the last embraces of our wives  
And their warm tears: but all hath suffer'd change;

## LORD TENNYSON

For surely now our household hearths are cold:  
Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:  
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.  
Or else the island princes over-bold  
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings  
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,  
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.  
Is there confusion in the little isle?  
Let what is broken so remain.  
The Gods are hard to reconcile:  
'Tis hard to settle order once again.  
There *is* confusion worse than death,  
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,  
Long labour unto agèd breath,  
Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars  
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.  
But propt on beds of amaranth and moly,  
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)  
With half-dropt eyelids still,  
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,  
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly  
His waters from the purple hill—  
To hear the dewy echoes calling  
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twinèd vine—  
To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling  
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!  
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,  
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.  
The Lotos blooms below the barren peak:  
The Lotos blows by every winding creek:  
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone:

## LORD TENNYSON

Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone  
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust is  
blown.

We have had enough of action, and of motion we,  
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was  
seething free,

Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in  
the sea.

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,  
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined  
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.  
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd  
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd  
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world:  
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,  
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and  
fiery sands,

Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and  
praying hands.

But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song  
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,  
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong;  
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,  
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,  
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil;  
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd—down  
in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,  
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.  
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore  
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar;  
O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

*St. Agnes' Eve*

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows  
Are sparkling to the moon:  
My breath to heaven like vapour goes:  
May my soul follow soon!  
The shadows of the convent-towers  
Slant down the snowy sward,  
Still creeping with the creeping hours  
That lead me to my Lord:  
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear  
As are the frosty skies,  
Or this first snowdrop of the year  
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,  
To yonder shining ground;  
As this pale taper's earthly spark,  
To yonder argent round;  
So shows my soul before the Lamb,  
My spirit before Thee;  
So in mine earthly house I am,  
To that I hope to be.  
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,  
Thro' all yon starlight keen,  
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,  
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;  
The flashes come and go;  
All heaven bursts her starry floors,  
And strows her lights below,

## LORD TENNYSON

And deepens on and up! the gates  
Roll back, and far within  
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,  
To make me pure of sin.  
The sabbaths of Eternity,  
One sabbath deep and wide—  
A light upon the shining sea—  
The Bridegroom with his bride!

712

### *Blow, Bugle, blow*

**T**HE splendour falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story:  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!  
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill or field or river:  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow for ever and for ever.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

LORD TENNYSON

713

*Summer Night*

NOW sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;  
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;  
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:  
The firefly wakens: waken thou with me.

Now droops the milk-white peacock like a ghost,  
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,  
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves  
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,  
And slips into the bosom of the lake:  
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip  
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

714

*Come down, O Maid*

COME down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:  
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang),  
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?  
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease  
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,  
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;  
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,  
For Love is of the valley, come thou down  
And find him; by the happy threshold, he,  
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,  
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,

## LORD TENNYSON

Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk  
With Death and Morning on the silver horns,  
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,  
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,  
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls  
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors:  
But follow; let the torrent dance thee down  
To find him in the valley; let the wild  
Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave  
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill  
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,  
That like a broken purpose waste in air:  
So waste not thou; but come; for all the vales  
Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth  
Arise to thee; the children call, and I  
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,  
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;  
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,  
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,  
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

715

### *Maud*

COME into the garden, Maud,  
For the black bat, Night, has flown,  
Come into the garden, Maud,  
I am here at the gate alone;  
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,  
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,  
And the planet of Love is on high,

## LORD TENNYSON

Beginning to faint in the light that she loves  
On a bed of daffodil sky,  
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,  
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard  
The flute, violin, bassoon;  
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd  
To the dancers dancing in tune;  
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,  
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, 'There is but one  
With whom she has heart to be gay,  
When will the dancers leave her alone?  
She is weary of dance and play.'  
Now half to the setting moon are gone,  
And half to the rising day;  
Low on the sand and loud on the stone  
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, 'The brief night goes  
In babble and revel and wine.  
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those  
For one that will never be thine?  
But mine, but mine,' so I sware to the rose,  
'For ever and ever, mine.'

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,  
As the music clash'd in the hall;  
And long by the garden lake I stood,  
For I heard your rivulet fall  
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,  
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

## LORD TENNYSON

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet  
That whenever a March-wind sighs  
He sets the jewel-print of your feet  
In violets blue as your eyes,  
To the woody hollows in which we meet  
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake  
One long milk-bloom on the tree;  
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,  
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;  
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,  
Knowing your promise to me;  
The lilies and roses were all awake,  
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,  
Come hither, the dances are done,  
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,  
Queen lily and rose in one;  
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls.  
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear  
From the passion-flower at the gate,  
She is coming, my dove, my dear;  
She is coming, my life, my fate;  
The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near;  
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late;'  
The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear;'  
And the lily whispers, 'I wait'.

LORD TENNYSON

She is coming, my own, my sweet;  
Were it ever so airy a tread,  
My heart would hear her and beat,  
Were it earth in an earthy bed;  
My dust would hear her and beat,  
Had I lain for a century dead;  
Would start and tremble under her feet,  
And blossom in purple and red.

716

*From 'In Memoriam'*

(ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM, MDCCCXXXIII)

LOVE is and was my Lord and King,  
And in his presence I attend  
To hear the tidings of my friend,  
Which every hour his couriers bring.  
Love is and was my King and Lord,  
And will be, tho' as yet I keep  
Within his court on earth, and sleep  
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,  
And hear at times a sentinel  
Who moves about from place to place,  
And whispers to the world of space,  
In the deep night, that all is well.

717

*In the Garden at Swainston*

NIGHTINGALES warbled without,  
Within was weeping for thee:  
Shadows of three dead men  
Walk'd in the walks with me:  
Shadows of three dead men, and thou wast one of the three.

## LORD TENNYSON

Nightingales sang in the woods:

The Master was far away:

Nightingales warbled and sang

Of a passion that lasts but a day;

Still in the house in his coffin the Prince of courtesy lay.

Two dead men have I known

In courtesy like to thee:

Two dead men have I loved

With a love that ever will be:

Three dead men have I loved, and thou art last of the three.

718

### *Crossing the Bar*

SUNSET and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!

And may there be no moaning of the bar,

When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,

Too full for sound and foam,

When that which drew from out the boundless deep

Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,

And after that the dark!

And may there be no sadness of farewell,

When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place

The flood may bear me far,

I hope to see my Pilot face to face

When I have crost the bar.

LORD TENNYSON

719

*O that 'twere possible*

**O** THAT 'twere possible  
After long grief and pain  
To find the arms of my true love  
Round me once again! . . .  
A shadow flits before me,  
Not thou, but like to thee:  
Ah, Christ! that it were possible  
For one short hour to see  
The souls we loved, that they might tell us  
What and where they be!

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

1810-1886

720

*Cashel of Munster*

FROM THE IRISH

**I**'D wed you without herds, without money or rich array,  
And I'd wed you on a dewy morn at day-dawn gray;  
My bitter woe it is, love, that we are not far away  
In Cashel town, tho' the bare deal board were our marriage-  
bed this day!

O fair maid, remember the green hill-side,  
Remember how I hunted about the valleys wide;  
Time now has worn me; my locks are turn'd to gray;  
The year is scarce and I am poor—but send me not, love,  
away!

O deem not my blood is of base strain, my girl;  
O think not my birth was as the birth of a churl;  
Marry me and prove me, and say soon you will  
That noble blood is written on my right side still.

## SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

My purse holds no red gold, no coin of the silver white;  
No herds are mine to drive through the long twilight;  
But the pretty girl that would take me, all bare tho' I be and lone,  
O, I'd take her with me kindly to the county Tyrone!

O my girl, I can see 'tis in trouble you are;  
And O my girl, I see 'tis your people's reproach you bear!  
—*I am a girl in trouble for his sake with whom I fly,*  
*And, O, may no other maiden know such reproach as I!*

### 721                      *The Fair Hills of Ireland*

FROM THE IRISH

**A** PLENTEOUS place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,  
*Uileacan dubh O!*

Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley  
ear;

*Uileacan dubh O!*

There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,  
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters fann'd,  
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the yellow  
sand,

On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Curl'd he is and ringleted, and plaited to the knee—

*Uileacan dubh O!*

Each captain who comes sailing across the Irish Sea;

*Uileacan dubh O!*

And I will make my journey, if life and health but stand,  
Unto that pleasant country, that fresh and fragrant strand,  
And leave your boasted braveries, your wealth and high  
command,

For the fair hills of holy Ireland.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

Large and profitable are the stacks upon the ground,

*Uileacan dubh O!*

The butter and the cream do wondrously abound;

*Uileacan dubh O!*

The cresses on the water and the sorrels are at hand,

And the cuckoo's calling daily his note of music bland,

And the bold thrush sings so bravely his song i' the forests  
grand,

On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE

1810-1888

722

*The Private of the Buffs*

LAST night, among his fellow roughs,

He jested, quaff'd, and swore;

A drunken private of the Buffs,

Who never look'd before.

To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,

He stands in Elgin's place,

Ambassador from Britain's crown

And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,

Bewilder'd, and alone,

A heart with English instinct fraught

He yet can call his own.

Aye, tear his body limb from limb,

Bring cord, or axe, or flame:

He only knows, that not through him

Shall England come to shame.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seem'd,  
Like dreams, to come and go;  
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd,  
One sheet of living snow;  
The smoke above his father's door  
In grey soft eddyings hung:  
Must he then watch it rise no more,  
Doom'd by himself, so young?  
Yes, honour calls!—with strength like steel  
He put the vision by.  
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;  
An English lad must die.  
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,  
With knee to man unbent,  
Unflinching on its dreadful brink,  
To his red grave he went.  
Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed;  
Vain, those all-shattering guns;  
Unless proud England keep, untamed,  
The strong heart of her sons.  
So, let his name through Europe ring—  
A man of mean estate,  
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,  
Because his soul was great.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

1811-1863

723

*The Ballad of Bouillabaisse*

A STREET there is in Paris famous,  
For which no rhyme our language yields,  
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—  
The New Street of the Little Fields;

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,  
But still in comfortable case;  
The which in youth I oft attended,  
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—  
A sort of soup or broth, or brew,  
Or hotchpotch, of all sorts of fishes,  
That Greenwich never could outdo;  
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffern,  
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace;  
All these you eat at Terré's tavern,  
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savoury stew 'tis;  
And true philosophers, methinks,  
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,  
Should love good victuals and good drinks.  
And Cordelier or Benedictine  
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,  
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting  
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?  
Yes, here the lamp is, as before;  
The smiling red-check'd écaillère is  
Still opening oysters at the door.  
Is Terré still alive and able?  
I recollect his droll grimace;  
He'd come and smile before your table,  
And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse.

## WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

We enter—nothing's changed or older.

'How's Monsieur Terré, waiter, pray?'

The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder—

'Monsieur is dead this many a day.'

'It is the lot of saint and sinner,

So honest Terré's run his race!'

'What will Monsieur require for dinner?'

'Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?'

'Oh, oui, Monsieur,' 's the waiter's answer;

'Quel vin Monsieur désire-t-il?'

'Tell me a good one.'—'That I can, Sir:

The Chambertin with yellow seal.'

'So Terré's gone,' I say, and sink in

My old accustom'd corner-place;

'He's done with feasting and with drinking,

With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse.'

My old accustom'd corner here is,

The table still is in the nook;

Ah! vanish'd many a busy year is,

This well-known chair since last I took.

When first I saw ye, *cari luoghi*,

I'd scarce a beard upon my face,

And now a grizzled, grim old foggy,

I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty,

Of early days, here met to dine?

Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—

I'll pledge them in the good old wine.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

The kind old voices and old faces  
My memory can quick retrace;  
Around the board they take their places,  
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;  
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;  
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;  
There's poor old Fred in the Gazette;  
On James's head the grass is growing:  
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace  
Since here we set the Claret flowing,  
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!  
I mind me of a time that's gone,  
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,  
In this same place—but not alone.  
A fair young form was nestled near me,  
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,  
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me  
—There's no one now to share my cup.

. . . . .

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.  
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes:  
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it  
In memory of dear old times.  
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;  
And sit you down and say your grace  
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.  
—Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!

*Persicos Odi*

DEAR Lucy, you know what my wish is,—  
 I hate all your Frenchified fuss:  
 Your silly *entrées* and made dishes  
 Were never intended for us.  
 No footman in lace and in ruffles  
 Need dangle behind my arm-chair;  
 And never mind seeking for truffles,  
 Although they be ever so rare.

But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,  
 I pr'ythee get ready at three:  
 Have it smoking, and tender, and juicy,  
 And what better meat can there be?  
 And when it has feasted the master,  
 'Twill amply suffice for the maid;  
 Meanwhile I will smoke my canaster,  
 And tipple my ale in the shade.

## ROBERT BROWNING

1812-1889

*Song from 'Paracelsus'*

HEAP cassia, sandal-buds and stripes  
 Of labdanum, and aloe-balls,  
 Smear'd with dull nard an Indian wipes  
 From out her hair: such balsam falls  
 Down sea-side mountain pedestals,  
 From tree-tops where tired winds are fain,  
 Spent with the vast and howling main,  
 To treasure half their island-gain.

## ROBERT BROWNING

And strew faint sweetness from some old  
Egyptian's fine worm-eaten shroud  
Which breaks to dust when once unroll'd;  
Or shredded perfume, like a cloud  
From closet long to quiet vow'd,  
With moth'd and dropping arras hung,  
Mouldering her lute and books among,  
As when a queen, long dead, was young.

726

### *The Wanderers*

OVER the sea our galleys went,  
With cleaving prows in order brave  
To a speeding wind and a bounding wave—  
A gallant armament:  
Each bark built out of a forest-tree  
Left leafy and rough as first it grew,  
And nail'd all over the gaping sides,  
Within and without, with black bull-hides,  
Seethed in fat and suppled in flame,  
To bear the playful billows' game;  
So, each good ship was rude to see,  
Rude and bare to the outward view.

But each upbore a stately tent  
Where cedar pales in scented row  
Kept out the flakes of the dancing brine,  
And an awning droop'd the mast below,  
In fold on fold of the purple fine,  
That neither noontide nor star-shine  
Nor moonlight cold which maketh mad,  
Might pierce the regal tenement.  
When the sun dawn'd, O, gay and glad

## ROBERT BROWNING

We set the sail and plied the oar;  
But when the night-wind blew like breath,  
For joy of one day's voyage more,  
We sang together on the wide sea,  
Like men at peace on a peaceful shore;  
Each sail was loosed to the wind so free,  
Each helm made sure by the twilight star,  
And in a sleep as calm as death,  
We, the voyagers from afar,

Lay stretch'd along, each weary crew  
In a circle round its wondrous tent  
Whence gleam'd soft light and curl'd rich scent,  
And with light and perfume, music too:  
So the stars wheel'd round, and the darkness past,  
And at morn we started beside the mast,  
And still each ship was sailing fast!

Now, one morn, land appear'd—a speck  
Dim trembling betwixt sea and sky—  
'Avoid it,' cried our pilot, 'check

The shout, restrain the eager eye!  
But the heaving sea was black behind  
For many a night and many a day,  
And land, though but a rock, drew nigh  
So we broke the cedar pales away,  
Let the purple awning flap in the wind.

And a statue bright was on every deck!  
We shouted, every man of us,  
And steer'd right into the harbour thus,  
With pomp and pæan glorious.

A hundred shapes of lucid stone!

All day we built its shrine for each,

ROBERT BROWNING

A shrine of rock for every one,  
Nor paused till in the westering sun  
    We sat together on the beach  
To sing because our task was done;  
When lo! what shouts and merry songs!  
What laughter all the distance stirs!  
A loaded raft with happy throngs  
Of gentle islanders!  
'Our isles are just at hand,' they cried,  
    'Like cloudlets faint in even sleeping;  
Our temple-gates are open'd wide,  
    Our olive-groves thick shade are keeping  
For these majestic forms'—they cried.  
O, then we awoke with sudden start  
From our deep dream, and knew, too late,  
How bare the rock, how desolate,  
Which had received our precious freight:  
    Yet we call'd out—'Depart!  
Our gifts, once given, must here abide:  
    Our work is done; we have no heart  
To mar our work,'—we cried.

727.                   *Thus the Mayne glideth*

**T**HUS the Mayne glideth  
    Where my Love abideth;  
Sleep's no softer: it proceeds  
On through lawns, on through meads,  
On and on, whate'er befall,  
Meandering and musical,  
Though the niggard pasturage  
Bears not on its shaven ledge

## ROBERT BROWNING

Aught but weeds and waving grasses  
To view the river as it passes,  
Save here and there a scanty patch  
Of primroses too faint to catch  
A weary bee. . . . And scarce it pushes  
Its gentle way through strangling rushes  
Where the glossy kingfisher  
Flutters when noon-heats are near,  
Glad the shelving banks to shun,  
Red and steaming in the sun,  
Where the shrew-mouse with pale throat  
Burrows, and the speckled stoat;  
Where the quick sandpipers flit  
In and out the marl and grit  
That seems to breed them, brown as they:  
Naught disturbs its quiet way,  
Save some lazy stork that springs,  
Trailing it with legs and wings,  
Whom the shy fox from the hill  
Rouses, creep he ne'er so still.

728

### *Pippa's Song*

THE year's at the spring,  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in His heaven—  
All's right with the world!

*Porphyria's Lover*

**T**HE rain set early in to-night,  
 The sullen wind was soon awake,  
 It tore the elm-tops down for spite,  
 And did its worst to vex the lake:  
 I listen'd with heart fit to break.  
 When glided in Porphyria; straight  
 She shut the cold out and the storm,  
 And kneel'd and made the cheerless grate  
 Blaze up, and all the cottage warm;  
 Which done, she rose, and from her form  
 Withdrew the dripping cloak and shawl,  
 And laid her soil'd gloves by, untied  
 Her hat and let the damp hair fall,  
 And, last, she sat down by my side  
 And call'd me. When no voice replied,  
 She put my arm about her waist,  
 And made her smooth white shoulder bare,  
 And all her yellow hair displaced,  
 And, stooping, made my cheek lie there,  
 And spread, o'er all, her yellow hair,  
 Murmuring how she loved me—she  
 Too weak, for all her heart's endeavour,  
 To set its struggling passion free  
 From pride, and vainer ties dissever,  
 And give herself to me for ever.  
 But passion sometimes would prevail,  
 Nor could to-night's gay feast restrain  
 A sudden thought of one so pale  
 For love of her, and all in vain:  
 So, she was come through wind and rain.

## ROBERT BROWNING

Be sure I look'd up at her eyes  
Happy and proud; at last I knew  
Porphyria worshipp'd me; surprise  
Made my heart swell, and still it grew  
While I debated what to do.  
That moment she was mine, mine, fair,  
Perfectly pure and good: I found  
A thing to do, and all her hair  
In one long yellow string I wound  
Three times her little throat around,  
And strangled her. No pain felt she;  
I am quite sure she felt no pain.  
As a shut bud that holds a bee,  
I warily oped her lids: again  
Laugh'd the blue eyes without a stain.  
And I untighten'd next the tress  
About her neck; her cheek once more  
Blush'd bright beneath my burning kiss:  
I propp'd her head up as before,  
Only, this time my shoulder bore  
Her head, which droops upon it still:  
The smiling rosy little head,  
So glad it has its utmost will,  
That all it scorn'd at once is fled,  
And I, its love, am gain'd instead!  
Porphyria's love: she guess'd not how  
Her darling one wish would be heard.  
And thus we sit together now,  
And all night long we have not stirr'd,  
And yet God has not said a word!

*The Laboratory*

[ANCIEN RÉGIME]

## I

NOW that I, tying thy glass mask tightly,  
 May gaze thro' these faint smokes curling whitely,  
 As thou pliest thy trade in this devil's-smithy—  
 Which is the poison to poison her, prithee?

## II

He is with her; and they know that I know  
 Where they are, what they do: they believe my tears flow  
 While they laugh, laugh at me, at me fled to the drear  
 Empty church, to pray God in, for them!—I am here.

## III

Grind away, moisten and mash up thy paste,  
 Pound at thy powder,—I am not in haste!  
 Better sit thus, and observe thy strange things,  
 Than go where men wait me and dance at the King's.

## IV

That in the mortar—you call it a gum?  
 Ah, the brave tree whence such gold oozings come!  
 And yonder soft phial, the exquisite blue,  
 Sure to taste sweetly,—is that poison too?

## V

Had I but all of them, thee and thy treasures,  
 What a wild crowd of invisible pleasures!  
 To carry pure death in an carring, a casket,  
 A signet, a fan-mount, a filligree-basket!

## ROBERT BROWNING

### VI

Soon, at the King's, a mere lozenge to give  
And Pauline should have just thirty minutes to live!  
But to light a pastille, and Elise, with her head  
And her breast and her arms and her hands, should drop dead!

### VII

Quick—is it finished? The colour's too grim!  
Why not soft like the phial's, enticing and dim?  
Let it brighten her drink, let her turn it and stir,  
And try it and taste, ere she fix and prefer!

### VIII

What a drop! She's not little, no minion like me—  
That's why she ensnared him: this never will free  
The soul from those masculine eyes,—say, 'no!'  
To that pulse's magnificent come-and-go.

### IX

For only last night, as they whispered, I brought  
My own eyes to bear on her so, that I thought  
Could I keep them one half minute fixed, she would fall,  
Shrivelled; she fell not; yet this does it all!

### X

Not that I bid you spare her the pain!  
Let death be felt and the proof remain;  
Brand, burn up, bite into its grace—  
He is sure to remember her dying face!

### XI

Is it done? Take my mask off! Nay, be not morose  
It kills her, and this prevents seeing it close:  
The delicate droplet, my whole fortune's fee—  
If it hurts her, beside, can it ever hurt me?

## ROBERT BROWNING

### XI

Now, take all my jewels, gorge gold to your fill,  
You may kiss me, old man, on my mouth if you will!  
But brush this dust off me, lest horror it brings  
Ere I know it—next moment I dance at the King's!

731

### *Earl Mertoun's Song*

THERE's a woman like a dewdrop, she's so purer than  
the purest;  
And her noble heart's the noblest, yes, and her sure faith's  
the surest:  
And her eyes are dark and humid, like the depth on depth  
of lustre  
Hid i' the harebell, while her tresses, sunnier than the wild-  
grape cluster,  
Gush in golden-tinted plenty down her neck's rose-misted  
marble:  
Then her voice's music . . . call it the well's bubbling, the  
bird's warble!

And this woman says, 'My days were sunless and my nights  
were moonless,  
Parch'd the pleasant April herbage, and the lark's heart's out-  
break tuneless,  
If you loved me not!' And I who (ah, for words of flame!)  
adore her,  
Who am mad to lay my spirit prostrate palpably before her—  
I may enter at her portal soon, as now her lattice takes me,  
And by noontide as by midnight make her mine, as hers she  
makes me!

732

*In a Gondola*

THE moth's kiss, first!  
 Kiss me as if you made me believe  
 You were not sure, this eve,  
 How my face, your flower, had pursed  
 Its petals up; so, here and there  
 You brush it, till I grow aware  
 Who wants me, and wide ope I burst.

The bee's kiss, now!  
 Kiss me as if you enter'd gay  
 My heart at some noonday,  
 A bud that dares not disallow  
 The claim, so all is render'd up,  
 And passively its shatter'd cup  
 Over your head to sleep I bow.

733

*Meeting at Night*

THE gray sea and the long black land;  
 And the yellow half-moon large and low;  
 And the startled little waves that leap  
 In fiery ringlets from their sleep,  
 As I gain the cove with pushing prow,  
 And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;  
 Three fields to cross till a farm appears;  
 A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch  
 And blue spurt of a lighted match,  
 And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears,  
 Than the two hearts beating each to each!

734

*Parting at Morning*

ROUND the cape of a sudden came the sea,  
And the sun look'd over the mountain's rim:  
And straight was a path of gold for him,  
And the need of a world of men for me.

735

*The Lost Mistress*

ALL's over, then: does truth sound bitter  
As one at first believes?  
Hark, 'tis the sparrows' good-night twitter  
About your cottage eaves!

And the leaf-buds on the vine are woolly,  
I noticed that, to-day;  
One day more bursts them open fully  
—You know the red turns gray.

To-morrow we meet the same then, dearest?  
May I take your hand in mine?  
Mere friends are we,—well, friends the merest  
Keep much that I resign:

For each glance of the eye so bright and black.  
Though I keep with heart's endeavour,—  
Your voice, when you wish the snowdrops back,  
Though it stay in my soul for ever!—

Yet I will but say what mere friends say,  
Or only a thought stronger;  
I will hold your hand but as long as all may,  
Or so very little longer!

*The Last Ride Together*

I SAID—Then, dearest, since 'tis so,  
 Since now at length my fate I know,  
 Since nothing all my love avails,  
 Since all, my life seem'd meant for, fails,  
     Since this was written and needs must be—  
 My whole heart rises up to bless  
 Your name in pride and thankfulness!  
 Take back the hope you gave,—I claim  
 Only a memory of the same,  
 —And this beside, if you will not blame;  
     Your leave for one more last ride with me.

My mistress bent that brow of hers,  
 Those deep dark eyes where pride demurs  
 When pity would be softening through,  
 Fix'd me a breathing-while or two  
     With life or death in the balance: right!  
 The blood replenish'd me again;  
 My last thought was at least not vain:  
 I and my mistress, side by side  
 Shall be together, breathe and ride,  
 So, one day more am I deified.  
 Who knows but the world may end to-night?

Hush! if you saw some western cloud  
 All billowy-bosom'd, over-bow'd  
 By many benedictions—sun's  
 And moon's and evening-star's at once—  
     And so, you, looking and loving best,  
 Conscious grew, your passion drew  
 Cloud, sunset, moonrise, star-shine too,

## ROBERT BROWNING

Down on you, near and yet more near,  
Till flesh must fade for heaven was here!—  
Thus leant she and linger'd—joy and fear!

Thus lay she a moment on my breast.

Then we began to ride. My soul  
Smooth'd itself out, a long-cramp'd scroll  
Freshening and fluttering in the wind.  
Past hopes already lay behind.

What need to strive with a life awry?  
Had I said that, had I done this,  
So might I gain, so might I miss.  
Might she have loved me? just as well  
She might have hated, who can tell!  
Where had I been now if the worst befell?

And here we are riding, she and I.

Fail I alone, in words and deeds?  
Why, all men strive and who succeeds?  
We rode; it seem'd my spirit flew,  
Saw other regions, cities new,

As the world rush'd by on either side.  
I thought,—All labour, yet no less  
Bear up beneath their unsuccess.  
Look at the end of work, contrast  
The petty done, the undone vast,  
This present of theirs with the hopeful past!

I hoped she would love me; here we ride.

What hand and brain went ever pair'd?  
What heart alike conceived and dared?  
What act proved all its thought had been?  
What will but felt the fleshly screen?

We ride and I see her bosom heave.

## ROBERT BROWNING

There's many a crown for who can reach.  
Ten lines, a statesman's life in each !  
The flag stuck on a heap of bones,  
A soldier's doing ! what atones ?  
They scratch his name on the Abbey-stones.  
My riding is better, by their leave.

What does it all mean, poet ? Well,  
Your brains beat into rhythm, you tell  
What we felt only ; you express'd  
You hold things beautiful the best,  
And pace them in rhyme so, side by side.  
'Tis something, nay 'tis much : but then,  
Have you yourself what's best for men ?  
Are you—poor, sick, old ere your time—  
Nearer one whit your own sublime  
Than we who never have turn'd a rhyme ?  
Sing, riding's a joy ! For me, I ride.

And you, great sculptor—so, you gave  
A score of years to Art, her slave,  
And that's your Venus, whence we turn  
To yonder girl that fords the burn !

You acquiesce, and shall I repine ?  
What, man of music, you grown gray  
With notes and nothing else to say,  
Is this your sole praise from a friend ?—  
'Greatly his opera's strains intend,  
But in music we know how fashions end !'  
I gave my youth : but we ride, in fine.

Who knows what's fit for us ? Had fate  
Proposed bliss here should sublimate

## ROBERT BROWNING

My being—had I sign'd the bond—  
Still one must lead some life beyond,  
    Have a bliss to die with, dim-descried.  
This foot once planted on the goal,  
This glory-garland round my soul,  
Could I descry such? Try and test!  
I sink back shuddering from the quest.  
Earth being so good, would heaven seem best?  
    Now, heaven and she are beyond this ride.

And yet—she has not spoke so long!  
What if heaven be that, fair and strong  
At life's best, with our eyes upturn'd  
Whither life's flower is first discern'd,  
    We, fix'd so, ever should so abide?  
What if we still ride on, we two  
With life for ever old yet new,  
Changed not in kind but in degree,  
The instant made eternity,—  
And heaven just prove that I and she  
    Ride, ride together, for ever ride?

737

### *Love Among the Ruins*

I

WHERE the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles  
Miles and miles  
On the solitary pastures where our sheep  
Half-asleep  
Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight, stray or stop  
As they crop—

## ROBERT BROWNING

### II

Was the site once of a city great and gay,  
    (So they say)  
Of our country's very capital, its prince  
    Ages since  
Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far  
    Peace or war.

### III

Now—the country does not even boast a tree,  
    As you see,  
To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills  
    From the hills  
Intersect and give a name to, (else they run  
    Into one)

### IV

Where the domed and daring palace shot its spires  
    Up like fires  
O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall  
    Bounding all,  
Made of marble, men might march on nor be prest,  
    Twelve abreast.

### V

And such plenty and perfection, see, of grass  
    Never was!  
Such a carpet as, this summer-time, o'erspreads  
    And embeds  
Every vestige of the city, guessed alone,  
    Stock or stone—

### VI

Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe  
    Long ago;

## ROBERT BROWNING

Lust of glory pricked their hearts up, dread of shame  
Struck them tame;  
And that glory and that shame alike, the gold  
Bought and sold.

### VII

Now,—the single little turret that remains  
On the plains,  
By the caper overrooted, by the gourd  
Overscored,  
While the patching houseleek's head of blossom winks  
Through the chinks—

### VIII

Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient time  
Sprang sublime,  
And a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced  
As they raced,  
And the monarch and his minions and his dames  
Viewed the games.

### IX

And I know, while thus the quiet-coloured eve  
Smiles to leave  
To their folding, all our many-tinkling fleece  
In such peace,  
And the slopes and rills in undistinguished grey  
Melt away—

### X

That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair  
Waits me there  
In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul  
For the goal,  
When the king looked, where she looks now, breathless, dumb  
Till I come,

## ROBERT BROWNING

### XI

But he looked upon the city, every side,  
Far and wide,  
All the mountains topped with temples, all the glades,  
Colonnades,  
All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts,—and then.  
All the men!

### XII

When I do come, she will speak not, she will stand,  
Either hand  
On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace  
Of my face,  
Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and speech  
Each on each.

### XIII

In one year they sent a million fighters forth  
South and North,  
And they built their gods a brazen pillar high  
As the sky,  
Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full force—  
Gold, of course.

### XIV

Oh heart! oh, blood that freezes, blood that burns!  
Earth's returns  
For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin!  
Shut them in,  
With their triumphs and their glories and the rest.  
Love is best!

738

*Misconceptions*

THIS is a spray the Bird clung to,  
 Making it blossom with pleasure,  
 Ere the high tree-top she sprung to,  
 Fit for her nest and her treasure.  
 O, what a hope beyond measure  
 Was the poor spray's, which the flying feet hung to,—  
 So to be singled out, built in, and sung to!

This is a heart the Queen leant on,  
 Thrill'd in a minute erratic,  
 Ere the true bosom she bent on,  
 Meet for love's regal dalmatic.  
 O, what a fancy ecstatic  
 Was the poor heart's, ere the wanderer went on—  
 Love to be saved for it, proffer'd to, spent on!

739

*Home-thoughts, from Abroad*

TO be in England  
 Now that April's there,  
 And whoever wakes in England  
 Sees, some morning, unaware,  
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf  
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough  
 In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,  
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!  
 Hark, where my blossom'd pear-tree in the hedge  
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover  
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—  
 That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,

## ROBERT BROWNING

Lest you should think he never could recapture  
The first fine careless rapture!  
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,  
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew  
The buttercups, the little children's dower  
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

### 740      *Home-thoughts, from the Sea*

**N**OBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-west  
died away;  
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;  
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;  
In the dimmest North-east distance dawn'd Gibraltar grand  
and gray;  
'Here and here did England help me: how can I help Eng-  
land?'—say,  
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and  
pray,  
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

## WILLIAM BELL SCOTT

1812-1890

### 741      *The Witch's Ballad*

**O** I hae come from far away,  
From a warm land far away,  
A southern land across the sea,  
With sailor-lads about the mast,  
Merry and canny, and kind to me.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT

And I hae been to yon town  
To try my luck in yon town;  
Nort, and Mysie, Elspie too.  
Right braw we were to pass the gate,  
Wi' gowden clasps on girdles blue.

Mysie smiled wi' miminy mouth,  
Innocent mouth, miminy mouth;  
Elspie wore a scarlet gown,  
Nort's grey eyes were unco' gleg.  
My Castile comb was like a crown.

We walk'd abreast all up the street,  
Into the market up the street;  
Our hair with marigolds was wound,  
Our bodices with love-knots laced,  
Our merchandise with tansy bound.

Nort had chickens, I had cocks,  
Gamesome cocks, loud-crowing cocks;  
Mysie ducks, and Elspie drakes,—  
For a wee groat or a pound;  
We lost nae time wi' gives and takes.

—Lost nae time, for well we knew,  
In our sleeves full well we knew,  
When the gloaming came that night,  
Duck nor drake, nor hen nor cock  
Would be found by candle-light.

And when our chaffering all was done,  
All was paid for, sold and done,

miminy] prim, demure.

gleg] bright, sharp.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT

We drew a glove on ilka hand,  
We sweetly curtsied, each to each,  
And deftly danced a saraband.

The market-lassies look'd and laugh'd,  
Left their gear, and look'd and laugh'd;  
They made as they would join the game,  
But soon their mithers, wild and wud,  
With whack and screech they stopp'd the same.

Sae loud the tongues o' randies grew,  
The flytin' and the skirlin' grew,  
At all the windows in the place,  
Wi' spoons or knives, wi' needle or awl,  
Was thrust out every hand and face.

And down each stair they throng'd anon,  
Gentle, semple, throng'd anon:  
Souter and tailor, frowsy Nan,  
The ancient widow young again,  
Simpering behind her fan.

Without a choice, against their will,  
Doited, dazed, against their will,  
The market lassie and her mither,  
The farmer and his husbandman,  
Hand in hand dance a' thegither.

Slow at first, but faster soon,  
Still increasing, wild and fast,  
Hoods and mantles, hats and hose,  
Blindly doff'd and cast away,  
Left them naked, heads and toes.

wud] mad.  
skirlin'] shrieking.

randies] viragoes.  
souter] cobbler.

flytin'] scolding.  
doited] mazed.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT

They would have torn us limb from limb,  
Dainty limb from dainty limb;  
But never one of them could win  
Across the line that I had drawn  
With bleeding thumb a-widdershin.

But there was Jeff the provost's son,  
Jeff the provost's only son;  
There was Father Auld himsel',  
The Lombard frae the hostelry,  
And the lawyer Peter Fell.

All goodly men we singled out,  
Waled them well, and singled out,  
And drew them by the left hand in;  
Mysie the priest, and Elspie won  
The Lombard, Nort the lawyer carle,  
I mysel' the provost's son.

Then, with cantrip kisses seven,  
Three times round with kisses seven,  
Warp'd and woven there spun we  
Arms and legs and flaming hair,  
Like a whirlwind on the sea.

Like a wind that sucks the sea,  
Over and in and on the sea,  
Good sooth it was a mad delight;  
And every man of all the four  
Shut his eyes and laugh'd outright.

Laugh'd as long as they had breath,  
Laugh'd while they had sense or breath;

a-widdershin] the wrong way of the sun; or E. to W. through N.  
waled] chose. cantrip] magic.

## WILLIAM BELL SCOTT

And close about us coil'd a mist  
Of gnats and midges, wasps and flies,  
Like the whirlwind shaft it rist.

Drawn up I was right off my feet,  
    Into the mist and off my feet;  
And, dancing on each chimney-top,  
I saw a thousand darling imps  
Keeping time with skip and hop.

And on the provost's brave ridge-tile,  
    On the provost's grand ridge-tile,  
The Blackamoor first to master me  
I saw, I saw that winsome smile,  
The mouth that did my heart beguile,  
And spoke the great Word over me,  
In the land beyond the sea.

I call'd his name, I call'd aloud,  
    Alas! I call'd on him aloud;  
And then he fill'd his hand with stour,  
And threw it towards me in the air;  
My mouse flew out, I lost my pow'r!

My lusty strength, my power were gone;  
    Power was gone, and all was gone.  
He will not let me love him more!  
Of bell and whip and horse's tail  
He cares not if I find a store.

But I am proud if he is fierce!  
    I am as proud as he is fierce;

stour] dust.

## WILLIAM BELL SCOTT

I'll turn about and backward go,  
If I meet again that Blackamoor,  
And he'll help us then, for he shall know  
I seek another paramour.

And we'll gang once more to yon town,  
Wi' better luck to yon town;  
We'll walk in silk and cramoisie,  
And I shall wed the provost's son  
My lady of the town I'll be!

For I was born a crown'd king's child,  
Born and nursed a king's child,  
King o' a land ayont the sea,  
Where the Blackamoor kiss'd me first,  
And taught me art and glamourie.

Each one in her wame shall hide  
Her hairy mouse, her wary mouse,  
Fed on madwort and agramie,—  
Wear amber beads between her breasts,  
And blind-worm's skin about her knee.

The Lombard shall be Elspie's man,  
Elspie's gowden husband-man;  
Nort shall take the lawyer's hand;  
The priest shall swear another vow:  
We'll dance again the saraband!

cramoisie] crimson.      ayont] beyond.      glamourie]  
wizardry.

*Serenade*

SOFTLY, O midnight Hours!  
Move softly o'er the bowers  
Where lies in happy sleep a girl so fair!  
For ye have power, men say,  
Our hearts in sleep to sway,  
And cage cold fancies in a moonlight snare.  
Round ivory neck and arm  
Enclasp a separate charm;  
Hang o'er her poised, but breathe nor sigh nor prayer:  
Silently ye may smile,  
But hold your breath the while,  
And let the wind sweep back your cloudy hair!  
Bend down your glittering urns,  
Ere yet the dawn returns,  
And star with dew the lawn her feet shall tread;  
Upon the air rain balm,  
Bid all the woods be calm,  
Ambrosial dreams with healthful slumbers wed;  
That so the Maiden may  
With smiles your care repay,  
When from her couch she lifts her golden head;  
Waking with earliest birds,  
Ere yet the misty herds  
Leave warm 'mid the gray grass their dusky bed.

FROM THE IRISH OF THOMAS LAVELLE

ON the deck of Patrick Lynch's boat I sat in woful plight,  
Through my sighing all the weary day and weeping  
all the night;

Were it not that full of sorrow from my people forth I go,  
By the blessèd sun! 'tis royally I'd sing thy praise, Mayo!

When I dwelt at home in plenty, and my gold did much  
abound,

In the company of fair young maids the Spanish ale went  
round—

'Tis a bitter change from those gay days that now I'm forced  
to go

And must leave my bones in Santa Cruz, far from my own  
Mayo.

They are alter'd girls in Irrul now; 'tis proud they're grown  
and high,

With their hair-bags and their top-knots, for I pass their  
buckles by—

But it's little now I heed their airs, for God will have it so,  
That I must depart for foreign lands and leave my sweet Mayo.

'Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not Earl of Irrul still,  
And that Brian Duff no longer rules as Lord upon the hill:  
And that Colonel Hugh McGrady should be lying dead and  
low,

And I sailing, sailing swiftly from the county of Mayo.

744

*Stanza*

OFTEN rebuked, yet always back returning  
To those first feelings that were born with me,  
And leaving busy chase of wealth and learning  
For idle dreams of things which cannot be:

To-day I will seek not the shadowy region;  
Its unsustaining vastness waxes drear;  
And visions rising, legion after legion,  
Bring the unreal world too strangely near.

I'll walk, but not in old heroic traces,  
And not in paths of high morality,  
And not among the half-distinguish'd faces,  
The clouded forms of long-past history.

I'll walk when my own nature would be leading:  
It vexes me to choose another guide:  
Where the grey flocks in ferny glens are feeding,  
Where the wild wind blows on the mountain side.

745

*The Prisoner*

STILL let my tyrants know, I am not doom'd to wear  
Year after year in gloom and desolate despair;  
A messenger of Hope comes every night to me,  
And offers for short life, eternal liberty.

He comes with Western winds, with evening's wandering airs,  
With that clear dusk of heaven that brings the thickest stars:  
Winds take a pensive tone, and stars a tender fire,  
And visions rise, and change, that kill me with desire.

## EMILY BRONTË

Desire for nothing known in my maturer years,  
When Joy grew mad with awe, at counting future tears:  
When, if my spirit's sky was full of flashes warm,  
I knew not whence they came, from sun or thunder-storm.  
But first, a hush of peace—a soundless calm descends;  
The struggle of distress and fierce impatience ends.  
Mute music soothes my breast—unutter'd harmony  
That I could never dream, till Earth was lost to me.  
Then dawns the Invisible; the Unseen its truth reveals;  
My outward sense is gone, my inward essence feels;  
Its wings are almost free—its home, its harbour found,  
Measuring the gulf, it stoops, and dares the final bound.  
O dreadful is the check—intense the agony—  
When the ear begins to hear, and the eye begins to see;  
When the pulse begins to throb—the brain to think again—  
The soul to feel the flesh, and the flesh to feel the chain.  
Yet I would lose no sting, would wish no torture less;  
The more that anguish racks, the earlier it will bless;  
And robed in fires of hell, or bright with heavenly shine,  
If it but herald Death, the vision is divine.

746

### *The Old Stoic*

**R**ICHES I hold in light esteem,  
And Love I laugh to scorn;  
And lust of fame was but a dream  
That vanish'd with the morn:  
And, if I pray, the only prayer  
That moves my lips for me  
Is, 'Leave the heart that now I bear,  
And give me liberty!'

## EMILY BRONTË

Yea, as my swift days near their goal,  
'Tis all that I implore:  
In life and death a chainless soul,  
With courage to endure.

747

### *Last Lines*

**N**O coward soul is mine,  
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:  
I see Heaven's glories shine,  
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,  
Almighty, ever-present Deity!  
Life—that in me has rest,  
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds  
That move men's hearts: unutterably vain;  
Worthless as wither'd weeds,  
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one  
Holding so fast by Thine Infinity;  
So surely anchor'd on  
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love  
Thy Spirit animates eternal years,  
Pervades and broods above,  
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,  
And suns and universes ceased to be,  
And Thou were left alone,  
Every existence would exist in Thee.

EMILY BRONTË

There is not room for Death,  
Nor atom that his might could render void:  
Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,  
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

1819-1875

748

*Airly Beacon*

AIRLY Beacon, Airly Beacon;  
O the pleasant sight to see  
Shires and towns from Airly Beacon,  
While my love climb'd up to me!

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon;  
O the happy hours we lay  
Deep in fern on Airly Beacon,  
Courting through the summer's day!

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon;  
O the weary haunt for me,  
All alone on Airly Beacon,  
With his baby on my knee!

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

1819-1861

749

*Qua cursum ventus*

AS ships, becalm'd at eve, that lay  
With canvas drooping, side by side,  
Two towers of sail at dawn of day  
Are scarce, long leagues apart, descried;

## ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,  
And all the darkling hours they plied,  
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas  
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so— but why the tale reveal  
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,  
Brief absence join'd anew to feel,  
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were fill'd,  
And onward each rejoicing steer'd—  
Ah, neither blame, for neither will'd,  
Or wist, what first with dawn appear'd!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,  
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,  
Thro' winds and tides one compass guides,—  
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,  
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,  
On your wide plain they join again,  
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,  
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—  
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,  
At last, at last, unite them there!

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

750 *Say not the Struggle Naught availeth*

SAY not the struggle naught availeth,  
The labour and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dunes, fears may be liars;  
It may be, in yon smoke conceal'd,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light;  
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!  
But westward, look, the land is bright!

WALT WHITMAN

1819-1892

751 *The Imprisoned Soul*

AT the last, tenderly,  
From the walls of the powerful, fortress'd house,  
From the clasp of the knitted locks—from the keep of the  
well-closed doors,  
Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth;  
With the key of softness unlock the locks—with a whisper  
Set ope the doors, O soul!

WALT WHITMAN

Tenderly! be not impatient!  
(Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh!  
Strong is your hold, O love!)

752                    *O Captain! My Captain!*

**O** CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought  
is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;  
But O heart! heart! heart!  
O the bleeding drops of red!  
Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,  
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores  
crowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;  
Here, Captain! dear father!  
This arm beneath your head!  
It is some dream that on the deck  
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;  
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and  
done,  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

WALT WHITMAN

Exult, O shores! and sing, O bells!  
But I, with mournful tread,  
Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

JOHN RUSKIN

1819-1900

753 *Trust Thou Thy Love*

TRUST thou thy Love: if she be proud, is she not sweet?  
Trust thou thy Love: if she be mute, is she not pure?  
Lay thou thy soul full in her hands, low at her feet;  
Fail, Sun and Breath!—yet, for thy peace, She shall endure.

EBENEZER JONES

1820-1860

754 *When the World is burning*

WHEN the world is burning,  
Fired within, yet turning  
Round with face unscathed;  
Ere fierce flames, uprushing,  
O'er all lands leap, crushing,  
Till earth fall, fire-swathed;  
Up amidst the meadows,  
Gently through the shadows,  
Gentle flames will glide,  
Small, and blue, and golden.  
Though by bard beholden,  
When in calm dreams folden,—  
Calm his dreams will bide.

## EBENEZER JONES

Where the dance is sweeping,  
Through the greensward peeping,  
    Shall the soft lights start;  
Laughing maids, unstaying,  
Deeming it trick-playing,  
High their robes upswaying,  
    O'er the lights shall dart;  
And the woodland hunter  
Shall not cease to saunter  
    When, far down some glade,  
Of the great world's burning,  
One soft flame upturning  
Seems, to his discerning,  
    Crocus in the shade.

## ANONYMOUS

755

### *Epitaph of Dionysia*

HERE doth Dionysia lie:  
She whose little wanton foot  
Tripping (ah, too carelessly!)  
    Touch'd this tomb and fell into 't.

. . . . .

Dionysia, o'er this tomb,  
    Where thy buried beauties be,  
From their dust shall spring and bloom  
    Loves and graces like to thee.

756

*Thyrsis*

HOW changed is here each spot man makes or fills!  
In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the same;  
The village-street its haunted mansion lacks,  
And from the sign is gone Sibylla's name,  
And from the roofs the twisted chimney-stacks;  
Are ye too changed, ye hills?  
See, 'tis no foot of unfamiliar men  
To-night from Oxford up your pathway strays  
Here came I often, often, in old days;  
Thyrsis and I; we still had Thyrsis then.

Runs it not here, the track by Childsworth Farm,  
Up past the wood, to where the elm-tree crowns  
The hill behind whose ridge the sunset flames?  
The signal-elm, that looks on Ilsley Downs,  
The Vale, the three lone weirs, the youthful Thames?—  
This winter-eve is warm,  
Humid the air; leafless, yet soft as spring,  
The tender purple spray on copse and briers;  
And that sweet City with her dreaming spires,  
She needs not June for beauty's heightening,

Lovely all times she lies, lovely to-night!  
Only, methinks, some loss of habit's power  
Befalls me wandering through this upland dim;  
Once pass'd I blindfold here, at any hour,  
Now seldom come I, since I came with him.  
That single elm-tree bright

## MATTHEW ARNOLD

Against the west—I miss it! is it gone?

We prized it dearly; while it stood, we said,  
Our friend, the Scholar-Gipsy, was not dead;  
While the tree lived, he in these fields lived on.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here!

But once I knew each field, each flower, each stick;

And with the country-folk acquaintance made  
By barn in threshing-time, by new-built rick.

Here, too, our shepherd-pipes we first assay'd.

Ah me! this many a year

My pipe is lost, my shepherd's-holiday!

Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy heart  
Into the world and wave of men depart,  
But Thyrsis of his own will went away.

It irk'd him to be here, he could not rest.

He loved each simple joy the country yields,

He loved his mates; but yet he could not keep,  
For that a shadow lower'd on the fields,  
Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep.

Some life of men unblest

He knew, which made him droop, and fill'd his head.

He went; his piping took a troubled sound  
Of storms that rage outside our happy ground;  
He could not wait their passing, he is dead!

So, some tempestuous morn in early June,

When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,  
Before the roses and the longest day—

When garden-walks, and all the grassy floor,  
With blossoms, red and white, of fallen May,  
And chestnut-flowers are strewn—

## MATTHEW ARNOLD

So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,  
From the wet field, through the vext garden-trees,  
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze:  
*The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I.*

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?  
Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,  
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,  
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,  
Sweet-William with its homely cottage-smell,  
And stocks in fragrant blow;  
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,  
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,  
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,  
And the full moon, and the white evening-star.

He hearkens not! light comer, he is flown!  
What matters it? next year he will return,  
And we shall have him in the sweet spring-days,  
With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,  
And blue-bells trembling by the forest-ways,  
And scent of hay new-mown.  
But Thyrsis never more we swains shall see!  
See him come back, and cut a smoother reed,  
And blow a strain the world at last shall heed—  
For Time, not Corydon, hath conquer'd thee.

Alack, for Corydon no rival now!—  
But when Sicilian shepherds lost a mate,  
Some good survivor with his flute would go,  
Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate,  
And cross the unpermitted ferry's flow,  
And relax Pluto's brow,

## MATTHEW ARNOLD

And make leap up with joy the beauteous head  
Of Proserpine, among whose crownèd hair  
Are flowers, first open'd on Sicilian air,  
And flute his friend, like Orpheus, from the dead.

O easy access to the hearer's grace  
When Dorian shepherds sang to Prosperpine!  
For she herself had trod Sicilian fields,  
She knew the Dorian water's gush divine,  
She knew each lily white which Enna yields,  
Each rose with blushing face;  
She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian strain.  
But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard!  
Her foot the Cumner cowslips never stirr'd!  
And we should tease her with our plaint in vain.

Well! wind-dispers'd and vain the words will be,  
Yet, Thyrsis, let me give my grief its hour  
In the old haunt, and find our tree-topp'd hill!  
Who, if not I, for questing here hath power?  
I know the wood which hides the daffodil,  
I know the Fyfield tree,  
I know what white, what purple fritillaries  
The grassy harvest of the river-fields,  
Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields,  
And what sedg'd brooks are Thames's tributaries;

I know these slopes; who knows them if not I?—  
But many a dingle on the loved hill-side,  
With thorns once studded, old, white-blossom'd trees,  
Where thick the cowslips grew, and, far descried,  
High tower'd the spikes of purple orchises,  
Hath since our day put by

## MATTHEW ARNOLD

The coronals of that forgotten time.

Down each green bank hath gone the ploughboy's team,  
And only in the hidden brookside gleam  
Primroses, orphans of the flowery prime.

Where is the girl, who, by the boatman's door,  
Above the locks, above the boating throng,  
Unmoor'd our skiff, when, through the Wytham flats,  
Red loosestrife and blond meadow-sweet among,  
And darting swallows, and light water-gnats,  
We track'd the shy Thames shore?

Where are the mowers, who, as the tiny swell  
Of our boat passing heav'd the river-grass,  
Stood with suspended scythe to see us pass?—  
They all are gone, and thou art gone as well.

Yes, thou art gone! and round me too the night  
In ever-nearing circle weaves her shade.  
I see her veil draw soft across the day,  
I feel her slowly chilling breath invade  
The cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent with grey;  
I feel her finger light  
Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train;  
The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,  
The heart less bounding at emotion new,  
And hope, once crush'd, less quick to spring again.

And long the way appears, which seem'd so short  
To the unpractis'd eye of sanguine youth;  
And high the mountain-tops, in cloudy air,  
The mountain-tops where is the throne of Truth,  
Tops in life's morning-sun so bright and bare!  
Unbreachable the fort

## MATTHEW ARNOLD

Of the long-batter'd world uplifts its wall.  
And strange and vain the earthly turmoil grows,  
And near and real the charm of thy repose,  
And night as welcome as a friend would fall.

But hush! the upland hath a sudden loss  
Of quiet;—Look! adown the dusk hill-side,  
A troop of Oxford hunters going home,  
As in old days, jovial and talking, ride!  
From hunting with the Berkshire hounds they come—  
Quick, let me fly, and cross  
Into yon further field!—'Tis done; and see,  
Back'd by the sunset, which doth glorify  
The orange and pale violet evening-sky,  
Bare on its lonely ridge, the Tree! the Tree!

I take the omen! Eve lets down her veil,  
The white fog creeps from bush to bush about,  
The west unflushes, the high stars grow bright,  
And in the scatter'd farms the lights come out.  
I cannot reach the Signal-Tree to-night,  
Yet, happy omen, hail!  
Hear it from thy broad lucent Arno vale  
(For there thine earth-forgetting eyelids keep  
The morningless and unawakening sleep  
Under the flowery oleanders pale),

Hear it, O Thyrsis, still our Tree is there!—  
Ah, vain! These English fields, this upland dim,  
These brambles pale with mist engarlanded,  
That lone, sky-pointing tree, are not for him.  
To a boon southern country he is fled,  
And now in happier air,

## MATTHEW ARNOLD

Wandering with the great Mother's train divine  
    (And purer or more subtle soul than thee,  
    I trow, the mighty Mother doth not see!)  
Within a folding of the Apennine,

Thou hearest the immortal strains of old.  
    Putting his sickle to the perilous grain  
    In the hot cornfield of the Phrygian king,  
For thee the Lityerses song again  
    Young Daphnis with his silver voice doth sing;  
    Sings his Sicilian fold,  
His sheep, his hapless love, his blinded eyes;  
    And how a call celestial round him rang  
    And heavenward from the fountain-brink he sprang,  
And all the marvel of the golden skies.

There thou art gone, and me thou leavest here  
Sole in these fields; yet will I not despair;  
    Despair I will not, while I yet descry  
'Neath the soft canopy of English air  
    That lonely Tree against the western sky.  
    Still, still these slopes, 'tis clear,  
Our Gipsy-Scholar haunts, outliving thee!  
    Fields where soft sheep from cages pull the hay,  
    Woods with anemonies in flower till May,  
Know him a wanderer still; then why not me?

A fugitive and gracious light he seeks,  
Shy to illumine; and I seek it too.  
    This does not come with houses or with gold,  
With place, with honour, and a flattering crew;  
    'Tis not in the world's market bought and sold.  
    But the smooth-slipping weeks

## MATTHEW ARNOLD

Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired;  
Out of the heed of mortals he is gone,  
He wends unfollow'd, he must house alone;  
Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired.

Thou too, O Thyrsis, on like quest wert bound,  
Thou wanderedst with me for a little hour;  
Men gave thee nothing, but this happy quest,  
If men esteem'd thee feeble, gave thee power,  
If men procured thee trouble, gave thee rest.  
And this rude Cumner ground,  
Its fir-topped Hurst, its farms, its quiet fields,  
Here cam'st thou in thy jocund youthful time,  
Here was thine height of strength, thy golden prime;  
And still the haunt beloved a virtue yields.

What though the music of thy rustic flute  
Kept not for long its happy, country tone,  
Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy note  
Of men contention-tost, of men who groan,  
Which task'd thy pipe too sore, and tired thy throat—  
It fail'd, and thou wast mute;  
Yet hadst thou always visions of our light,  
And long with men of care thou couldst not stay,  
And soon thy foot resumed its wandering way,  
Left human haunt, and on alone till night.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here!  
'Mid city-noise, not, as with thee of yore,  
Thyrsis, in reach of sheep-bells is my home!  
Then through the great town's harsh, heart-wearying roar,  
Let in thy voice a whisper often come,  
To chase fatigue and fear:

MATTHEW ARNOLD

*Why faintest thou? I wander'd till I died.  
Roam on! the light we sought is shining still.  
Dost thou ask proof? Our Tree yet crowns the hill,  
Our Scholar travels yet the loved hillside.*

757

*The Song of Callicles*

**T**HROUGH the black, rushing smoke-bursts,  
Thick breaks the red flame.  
All Etna heaves fiercely  
Her forest-clothed frame.

Not here, O Apollo!  
Are haunts meet for thee.  
But, where Helicon breaks down  
In cliff to the sea.

Where the moon-silver'd inlets  
Send far their light voice  
Up the still vale of Thisbe,  
O speed, and rejoice!

On the sward at the cliff-top,  
Lie strewn the white flocks;  
On the cliff-side, the pigeons  
Roost deep in the rocks.

In the moonlight the shepherds,  
Soft lull'd by the rills,  
Lie wrapt in their blankets,  
Asleep on the hills.

## MATTHEW ARNOLD

—What forms are these coming  
So white through the gloom?  
What garments out-glistening  
The gold-flower'd broom?

What sweet-breathing Presence  
Out-perfumes the thyme?  
What voices enrapture  
The night's balmy prime?—

'Tis Apollo comes leading  
His choir, The Nine.  
—The Leader is fairest,  
But all are divine.

They are lost in the hollows.  
They stream up again.  
What seeks on this mountain  
The glorified train?—

They bathe on this mountain,  
In the spring by their road.  
Then on to Olympus,  
Their endless abode.

—Whose praise do they mention:  
Of what is it told?—  
What will be for ever.  
What was from of old.

First hymn they the Father  
Of all things: and then,  
The rest of Immortals,  
The action of men.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

The Day in his hotness,  
The strife with the palm;  
The Night in her silence,  
The Stars in their calm.

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*To Marguerite*

YES: in the sea of life enisled,  
With echoing straits between us thrown.  
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,  
We mortal millions live *alone*.  
The islands feel the enclasping flow,  
And then their endless bounds they know.  
But when the moon their hollows lights,  
And they are swept by balms of spring,  
And in their glens, on starry nights,  
The nightingales divinely sing;  
And lovely notes, from shore to shore,  
Across the sounds and channels pour;  
O then a longing like despair  
Is to their farthest caverns sent!  
For surely once, they feel, we were  
Parts of a single continent.  
Now round us spreads the watery plain—  
O might our marges meet again!  
Who order'd that their longing's fire  
Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd?  
Who renders vain their deep desire?—  
A God, a God their severance ruled;  
And bade betwixt their shores to be  
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

*Requiescat*

STREW on her roses, roses,  
And never a spray of yew.

In quiet she reposes:

Ah! would that I did too.

Her mirth the world required:

She bathed it in smiles of glee.

But her heart was tired, tired,

And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,

In mazes of heat and sound.

But for peace her soul was yearning,

And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd, ample Spirit,

It flutter'd and fail'd for breath.

To-night it doth inherit

The vasty hall of Death.

*The Scholar-Gipsy*

GO, for they call you, Shepherd, from the hill;  
Go, Shepherd, and untie the wattled cotes:

No longer leave thy wistful flock unfed,

Nor let thy bawling fellows rack their throats,

Nor the cropp'd grasses shoot another head.

But when the fields are still,

And the tired men and dogs all gone to rest,

And only the white sheep are sometimes seen

Cross and recross the strips of moon-blanch'd green;

Come, Shepherd, and again begin the quest.

## MATTHEW ARNOLD

Here, where the reaper was at work of late,  
In this high field's dark corner, where he leaves  
His coat, his basket, and his earthen cruise,  
And in the sun all morning binds the sheaves,  
Then here, at noon, comes back his stores to use;  
Here will I sit and wait,  
While to my ear from uplands far away  
The bleating of the folded flocks is borne,  
With distant cries of reapers in the corn—  
All the live murmur of a summer's day.

Screen'd is this nook o'er the high, half-reap'd field,  
And here till sundown, Shepherd, will I be.  
Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies peep,  
And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see  
Pale pink convolvulus in tendrils creep:  
And air-swept lindens yield  
Their scent, and rustle down their perfumed showers  
Of bloom on the bent grass where I am laid,  
And bower me from the August sun with shade;  
And the eye travels down to Oxford's towers:

And near me on the grass lies Glanvil's book—  
Come, let me read the oft-read tale again:  
The story of that Oxford scholar poor,  
Of pregnant parts and quick inventive brain,  
Who, tired of knocking at Preferment's door,  
One summer morn forsook  
His friends, and went to learn the Gipsy-lore,  
And roam'd the world with that wild brotherhood,  
And came, as most men deem'd, to little good,  
But came to Oxford and his friends no more.

## MATTHEW ARNOLD

But once, years after, in the country lanes,  
Two scholars, whom at college erst he knew,  
Met him, and of his way of life inquired.  
Whereat he answer'd that the Gipsy-crew,  
His mates, had arts to rule as they desired  
The workings of men's brains;  
And they can bind them to what thoughts they will:  
'And I,' he said, 'the secret of their art,  
When fully learn'd, will to the world impart:  
But it needs Heaven-sent moments for this skill!'

This said, he left them, and return'd no more,  
But rumours hung about the country-side,  
That the lost Scholar long was seen to stray,  
Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-tied,  
In hat of antique shape, and cloak of grey,  
The same the Gipsies wore.  
Shepherds had met him on the Hurst in spring;  
At some lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors,  
On the warm ingle-bench, the smock-frock'd boors  
Had found him seated at their entering,

But, 'mid their drink and clatter, he would fly:  
And I myself seem half to know thy looks,  
And put the shepherds, Wanderer, on thy trace;  
And boys who in lone wheatfields scare the rooks  
I ask if thou hast pass'd their quiet place;  
Or in my boat I lie  
Moor'd to the cool bank in the summer heats,  
'Mid wide grass meadows which the sunshine fills,  
And watch the warm green-muffled Cumner hills,  
And wonder if thou haunt'st their shy retreats.

## MATTHEW ARNOLD

For most, I know, thou lov'st retirèd ground.  
Thee, at the ferry, Oxford riders blithe,  
Returning home on summer nights, have met  
Crossing the stripling Thames at Bablock-hithe,  
Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet,  
As the slow punt swings round:  
And leaning backwards in a pensive dream,  
And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers  
Pluck'd in shy fields and distant Wychwood bowers,  
And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream:

And then they land, and thou art seen no more.  
Maidens who from the distant hamlets come  
To dance around the Fyfield elm in May,  
Oft through the darkening fields have seen thee roam,  
Or cross a stile into the public way.  
Oft thou hast given them store  
Of flowers—the frail-leaf'd, white anemone—  
Dark bluebells drench'd with dew of summer eves,  
And purple orchises with spotted leaves—  
But none has words she can report of thee.

And, above Godstow Bridge, when hay-time's here  
In June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames,  
Men who through those wide fields of breezy grass  
Where black-wing'd swallows haunt the glittering Thames,  
To bathe in the abandon'd lasher pass,  
Have often pass'd thee near  
Sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown:  
Mark'd thine outlandish garb, thy figure spare,  
Thy dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted air;  
But, when they came from bathing, thou wert gone.

## MATTHEW ARNOLD

At some lone homestead in the Cumner hills,  
Where at her open door the housewife darns,  
Thou hast been seen, or hanging on a gate  
To watch the threshers in the mossy barns.  
Children, who early range these slopes and late  
For cresses from the rills,  
Have known thee watching, all an April day,  
The springing pastures and the feeding kine;  
And mark'd thee, when the stars come out and shine,  
Through the long dewy grass move slow away.

In autumn, on the skirts of Bagley Wood,  
Where most the Gipsies by the turf-edged way  
Pitch their smoked tents, and every bush you see  
With scarlet patches tagg'd and shreds of gray,  
Above the forest-ground call'd Thessaly—  
The blackbird picking food  
Sees thee, nor stops his meal, nor fears at all;  
So often has he known thee past him stray  
Rapt, twirling in thy hand a wither'd spray,  
And waiting for the spark from Heaven to fall.

And once, in winter, on the causeway chill  
Where home through flooded fields foot-travellers go,  
Have I not pass'd thee on the wooden bridge  
Wrapt in thy cloak and battling with the snow,  
Thy face towards Hinksey and its wintry ridge?  
And thou hast climb'd the hill  
And gain'd the white brow of the Cumner range;  
Turn'd once to watch, while thick the snowflakes fall,  
The lines of festal light in Christ Church hall—  
Then sought thy straw in some sequester'd grange.

## MATTHEW ARNOLD

But what—I dream! Two hundred years are flown  
Since first thy story ran through Oxford halls,  
And the grave Glanvil did the tale inscribe  
That thou wert wander'd from the studious walls  
To learn strange arts, and join a Gipsy-tribe:  
And thou from earth art gone  
Long since, and in some quiet churchyard laid—  
Some country nook, where o'er thy unknown grave  
Tall grasses and white flowering nettles wave—  
Under a dark red-fruited yew-tree's shade.

—No, no, thou hast not felt the lapse of hours.  
For what wears out the life of mortal men?  
'Tis that from change to change their being rolls:  
'Tis that repeated shocks, again, again,  
Exhaust the energy of strongest souls,  
And numb the elastic powers.  
Till having used our nerves with bliss and teen,  
And tired upon a thousand schemes our wit,  
To the just-pausing Genius we remit  
Our worn-out life, and are—what we have been.

Thou hast not lived, why shouldst thou perish, so?  
Thou hadst *one* aim, *one* business, *one* desire:  
Else wert thou long since number'd with the dead!  
Else hadst thou spent, like other men, thy fire!  
The generations of thy peers are fled,  
And we ourselves shall go;  
But thou possessest an immortal lot,  
And we imagine thee exempt from age  
And living as thou liv'st on Glanvil's page,  
Because thou hadst—what we, alas, have not!

## MATTHEW ARNOLD

For early didst thou leave the world, with powers  
Fresh, undiverted to the world without,  
Firm to their mark, not spent on other things;  
Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt,  
Which much to have tried, in much been baffled, brings.  
O life unlike to ours!

Who fluctuate idly without term or scope,  
Of whom each strives, nor knows for what he strives,  
And each half lives a hundred different lives;  
Who wait like thee, but not, like thee, in hope.

Thou waitest for the spark from Heaven! and we,  
Vague half-believers of our casual creeds,  
Who never deeply felt, nor clearly will'd,  
Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,  
Whose weak resolves never have been fulfill'd;  
For whom each year we see  
Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new;  
Who hesitate and falter life away,  
And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day—  
Ah, do not we, Wanderer, await it too?

Yes, we await it, but it still delays,  
And then we suffer; and amongst us One,  
Who most has suffer'd, takes dejectedly  
His seat upon the intellectual throne;  
And all his store of sad experience he  
Lays bare of wretched days;  
Tells us his misery's birth and growth and signs,  
And how the dying spark of hope was fed,  
And how the breast was soothed, and how the head,  
And all his hourly varied anodynes.

## MATTHEW ARNOLD

This for our wisest: and we others pine,  
And wish the long unhappy dream would end,  
And waive all claim to bliss, and try to bear,  
With close-lipp'd Patience for our only friend,  
Sad Patience, too near neighbour to Despair:  
But none has hope like thine.  
Thou through the fields and through the woods dost stray,  
Roaming the country-side, a truant boy,  
Nursing thy project in unclouded joy,  
And every doubt long blown by time away.

O born in days when wits were fresh and clear,  
And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames;  
Before this strange disease of modern life,  
With its sick hurry, its divided aims,  
Its heads o'ertax'd, its palsied hearts, was rife—  
Fly hence, our contact fear!  
Still fly, plunge deeper in the bowering wood!  
Averse, as Dido did with gesture stern  
From her false friend's approach in Hades turn,  
Wave us away, and keep thy solitude.

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,  
Still clutching the inviolable shade,  
With a free onward impulse brushing through,  
By night, the silver'd branches of the glade—  
Far on the forest-skirts, where none pursue,  
On some mild pastoral slope  
Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales,  
Freshen thy flowers, as in former years,  
With dew, or listen with enchanted ears,  
From the dark dingles, to the nightingales.

## MATTHEW ARNOLD

But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly!  
For strong the infection of our mental strife,  
Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest;  
And we should win thee from thy own fair life,  
Like us distracted, and like us unblest.

Soon, soon thy cheer would die,  
Thy hopes grow timorous, and unfix'd thy powers,  
And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made:  
And then thy glad perennial youth would fade,  
Fade, and grow old at last, and die like ours.

Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and smiles!  
—As some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,  
Descried at sunrise an emerging prow  
Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,  
The fringes of a southward-facing brow  
Among the Ægean isles;  
And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,  
Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,  
Green bursting figs, and tunnies steep'd in brine;  
And knew the intruders on his ancient home,

The young light-hearted Masters of the waves;  
And snatch'd his rudder, and shook out more sail,  
And day and night held on indignantly  
O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,  
Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,  
To where the Atlantic raves  
Outside the Western Straits, and unbent sails  
There, where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets of foam,  
Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come;  
And on the beach undid his corded bales.

HARK! ah, the Nightingale!  
 The tawny-throated!  
 Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a burst!  
 What triumph! hark—what pain!

O Wanderer from a Grecian shore,  
 Still, after many years, in distant lands,  
 Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain  
 That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-world pain—  
     Say, will it never heal?  
 And can this fragrant lawn  
 With its cool trees, and night,  
 And the sweet, tranquil Thames,  
 And moonshine, and the dew,  
 To thy rack'd heart and brain  
     Afford no balm?

Dost thou to-night behold  
 Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,  
 The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?

Dost thou again peruse  
 With hot cheeks and scar'd eyes  
 The too clear web, and thy dumb Sister's shame?

Dost thou once more assay  
 Thy flight, and feel come over thee,  
 Poor Fugitive, the feathery change  
 Once more, and once more seem to make resound  
 With love and hate, triumph and agony,  
 Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian vale?

Listen, Eugenia—

How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves!  
 Again—thou hearest!  
 Eternal Passion!  
 Eternal Pain!

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*Shakespeare*

OTHERS abide our question. Thou art free,  
 We ask and ask: Thou smilest and art still,  
 Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill  
 That to the stars uncrowns his majesty,  
 Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,  
 Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,  
 Spares but the cloudy border of his base  
 To the foil'd searching of mortality;  
 And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,  
 Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,  
 Didst walk on earth unguess'd at. Better so!  
 All pains the immortal spirit must endure,  
 All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,  
 Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

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*From the Hymn of Empedocles*

IS it so small a thing  
 To have enjoy'd the sun,  
 To have lived light in the spring,  
 To have loved, to have thought, to have done;  
 To have advanced true friends, and beat down baffling foes;  
 That we must feign a bliss  
 Of doubtful future date,  
 And while we dream on this

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Lose all our present state,  
And relegate to worlds yet distant our repose?

Not much, I know, you prize  
What pleasures may be had,  
Who look on life with eyes  
Estranged, like mine, and sad:  
And yet the village churl feels the truth more than you;

Who's loth to leave this life  
Which to him little yields:  
His hard-task'd sunburnt wife,  
His often-labour'd fields;  
The boors with whom he talk'd, the country spots he knew.

But thou, because thou hear'st  
Men scoff at Heaven and Fate;  
Because the gods thou fear'st  
Fail to make blest thy state,  
Tremblest, and wilt not dare to trust the joys there are.

I say, Fear not! life still  
Leaves human effort scope.  
But, since life teems with ill,  
Nurse no extravagant hope.  
Because thou must not dream, thou need'st not then despair.

764      *The Strayed Reveller to Ulysses*

THE Gods are happy.  
They turn on all sides  
Their shining eyes:  
And see, below them,  
The Earth, and men.

## MATTHEW ARNOLD

They see Tiresias  
Sitting, staff in hand,  
On the warm, grassy  
Asopus' bank:  
His robe drawn over  
His old, sightless head:  
Revolving inly  
The doom of Thebes.

They see the Centaurs  
In the upper glens  
Of Pelion, in the streams,  
Where red-berried ashes fringe  
The clear-brown shallow pools;  
With streaming flanks, and heads  
Rear'd proudly, snuffing  
The mountain wind.

They see the Indian  
Drifting, knife in hand,  
His frail boat moor'd to  
A floating isle thick matted  
With large-leav'd, low-creeping melon-plants,  
And the dark cucumber.  
He reaps, and stows them,  
Drifting—drifting:—round him,  
Round his green harvest-plot,  
Flow the cool lake-waves:  
The mountains ring them.

They see the Scythian  
On the wide Stepp, unharnessing  
His wheel'd house at noon.  
He tethers his beast down, and makes his meal,

## MATTHEW ARNOLD

Mares' milk, and bread  
Bak'd on the embers:—all around  
The boundless waving grass-plains stretch, thick-starr'd  
With saffron and the yellow hollyhock  
And flag-leav'd iris flowers.  
Sitting in his cart  
He makes his meal: before him, for long miles,  
Alive with bright green lizards,  
And the springing bustard fowl,  
The track, a straight black line,  
Furrows the rich soil: here and there  
Clusters of lonely mounds  
Topp'd with rough-hewn,  
Grey, rain-blear'd statues, overpeer  
The sunny Waste.

They see the Ferry  
On the broad, clay-laden  
Lone Chorasman stream: thereon,  
With snort and strain,  
Two horses, strongly swimming, tow  
The ferry-boat, with woven ropes  
To either bow  
Firm-harness'd by the mane:—a Chief,  
With shout and shaken spear  
Stands at the prow, and guides them: but astern,  
The cowering Merchants, in long robes,  
Sit pale beside their wealth  
Of silk-bales and of balsam-drops,  
Of gold and ivory,  
Of turquoise-earth and amethyst,  
Jasper and chalcedony,

## MATTHEW ARNOLD

And milk-barr'd onyx stones.  
The loaded boat swings groaning  
In the yellow eddies.  
The Gods behold them.

They see the Heroes  
Sitting in the dark ship  
On the foamless, long-heaving,  
Violet sea:  
At sunset nearing  
The Happy Islands.

These things, Ulysses,  
The wise Bards also  
Behold and sing.  
But oh, what labour!  
O Prince, what pain!

They too can see  
Tiresias:—but the Gods,  
Who give them vision,  
Added this law:  
That they should bear too  
His groping blindness,  
His dark foreboding,  
His scorn'd white hairs;  
Bear Hera's anger  
Through a life lengthen'd  
To seven ages.

They see the Centaurs  
On Pelion:—then they feel,  
They too, the maddening wine  
Swell their large veins to bursting: in wild pain

## MATTHEW ARNOLD

They feel the biting spears  
Of the grim Lapithae, and Theseus, drive,  
Drive crashing through their bones: they feel  
High on a jutting rock in the red stream  
Alcmena's dreadful son  
Ply his bow:—such a price  
The Gods exact for song;  
To become what we sing.

They see the Indian  
On his mountain lake:—but squalls  
Make their skiff reel, and worms  
In the unkind spring have gnaw'd  
Their melon-harvest to the heart: They see  
The Scythian:—but long frosts  
Parch them in winter-time on the bare Stepp,  
Till they too fade like grass: they crawl  
Like shadows forth in spring.

They see the Merchants  
On the Oxus' stream:—but care  
Must visit first them too, and make them pale.  
Whether, through whirling sand,  
A cloud of desert robber-horse has burst  
Upon their caravan: or greedy kings,  
In the wall'd cities the way passes through,  
Crush'd them with tolls: or fever-air,  
On some great river's marge,  
Mown them down, far from home.

They see the Heroes  
Near harbour:—but they share  
Their lives, and former violent toil, in Thebes,

## MATTHEW ARNOLD

Seven-gated Thebes, or Troy;  
Or where the echoing oars  
Of Argo first  
Startled the unknown Sea.

The old Silenus  
Came, lolling in the sunshine,  
From the dewy forest coverts,  
This way, at noon.  
Sitting by me, while his Fauns  
Down at the water side  
Sprinkled and smooth'd  
His drooping garland,  
He told me these things.

But I, Ulysses,  
Sitting on the warm steps,  
Looking over the valley,  
All day long, have seen,  
Without pain, without labour,  
Sometimes a wild-hair'd Maenad;  
Sometimes a Faun with torches;  
And sometimes, for a moment,  
Passing through the dark stems  
Flowing-rob'd—the belov'd,  
The desir'd, the divine,  
Belov'd Iacchus.

Ah cool night-wind, tremulous stars!  
Ah glimmering water—  
Fitful earth-murmur—  
Dreaming woods!  
Ah golden-hair'd, strangely-smiling Goddess,

MATTHEW ARNOLD

And thou, prov'd, much enduring,  
Wave-toss'd Wanderer!  
Who can stand still?  
Ye fade, ye swim, ye waver before me.  
The cup again!  
Faster, faster,  
O Circe, Goddess,  
Let the wild thronging train,  
The bright procession  
Of eddying forms,  
Sweep through my soul!

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

1823-1880

765

*The Thought*

INTO the skies, one summer's day,  
I sent a little Thought away;  
Up to where, in the blue round,  
The sun sat shining without sound.  
Then my Thought came back to me.—  
Little Thought, what did you see  
In the regions whence you come?  
And when I spoke, my Thought was dumb.  
But she breathed of what was there,  
In the pure bright upper air;  
And, because my Thought so shone,  
I knew she had been shone upon.  
Next, by night a Thought I sent  
Up into the firmament;  
When the eager stars were out,  
And the still moon shone about.

## WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

And my Thought went past the moon  
In between the stars, but soon  
Held her breath and durst not stir,  
For the fear that covered her;  
Then she thought, in this demur:  
'Dare I look beneath the shade,  
Into where the worlds are made;  
Where the suns and stars are wrought?  
Shall I meet another Thought?  
'Will that other Thought have wings?  
Shall I meet strange, heavenly things?  
Thought of Thoughts, and Light of Lights,  
Breath of Breaths, and Night of Nights?'  
Then my Thought began to hark  
In the illuminated dark,  
Till the silence, over, under,  
Made her heart beat more than thunder.  
And my Thought, came trembling back,  
But with something on her track,  
And with something at her side;  
Nor till she has lived and died,  
Lived and died, and lived again,  
Will that awful thing seem plain.

## WILLIAM PHILPOT

1823-1889

766

### *Maritæ Suæ*

#### I

OF all the flowers rising now,  
Thou only saw'st the head  
Of that unopen'd drop of snow  
I placed beside thy bed.

## WILLIAM PHILPOT

In all the blooms that blow so fast,  
Thou hast no further part,  
Save those the hour I saw thee last,  
I laid above thy heart.

Two snowdrops for our boy and girl,  
A primrose blown for me,  
Wreathed with one often-play'd-with curl  
From each bright head for thee.

And so I graced thee for thy grave,  
And made these tokens fast  
With that old silver heart I gave,  
My first gift—and my last.

### II

I dream'd, her babe upon her breast,  
Here she might lie and calmly rest  
Her happy eyes on that far hill  
That backs the landscape fresh and still.

I hoped her thoughts would thrid the boughs  
Where careless birds on love carouse,  
And gaze those apple-blossoms through  
To revel in the boundless blue.

But now her faculty of sight  
Is elder sister to the light,  
And travels free and unconfined  
Through dense and rare, through form and mind.

Or else her life to be complete  
Hath found new channels full and meet—  
Then, O, what eyes are leaning o'er,  
If fairer than they were before!

*Mimnermus in Church*

YOU promise heavens free from strife,  
Pure truth, and perfect change of will;  
But sweet, sweet is this human life,  
So sweet, I fain would breathe it still;  
Your chilly stars I can forgo,  
This warm kind world is all I know.

You say there is no substance here,  
One great reality above:  
Back from that void I shrink in fear,  
And child-like hide myself in love:  
Show me what angels feel. Till then  
I cling, a mere weak man, to men.

You bid me lift my mean desires  
From faltering lips and fitful veins  
To sexless souls, ideal quires,  
Unwearied voices, wordless strains:  
My mind with fonder welcome owns  
One dear dead friend's remember'd tones.

Forsooth the present we must give  
To that which cannot pass away;  
All beauteous things for which we live  
By laws of time and space decay.  
But O, the very reason why  
I clasp them, is because they die.

WILLIAM (JOHNSON) CORY

768

*Heraclitus*

THEY told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,  
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to  
shed.

I wept as I remember'd how often you and I  
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,  
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,  
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;  
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

COVENTRY PATMORE

1823-1896

769

*The Married Lover*

WHY, having won her, do I woo?  
Because her spirit's vestal grace  
Provokes me always to pursue,  
But, spirit-like, eludes embrace;  
Because her womanhood is such  
That, as on court-days subjects kiss  
The Queen's hand, yet so near a touch  
Affirms no mean familiarity;  
Nay, rather marks more fair the height  
Which can with safety so neglect  
To dread, as lower ladies might,  
That grace could meet with disrespect;  
Thus she with happy favour feeds  
Allegiance from a love so high  
That thence no false conceit proceeds  
Of difference bridged, or state put by;

## COVENTRY PATMORE

Because although in act and word  
As lowly as a wife can be,  
Her manners, when they call me lord,  
Remind me 'tis by courtesy;  
Not with her least consent of will,  
Which would my proud affection hurt,  
But by the noble style that still  
Imputes an unattain'd desert;  
Because her gay and lofty brows,  
When all is won which hope can ask,  
Reflect a light of hopeless snows,  
That bright in virgin ether bask;  
Because, though free of the outer court  
I am, this Temple keeps its shrine  
Sacred to Heaven; because, in short,  
She's not and never can be mine.

770

### *Departure*

**I**T was not like your great and gracious ways!  
Do you, that have naught other to lament,  
Never, my Love, repent  
Of how, that July afternoon,  
You went,  
With sudden, unintelligible phrase,  
And frighten'd eye,  
Upon your journey of so many days  
Without a single kiss, or a good-bye?  
I knew, indeed, that you were parting soon;  
And so we sate, within the low sun's rays,  
You whispering to me, for your voice was weak,  
Your harrowing praise.

## COVENTRY PATMORE

Well, it was well  
To hear you such things speak,  
And I could tell  
What made your eyes a growing gloom of love,  
As a warm South-wind sombres a March grove.  
And it was like your great and gracious ways  
To turn your talk on daily things, my Dear,  
Lifting the luminous, pathetic lash  
To let the laughter flash,  
Whilst I drew near,  
Because you spoke so low that I could scarcely hear.  
But all at once to leave me at the last,  
More at the wonder than the loss aghast,  
With huddled, unintelligible phrase,  
And frighten'd eye,  
And go your journey of all days  
With not one kiss, or a good-bye,  
And the only loveless look the look with which you pass'd:  
'Twas all unlike your great and gracious ways.

771

### *The Toys*

MY little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes  
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,  
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,  
I struck him, and dismiss'd  
With hard words and unkiss'd,  
—His Mother, who was patient, being dead.  
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,  
I visited his bed,  
But found him slumbering deep,

## COVENTRY PATMORE

With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet  
From his late sobbing wet.  
And I, with moan,  
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;  
For, on a table drawn beside his head,  
He had put, within his reach,  
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,  
A piece of glass abraded by the beach.  
And six or seven shells,  
A bottle with bluebells,  
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,  
To comfort his sad heart.  
So when that night I pray'd  
To God, I wept, and said:  
Ah, when at last we lie with trancèd breath,  
Not vexing Thee in death,  
And Thou rememberest of what toys  
We made our joys,  
How weakly understood  
Thy great commanded good,  
Then, fatherly not less  
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,  
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,  
'I will be sorry for their childishness.'

772

### *Magna est Veritas*

HERE, in this little Bay,  
Full of tumultuous life and great repose,  
Where, twice a day,  
The purposeless, glad ocean comes and goes,  
Under high cliffs, and far from the huge town,  
I sit me down.

## COVENTRY PATMORE

For want of me the world's course will not fail:  
When all its work is done, the lie shall rot;  
The truth is great, and shall prevail,  
When none cares whether it prevail or not.

773

### *A Farewell*

WITH all my will, but much against my heart,  
We two now part.  
My Very Dear,  
Our solace is, the sad road lies so clear.  
It needs no art,  
With faint, averted feet  
And many a tear,  
In our opposèd paths to persevere.  
Go thou to East, I West.  
We will not say  
There's any hope, it is so far away  
But, O, my Best,  
When the one darling of our widowhead,  
The nursling Grief,  
Is dead,  
And no dews blur our eyes  
To see the peach-bloom come in evening skies,  
Perchance we may,  
Where now this night is day,  
And even through faith of still averted feet,  
Making full circle of our banishment,  
Amazèd meet;  
The bitter journey to the bourne so sweet  
Seasoning the termless feast of our content  
With tears of recognition never dry.

774 *The Ballad of Keith of Ravelston*

THE murmur of the mourning ghost  
That keeps the shadowy kine,  
'O Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line!

Ravelston, Ravelston,  
The merry path that leads  
Down the golden morning hill,  
And thro' the silver meads;

Ravelston, Ravelston,  
The stile beneath the tree,  
The maid that kept her mother's kine,  
The song that sang she!

She sang her song, she kept her kine,  
She sat beneath the thorn,  
When Andrew Keith of Ravelston  
Rode thro' the Monday morn.

His henchmen sing, his hawk-bells ring,  
His belted jewels shine;  
O Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line!

Year after year, where Andrew came,  
Comes evening down the glade,  
And still there sits a moonshine ghost  
Where sat the sunshine maid.

SYDNEY DOBELL

Her misty hair is faint and fair,  
She keeps the shadowy kine;  
O Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line!

I lay my hand upon the stile,  
The stile is lone and cold,  
The burnie that goes babbling by  
Says naught that can be told.

Yet, stranger! here, from year to year,  
She keeps her shadowy kine;  
O Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line!

Step out three steps, where Andrew stood—  
Why blanch thy cheeks for fear?  
The ancient stile is not alone,  
'Tis not the burn I hear!

She makes her immemorial moan,  
She keeps her shadowy kine;  
O Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line!

775

*A Chanted Calendar*

FIRST came the primrose,  
On the bank high,  
Like a maiden looking forth  
From the window of a tower  
When the battle rolls below,  
So look'd she,  
And saw the storms go by.

## SYDNEY DOBELL

Then came the wind-flower  
In the valley left behind,  
As a wounded maiden, pale  
With purple streaks of woe,  
When the battle has roll'd by  
Wanders to and fro,  
So totter'd she,  
Dishevell'd in the wind.

Then came the daisies,  
On the first of May,  
Like a banner'd show's advance  
While the crowd runs by the way,  
With ten thousand flowers about them they came trooping  
through the fields.

As a happy people come,  
So came they,  
As a happy people come  
When the war has roll'd away,  
With dance and tabor, pipe and drum,  
And all make holiday.

Then came the cow-slip,  
Like a dancer in the fair,  
She spread her little mat of green,  
And on it danced she.  
With a fillet bound about her brow,  
A fillet round her happy brow,  
A golden fillet round her brow,  
And rubies in her hair.

*The Fairies*

UP the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together;  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore  
Some make their home,  
They live on crispy pancakes  
Of yellow tide-foam;  
Some in the reeds  
Of the black mountain lake,  
With frogs for their watch-dogs,  
All night awake.

High on the hill-top  
The old King sits;  
He is now so old and gray  
He's nigh lost his wits.  
With a bridge of white mist  
Columbkil he crosses,  
On his stately journeys  
From Slieveleague to Rosses;

## WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

Or going up with music  
On cold starry nights  
To sup with the Queen  
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget  
For seven years long;  
When she came down again  
Her friends were all gone.  
They took her lightly back,  
Between the night and morrow,  
They thought that she was fast asleep,  
But she was dead with sorrow.  
They have kept her ever since  
Deep within the lake,  
On a bed of flag-leaves,  
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,  
Through the mosses bare,  
They have planted thorn-trees  
For pleasure here and there.  
If any man so daring  
As dig them up in spite,  
He shall find their sharpest thorns  
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men;

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together;  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather!

GEORGE MACDONALD

1824-1905

777

*That Holy Thing*

THEY all were looking for a king  
To slay their foes and lift them high:  
Thou cam'st, a little baby thing  
That made a woman cry.

O Son of Man, to right my lot  
Naught but Thy presence can avail;  
Yet on the road Thy wheels are not,  
Nor on the sea Thy sail!

My how or when Thou wilt not heed,  
But come down Thine own secret stair,  
That Thou mayst answer all my need—  
Yea, every bygone prayer.

WALTER CHALMERS SMITH

1824-1908

778

*Glenaradale*

THERE is no fire of the crackling boughs  
On the hearth of our fathers,  
There is no lowing of brown-eyed cows  
On the green meadows,  
Nor do the maidens whisper vows  
In the still gloaming,  
Glenaradale.

WALTER CHALMERS SMITH

There is no bleating of sheep on the hill  
Where the mists linger,  
There is no sound of the low hand-mill  
Ground by the women,  
And the smith's hammer is lying still  
By the brown anvil,  
Glenaradale.

Ah! we must leave thee and go away  
Far from Ben Luibh,  
Far from the graves where we hoped to lay  
Our bones with our fathers',  
Far from the kirk where we used to pray  
Lowly together,  
Glenaradale.

We are not going for hunger of wealth,  
For the gold and silver,  
We are not going to seek for health  
On the flat prairies,  
Nor yet for the lack of fruitful tilth  
On thy green pastures,  
Glenaradale.

Content with the croft and the hill were we,  
As all our fathers,  
Content with the fish in the lake to be  
Carefully netted,  
And garments spun of the wool from thee,  
O black-faced wether  
Of Glenaradale!

WALTER CHALMERS SMITH

No father here but would give a son  
For the old country,  
And his mother the sword would have girded on  
To fight her battles:  
Many's the battle that has been won  
By the brave tartans,  
Glenaradale.

But the big-horn'd stag and his hinds, we know,  
In the high corries,  
And the salmon that swirls in the pool below  
Where the stream rushes  
Are more than the hearts of men, and so  
We leave thy green valley,  
Glenaradale.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

1828-1882

779

*The Blessèd Damozel*

THE blessèd damozel lean'd out  
From the gold bar of Heaven;  
Her eyes were deeper than the depth  
Of waters still'd at even;  
She had three lilies in her hand,  
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,  
No wrought flowers did adorn,  
But a white rose of Mary's gift,  
For service meetly worn;  
Her hair that lay along her back  
Was yellow like ripe corn.

## DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

Herseem'd she scarce had been a day  
One of God's choristers;  
The wonder was not yet quite gone  
From that still look of hers;  
Albeit, to them she left, her day  
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.  
... Yet now, and in this place,  
Surely she lean'd o'er me—her hair  
Fell all about my face. . . .  
Nothing: the autumn-fall of leaves.  
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house  
That she was standing on;  
By God built over the sheer depth  
The which is Space begun;  
So high, that looking downward thence  
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood  
Of ether, as a bridge.  
Beneath, the tides of day and night  
With flame and darkness ridge  
The void, as low as where this earth  
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met  
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,  
Spoke evermore among themselves  
Their heart-remember'd names;  
And the souls mounting up to God  
Went by her like thin flames.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

And still she bow'd herself and stoop'd  
Out of the circling charm;  
Until her bosom must have made  
The bar she lean'd on warm,  
And the lilies lay as if asleep  
Along her bended arm.

From the fix'd place of Heaven she saw  
Time like a pulse shake fierce  
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove  
Within the gulf to pierce  
Its path; and now she spoke as when  
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curl'd moon  
Was like a little feather  
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now  
She spoke through the still weather.  
Her voice was like the voice the stars  
Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,  
Strove not her accents there,  
Fain to be hearkened? When those bells  
Possess'd the mid-day air,  
Strove not her steps to reach my side  
Down all the echoing stair?)

'I wish that he were come to me:  
For he will come,' she said.  
'Have I not pray'd in Heaven?—on earth,  
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?  
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?  
And shall I feel afraid?

## DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

'When round his head the aureole clings,  
And he is clothed in white,  
I'll take his hand and go with him  
To the deep wells of light;  
As unto a stream we will step down,  
And bathe there in God's sight.

'We two will stand beside that shrine,  
Occult, withheld, untrod,  
Whose lamps are stirred continually  
With prayer sent up to God;  
And see our old prayers, granted, melt  
Each like a little cloud.

'We two will lie i' the shadow of  
That living mystic tree,  
Within whose secret growth the Dove  
Is sometimes felt to be,  
While every leaf that His plumes touch  
Saith His Name audibly.

'And I myself will teach to him,  
I myself, lying so,  
The songs I sing here; which his voice  
Shall pause in, hush'd and slow,  
And find some knowledge at each pause,  
Or some new thing to know.'

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!  
Yea, one wast thou with me  
That once of old. But shall God lift  
To endless unity  
The soul whose likeness with thy soul  
Was but its love for thee?)

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

'We two,' she said, 'will seek the groves  
Where the lady Mary is,  
With her five handmaidens, whose names  
Are five sweet symphonies,  
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,  
Margaret and Rosalys.

'Circlewise sit they, with bound locks  
And foreheads garlanded;  
Into the fine cloth white like flame  
Weaving the golden thread,  
To fashion the birth-robcs for them  
Who are just born, being dead.

'He shall fear, haply, and be dumb:  
Then will I lay my cheek  
To his, and tell about our love,  
Not once abash'd or weak:  
And the dear Mother will approve  
My pride, and let me speak.

'Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,  
To Him round whom all souls  
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads  
Bowed with their aureoles:  
And angels meeting us shall sing  
To their citherns and citoles.

'There will I ask of Christ the Lord  
Thus much for him and me:—  
Only to live as once on earth  
With Love,—only to be,  
As then awhile, for ever now  
Together, I and he.'

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

She gazed and listen'd and then said,  
Less sad of speech than mild,—  
'All this is when he comes.' She ceased.

The light thrill'd towards her, fill'd  
With angels in strong level flight.  
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path  
Was vague in distant spheres:  
And then she cast her arms along  
The golden barriers,  
And laid her face between her hands,  
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

780

*The Woodspurge*

THE wind flapped loose, the wind was still,  
Shaken out dead from tree and hill:  
I had walk'd on at the wind's will,—  
I sat now, for the wind was still.

Between my knees my forehead was,—  
My lips, drawn in, said not Alas!  
My hair was over in the grass,  
My naked ears heard the day pass.

My eyes, wide open, had the run  
Of some ten weeds to fix upon;  
Among those few, out of the sun,  
The woodspurge flower'd, three cups in one.

From perfect grief there need not be  
Wisdom or even memory:  
One thing learnt remains to me,—  
The woodspurge has a cup of three.

781

*Soul's Beauty*

UNDER the arch of Life, where love and death,  
 Terror and mystery, guard her shrine, I saw  
 Beauty enthroned; and though her gaze struck awe,  
 I drew it in as simply as my breath.

Hers are the eyes which, over and beneath,  
 The sky and sea bend on thee,—which can draw,  
 By sea or sky or woman, to one law,  
 The allotted bondman of her palm and wreath.

This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise  
 Thy voice and hand shake still,—long known to thee  
 By flying hair and fluttering hem,—the beat  
 Following her daily of thy heart and feet,  
 How passionately and irretrievably,  
 In what fond flight, how many ways and days!

782

*The Choice*

THINK thou and act; to-morrow thou shalt die.  
 Outstretch'd in the sun's warmth upon the shore,  
 Thou say'st: 'Man's measured path is all gone o'er:  
 Up all his years, steeply, with strain and sigh,  
 Man clomb until he touch'd the truth; and I,  
 Even I, am he whom it was destined for.'

How should this be? Art thou then so much more  
 Than they who sow'd, that thou shouldst reap thereby?  
 Nay, come up hither. From this wave-wash'd mound  
 Unto the furthest flood-brim look with me;  
 Then reach on with thy thought till it be drown'd.

Miles and miles distant though the last line be,  
 And though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond,—  
 Still, leagues beyond those leagues, there is more sea.

GEORGE MEREDITH

1828-1909

783

From '*Love in the Valley*'

UNDER yonder beech-tree single on the green-sward,  
Couch'd with her arms behind her golden head,  
Knees and tresses folded to slip and ripple idly,  
Lies my young love sleeping in the shade.  
Had I the heart to slide an arm beneath her,  
Press her parting lips as her waist I gather slow,  
Waking in amazement she could not but embrace me:  
Then would she hold me and never let me go?

Shy as the squirrel and wayward as the swallow,  
Swift as the swallow along the river's light  
Circling the surface to meet his mirror'd winglets,  
Fleeter she seems in her stay than in her flight.  
Shy as the squirrel that leaps among the pine-tops,  
Wayward as the swallow overhead at set of sun,  
She whom I love is hard to catch and conquer,  
Hard, but O the glory of the winning were she won!

When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror,  
Tying up her laces, looping up her hair,  
Often she thinks, were this wild thing wedded,  
More love should I have, and much less care.  
When her mother tends her before the lighted mirror,  
Loosening her laces, combing down her curls,  
Often she thinks, were this wild thing wedded,  
I should miss but one for many boys and girls.

## GEORGE MEREDITH

Heartless she is as the shadow in the meadows  
Flying to the hills on a blue and breezy noon.  
No, she is athirst and drinking up her wonder:  
Earth to her is young as the slip of t' e new moon.  
Deals she an unkindness, 'tis but her rapid measure,  
Even as in a dance; and her smile can heal no less:  
Like the swinging May-cloud that pelts the flowers with  
hailstones  
Off a sunny border, she was made to bruise and bless.

Lovely are the curves of the white owl sweeping  
Wavy in the dusk lit by one large star.  
Lone on the fir-branch, his rattle-note unvaried,  
Brooding o'er the gloom, spins the brown evejar.  
Darker grows the valley, more and more forgetting:  
So were it with me if forgetting could be will'd.  
Tell the grassy hollow that holds the bubbling well-spring,  
Tell it to forget the source that keeps it fill'd.

Stepping down the hill with her fair companions,  
Arm in arm, all against the raying West,  
Boldly she sings, to the merry tune she marches,  
Brave is her shape, and sweeter unpossess'd.  
Sweeter, for she is what my heart first awaking  
Whisper'd the world was; morning light is she.  
Love that so desires would fain keep her changeless;  
Fain would fling the net, and fain have her free.

Happy happy time, when the white star hovers  
Low over dim fields fresh with bloomy dew,  
Near the face of dawn, that draws athwart the darkness,  
Threading it with colour, like yewberries the yew.

## GEORGE MEREDITH

Thicker crowd the shades as the grave East deepens  
Glowing, and with crimson a long cloud swells.  
Maiden still the morn is; and strange she is, and secret;  
Strange her eyes; her cheeks are cold as cold sea-shells.

. . .

Mother of the dews, dark eye-lash'd twilight,  
Low-lidded twilight, o'er the valley's brim,  
Rounding on thy breast sings the dew-delighted skylark,  
Clear as though the dewdrops had their voice in him.  
Hidden where the rose-flush drinks the rayless planet,  
Fountain-full he pours the spraying fountain-showers.  
Let me hear her laughter, I would have her ever  
Cool as dew in twilight, the lark above the flowers.

All the girls are out with their baskets for the primrose;  
Up lanes, woods through, they troop in joyful bands.  
My sweet leads: she knows not why, but now she loiters,  
Eyes the bent anemones, and hangs her hands.  
Such a look will tell that the violets are peeping,  
Coming the rose: and unaware a cry  
Springs in her bosom for odours and for colour,  
Covert and the nightingale; she knows not why.

. . .

Hither she comes; she comes to me; she lingers,  
Deepens her brown eyebrows, while in new surprise  
High rise the lashes in wonder of a stranger;  
Yet am I the light and living of her eyes.  
Something friends have told her fills her heart to brimming,  
Nets her in her blushes, and wounds her, and tames.—  
Sure of her haven, O like a dove alighting,  
Arms up, she dropp'd: our souls were in our names.

## GEORGE MEREDITH

Could I find a place to be alone with heaven,  
I would speak my heart out: heaven is my need.  
Every woodland tree is flushing like the dogwood,  
Flashing like the whitebeam, swaying like the reed.  
Flushing like the dogwood crimson in October;  
Streaming like the flag-reed South-West blown;  
Flashing as in gusts the sudden-lighted whitebeam:  
All seem to know what is for heaven alone.

784

### *Phæbus with Admetus*

WHEN by Zeus relenting the mandate was revoked,  
Sentencing to exile the bright Sun-God,  
Mindful were the ploughmen of who the steer had yoked,  
Who: and what a track show'd the upturn'd sod!  
Mindful were the shepherds, as now the noon severe  
Bent a burning eyebrow to brown evetide,  
How the rustic flute drew the silver to the sphere,  
Sister of his own, till her rays fell wide.  
God! of whom music  
And song and blood are pure,  
The day is never darken'd  
That had thee here obscure.

Chirping none, the scarlet cicalas crouch'd in ranks:  
Slack the thistle-head piled its down-silk gray:  
Scarce the stony lizard suck'd hollows in his flanks:  
Thick on spots of umbrage our drowsed flocks lay.  
Sudden bow'd the chestnuts beneath a wind unheard,  
Lengthen'd ran the grasses, the sky grew slate:  
Then amid a swift flight of wing'd seed white as curd,  
Clear of limb a Youth smote the master's gate.

## GEORGE MEREDITH

God! of whom music  
And song and blood are pure,  
The day is never darken'd  
That had thee here obscure.

Water, first of singers, o'er rocky mount and mead,  
First of earthly singers, the sun-loved rill,  
Sang of him, and flooded the ripples on the reed,  
Seeking whom to waken and what ear fill.  
Water, sweetest soother to kiss a wound and cool,  
Sweetest and divinest, the sky-born brook,  
Chuckled, with a whimper, and made a mirror-pool  
Round the guest we welcomed, the strange hand shook.

God! of whom music  
And song and blood are pure,  
The day is never darken'd  
That had thee here obscure.

Many swarms of wild bees descended on our fields:  
Stately stood the wheatstalk with head bent high:  
Big of heart we labour'd at storing mighty yields,  
Wool and corn, and clusters to make men cry!  
Hand-like rush'd the vintage; we strung the belled skins  
Plump, and at the sealing the Youth's voice rose:  
Maidens clung in circle, on little fists their chins;  
Gentle beasties through push'd a cold long nose.

God! of whom music  
And song and blood are pure,  
The day is never darken'd  
That had thee here obscure.

GEORGE MEREDITH

Foot to fire in snowtime we trimm'd the slender shaft:  
Often down the pit spied the lean wolf's teeth  
Grin against his will, trapp'd by masterstrokes of craft;  
Helpless in his froth-wrath as green logs seethe!  
Safe the tender lambs tugg'd the teats, and winter sped  
Whirl'd before the crocus, the year's new gold.  
Hung the hooky beak up aloft, the arrowhead  
Redden'd through his feathers for our dear fold.  
God! of whom music  
And song and blood are pure,  
The day is never darken'd  
That had thee here obscure.

Tales we drank of giants at war with Gods above:  
Rocks were they to look on, and earth climb'd air!  
Tales of search for simples, and those who sought of love  
Ease because the creature was all too fair.  
Pleasant ran our thinking that, while our work was good,  
Sure as fruits for sweat would the praise come fast.  
He that wrestled stoutest and tamed the billow-brood  
Danced in rings with girls, like a sail-flapp'd mast.  
God! of whom music  
And song and blood are pure  
The day is never darken'd  
That had thee here obscure.

Lo, the herb of healing, when once the herb is known,  
Shines in shady woods bright as new-sprung flame,  
Ere the string was tighten'd we heard the mellow tone,  
After he had taught how the sweet sounds came.

## GEORGE MEREDITH

Stretch'd about his feet, labour done, 'twas as you see

Red pomegranates tumble and burst hard rind.

So began contention to give delight and be

Excellent in things aim'd to make life kind.

God! of whom music

And song and blood are pure,

The day is never darken'd

That day thee here obscure.

You with shelly horns, rams! and, promontory goats,

You whose browsing beards dip in coldest dew!

Bulls, that walk the pastures in kingly-flashing coats!

Laurel, ivy, vine, wreath'd for feasts not few!

You that build the shade-roof, and you that court the rays,

You that leap besprinkling the rock stream-rent:

He has been our fellow, the morning of our days;

Us he chose for housemates, and this way went.

God! of whom music

And song and blood are pure,

The day is never darken'd

That had thee here obscure.

785

### *Love's Grave*

MARK where the pressing wind shoots javelin-like,  
Its skeleton shadow on the broad-back'd wave!

Here is a fitting spot to dig Love's grave;

Here where the ponderous breakers plunge and strike,

And dart their hissing tongues high up the sand:

In hearing of the ocean, and in sight

Of those ribb'd wind-streaks running into white.

If I the death of Love had deeply plann'd,

GEORGE MEREDITH

I never could have made it half so sure,  
As by the unblest kisses which upbraid  
The full-waked sense; or failing that, degrade!  
'Tis morning: but no morning can restore  
What we have forfeited. I see no sin:  
The wrong is mix'd. In tragic life, God wot,  
No villain need be! Passions spin the plot:  
We are betray'd by what is false within.

786

*Lucifer in Starlight*

ON a starr'd night Prince Lucifer uprose.  
Tired of his dark dominion swung the fiend  
Above the rolling ball in cloud part screen'd,  
Where sinners hugg'd their spectre of repose.  
Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those.  
And now upon his western wing he lean'd,  
Now his huge bulk o'er Afric's sands careen'd,  
Now the black planet shadow'd Arctic snows.  
Soaring through wider zones that prick'd his scars  
With memory of the old revolt from Awe,  
He reach'd a middle height, and at the stars,  
Which are the brain of heaven, he look'd, and sank.  
Around the ancient track march'd, rank on rank,  
The army of unalterable law.

787

*Dirge in Woods*

A WIND sways the pines,  
And below  
Not a breath of wild air;  
Still as the mosses that glow  
On the flooring and over the lines  
Of the roots here and there.

## GEORGE MEREDITH

The pine-tree drops its dead;  
They are quiet, as under the sea.  
Overhead, overhead  
Rushes life in a race,  
As the clouds the clouds chase;  
    And we go,  
And we drop like the fruits of the tree,  
    Even we,  
    Even so.

## EMILY DICKINSON

1830-1886

788

### *Parting*

MY life closed twice before its close;  
It yet remains to see  
If Immortality unveil  
    A third event to me

So huge, so hopeless to conceive,  
As these that twice befell.  
Parting is all we know of heaven,  
And all we need of hell.

## CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

1830-1894

789

### *Bride Song*

FROM 'THE PRINCE'S PROGRESS'

TOO late for love, too late for joy,  
Too late, too late!  
You loiter'd on the road too long,  
You trifled at the gate:

## CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

The enchanted dove upon her branch  
Died without a mate;  
The enchanted princess in her tower  
Slept, died, behind the grate;  
Her heart was starving all this while  
You made it wait.

Ten years ago, five years ago,  
One year ago,  
Even then you had arrived in time,  
Though somewhat slow;  
Then you had known her living face  
Which now you cannot know:  
The frozen fountain would have leap'd.  
The buds gone on to blow,  
The warm south wind would have awaked  
To melt the snow.

Is she fair now as she lies?  
Once she was fair;  
Meet queen for any kingly king,  
With gold-dust on her hair.  
Now there are poppies in her locks,  
White poppies she must wear;  
Must wear a veil to shroud her face  
And the want graven there:  
Or is the hunger fed at length,  
Cast off the care?

We never saw her with a smile  
Or with a frown;  
Her bed seem'd never soft to her,  
Though toss'd of down;

## CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

She little heeded what she wore,  
Kirtle, or wreath, or gown;  
We think her white brows often ached  
Beneath her crown,  
Till silvery hairs show'd in her locks  
That used to be so brown.

We never heard her speak in haste:  
Her tones were sweet,  
And modulated just so much  
As it was meet:  
Her heart sat silent through the noise  
And concourse of the street.  
There was no hurry in her hands,  
No hurry in her feet;  
There was no bliss drew nigh to her,  
That she might run to greet.

You should have wept her yesterday,  
Wasting upon her bed:  
But wherefore should you weep to-day  
That she is dead?  
Lo, we who love weep not to-day,  
But crown her royal head.  
Let be these poppies that we strew,  
Your roses are too red:  
Let be these poppies, not for you  
Cut down and spread.

790

*A Birthday*

**M**Y heart is like a singing bird  
 Whose nest is in a water'd shoot;  
 My heart is like an apple-tree  
 Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit;  
 My heart is like a rainbow shell  
 That paddles in a halcyon sea;  
 My heart is gladder than all these,  
 Because my love is come to me.  
  
 Raise me a daïs of silk and down;  
 Hang it with vair and purple dyes;  
 Carve it in doves and pomegranates,  
 And peacocks with a hundred eyes;  
 Work it in gold and silver grapes,  
 In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;  
 Because the birthday of my life  
 Is come, my love is come to me.

791

*Song*

**W**HEN I am dead, my dearest,  
 Sing no sad songs for me;  
 Plant thou no roses at my head,  
 Nor shady cypress tree:  
 Be the green grass above me  
 With showers and dewdrops wet;  
 And if thou wilt, remember,  
 And if thou wilt, forget.  
  
 I shall not see the shadows,  
 I shall not feel the rain;  
 I shall not hear the nightingale  
 Sing on, as if in pain;

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

And dreaming through the twilight  
That doth not rise nor set,  
Haply I may remember,  
And haply may forget.

792

*Twice*

I TOOK my heart in my hand  
(O my love, O my love),  
I said: Let me fall or stand,  
Let me live or die,  
But this once hear me speak  
(O my love, O my love)—  
Yet a woman's words are weak;  
You should speak, not I.

You took my heart in your hand  
With a friendly smile,  
With a critical eye you scann'd,  
Then set it down,  
And said, 'It is still unripe,  
Better wait awhile;  
Wait while the skylarks pipe,  
Till the corn grows brown.'

As you set it down it broke—  
Broke, but I did not wince;  
I smiled at the speech you spoke,  
At your judgement I heard:  
But I have not often smiled  
Since then, nor question'd since,  
Nor cared for cornflowers wild,  
Nor sung with the singing bird.

## CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

I take my heart in my hand,  
O my God, O my God,  
My broken heart in my hand:  
Thou hast seen, judge Thou.  
My hope was written on sand,  
O my God, O my God:  
Now let thy judgement stand—  
Yea, judge me now.

This contemn'd of a man,  
This marr'd one heedless day,  
This heart take thou to scan  
Both within and without:  
Refine with fire its gold,  
Purge Thou its dross away—  
Yea, hold it in Thy hold,  
Whence none can pluck it out.

I take my heart in my hand—  
I shall not die, but live—  
Before Thy face I stand;  
I, for Thou callest such:  
All that I have I bring,  
All that I am I give,  
Smile Thou and I shall sing,  
But shall not question much.

793

### *Uphill*

**D**OES the road wind uphill all the way?  
Yes, to the very end.  
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?  
From morn to night, my friend.

## CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

But is there for the night a resting-place?

A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin.  
May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you waiting at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labour you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

794

### *Remember*

**R**EMEMBER me when I am gone away,  
Gone far away into the silent land;

When you can no more hold me by the hand,  
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.

Remember me when no more day by day

You tell me of our future that you plann'd:

Only remember me; you understand  
It will be late to counsel then or pray.

Yet if you should forget me for a while

And afterwards remember, do not grieve:

For if the darkness and corruption leave

A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,

Better by far you should forget and smile

Than that you should remember and be sad.

795

*Aloof*

THE irresponsive silence of the land,  
 The irresponsive sounding of the sea,  
 Speak both one message of one sense to me:—  
 Aloof, aloof, we stand aloof, so stand  
 Thou too aloof, bound with the flawless band  
 Of inner solitude; we bind not thee;  
 But who from thy self-chain shall set thee free?  
 What heart shall touch thy heart? What hand thy hand?  
 And I am sometimes proud and sometimes meek,  
 And sometimes I remember days of old  
 When fellowship seem'd not so far to seek,  
 And all the world and I seem'd much less cold,  
 And at the rainbow's foot lay surely gold,  
 And hope felt strong, and life itself not weak.

796

*Rest*

O EARTH, lie heavily upon her eyes;  
 Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching, Earth;  
 Lie close around her; leave no room for mirth  
 With its harsh laughter, nor for sound of sighs.  
 She hath no questions, she hath no replies,  
 Hush'd in and curtain'd with a blessèd dearth  
 Of all that irk'd her from the hour of birth;  
 With stillness that is almost Paradise.  
 Darkness more clear than noonday holdeth her,  
 Silence more musical than any song;  
 Even her very heart has ceased to stir:  
 Until the morning of Eternity  
 Her rest shall not begin nor end, but be;  
 And when she wakes she will not think it long.

JEAN INGELow

1820-1897

797

*For Exmoor*

FOR Exmoor—

For Exmoor, where the red deer run, my weary heart  
doth cry:

She that will a rover wed, far her feet shall hie.

Narrow, narrow, shows the street, dull the narrow sky.

*-Buy my cherries, whiteheart cherries, good my masters,  
buy!*

For Exmoor—

O he left me, left alone, aye to think and sigh—

'Lambs feed down yon sunny coombe, hind and yearling shy

Mid the shrouding vapours walk now like ghosts on high.'

*—Buy my cherries, blackheart cherries, lads and lasses, buy!*

For Exmoor—

Dear my dear, why did ye so? Evil day have I;

Mark no more the antler'd stag, hear the curlew cry,

Milking at my father's gate while he leans anigh.

*—Buy my cherries, whiteheart, blackheart, golden girls, O  
buy!*

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN

1830-1897

798

*Salve!*

TO live within a cave—it is most good;  
But, if God make a day,

And some one come, and say,

'Lo! I have gather'd faggots in the wood!'

E'en let him stay,

And light a fire, and fan a temporal mood!

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 The irresponsible sounding of the sea,  
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And some one come, and say,

‘Lo! I have gather’d faggots in the wood!’

E’en let him stay,

And light a fire, and fan a temporal mood!

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN

So sit till morning! when the light is grown  
That he the path can read,  
Then bid the man God-speed!  
His morning is not thine: yet must thou own  
They have a cheerful warmth—those ashes on the stone.

799

*Preparation*

HAST thou a cunning instrument of play,  
'Tis well; but see thou keep it bright,  
And tuned to primal chords, so that it may  
Be ready day and night.  
For when He comes thou know'st not, who shall say:—  
'These virginals are apt'; and try a note,  
And sit, and make sweet solace of delight,  
That men shall stand to listen on the way,  
And all the room with heavenly music float.

800

*My Garden*

A GARDEN is a lovesome thing, God wot!  
Rose plot,  
Fringed pool,  
Fern'd grot—  
The veriest school  
Of peace; and yet the fool  
Contends that God is not—  
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?  
Nay, but I have a sign;  
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

*Willow*

The feathers of the willow  
Are half of them grown yellow  
Above the swelling stream;  
And ragged are the bushes,  
And rusty now the rushes,  
And wild the clouded gleam.

The thistle now is older,  
His stalk begins to moulder,  
His head is white as snow;  
The branches all are barer,  
The linnet's song is rarer,  
The robin pipeth now.

## JAMES THOMSON

1834-1882

*In the Train*

AS we rush, as we rush in the Train,  
The trees and the houses go wheeling back,  
But the starry heavens above the plain  
Come flying on our track.

All the beautiful stars of the sky,  
The silver doves of the forest of Night,  
Over the dull earth swarm and fly,  
Companions of our flight.

We will rush ever on without fear;  
Let the goal be far, the flight be fleet!  
For we carry the Heavens with us, dear,  
While the earth slips from our feet!

803

*Gifts*

**G**IVE a man a horse he can ride,  
Give a man a boat he can sail;  
And his rank and wealth, his strength and health,  
On sea nor shore shall fail.

Give a man a pipe he can smoke,  
Give a man a book he can read:  
And his home is bright with a calm delight,  
Though the room be poor indeed.

Give a man a girl he can love,  
As I, O my love, love thee;  
And his heart is great with the pulse of Fate,  
At home, on land, on sea.

804

*The Vine*

**T**HE wine of Love is music,  
And the feast of Love is song:  
And when Love sits down to the banquet,  
Love sits long:

Sits long and arises drunken,  
But not with the feast and the wine;  
He reeleth with his own heart,  
That great, rich Vine.

GEORGE LOUIS PALMELLA BUSSON  
DU MAURIER

1834-1896

805

*Music*

(AFTER SULLY PRUDHOMME)

**K**INDLY watcher by my bed, lift no voice in prayer,  
Waste not any words on me when the hour is nigh,  
Let a stream of melody but flow from some sweet player,  
And meekly will I lay my head and fold my hands to die.

Sick I am of idle words, past all reconciling,  
Words that weary and perplex and pander and conceal,  
Wake the sounds that cannot lie, for all their sweet beguiling;  
The language one need fathom not, but only hear and feel.

Let them roll once more to me, and ripple in my hearing,  
Like waves upon a lonely beach where no craft anchoreth:  
That I may steep my soul therein, and craving naught, nor  
feeling,  
Drift on through slumber to a dream, and through a dream  
to death.

WILLIAM MORRIS

1834-1896

806

*Summer Dawn*

**P**RAY but one prayer for me 'twixt thy closed lips,  
Think but one thought of me up in the stars.  
The summer night waneth, the morning light slips  
Faint and gray 'twixt the leaves of the aspen, betwixt the  
cloud-bars,

WILLIAM MORRIS

That are patiently waiting there for the dawn:  
Patient and colourless, though Heaven's gold  
Waits to float through them along with the sun.  
Far out in the meadows, above the young corn,  
The heavy elms wait, and restless and cold  
The uneasy wind rises; the roses are dun;  
Through the long twilight they pray for the dawn  
Round the lone house in the midst of the corn.  
Speak but one word to me over the corn,  
Over the tender, bow'd locks of the corn.

807

*Love is enough*

LOVE is enough: though the World be a-waning,  
And the woods have no voice but the voice of complaining,  
Though the sky be too dark for dim eyes to discover  
The gold-cups and daisies fair blooming thereunder,  
Though the hills be held shadows, and the sea a dark wonder  
And this day draw a veil over all deeds pass'd over,  
Yet their hands shall not tremble, their feet shall not falter;  
The void shall not weary, the fear shall not alter  
These lips and these eyes of the loved and the lover.

808

*Inscription for an Old Bed*

THE wind's on the wold  
And the night is a-cold,  
And Thames runs chill  
'Twixt mead and hill.  
But kind and dear  
Is the old house here

WILLIAM MORRIS

And my heart is warm  
Midst winter's harm.  
Rest then and rest,  
And think of the best  
'Twixt summer and spring,  
When all birds sing  
In the town of the tree,  
And ye lie in me  
And scarce dare move,  
Lest the earth and its love  
Should fade away  
Ere the full of the day.  
I am old and have seen  
Many things that have been;  
Both grief and peace  
And wane and increase.  
No tale I tell  
Of ill or well,  
But this I say:  
Night treadeth on day,  
And for worst or best  
Right good is rest.

809

*The Nymph's Song to Hylas*

I KNOW a little garden-close  
Set thick with lily and red rose,  
Where I would wander if I might  
From dewy dawn to dewy night,  
And have one with me wandering.

## WILLIAM MORRIS

And though within it no birds sing,  
And though no pillar'd house is there,  
And though the apple boughs are bare  
Of fruit and blossom, would to God,  
Her feet upon the green grass trod,  
And I beheld them as before!

There comes a murmur from the shore,  
And in the place two fair streams are,  
Drawn from the purple hills afar,  
Drawn down unto the restless sea;  
The hills whose flowers ne'er fed the bee,  
The shore no ship has ever seen,  
Still beaten by the billows green,  
Whose murmur comes unceasingly  
Unto the place for which I cry.

For which I cry both day and night,  
For which I let slip all delight,  
That maketh me both deaf and blind,  
Careless to win, unskill'd to find,  
And quick to lose what all men seek.

Yet tottering as I am, and weak,  
Still have I left a little breath  
To seek within the jaws of death  
An entrance to that happy place;  
To seek the unforgotten face  
Once seen, once kiss'd, once reft from me  
Anigh the murmuring of the sea.

JOHN LEICESTER WARREN  
LORD DE TABLEY

1835-1895

810

*Chorus from 'Medea'*

SWEET are the ways of death to weary feet,  
Calm are the shades of men.  
The phantom fears no tyrant in his seat,  
The slave is master then.

Love is abolish'd; well, that this is so;  
We knew him best as Pain.  
The gods are all cast out, and let them go!  
Who ever found them gain?

Ready to hurt and slow to succour these;  
So, while thou breathest, pray.  
But in the sepulchre all flesh has peace;  
Their hand is put away.

811

*The Two Old Kings*

I N ruling well what guerdon? Life runs low,  
As yonder lamp upon the hour-glass lies,  
Waning and wasted. We are great and wise,  
But Love is gone; and Silence seems to grow  
Along the misty road where we must go.  
From summits near the morning star's uprise  
Death comes, a shadow from the northern skies,  
As, when all leaves are down, there comes the snow.

JOHN LEICESTER WARREN

Brother and King, we hold our last carouse.  
One loving-cup we drain and then farewell.  
The night is spent: the crystal morning ray  
Calls us, as soldiers laurell'd on our brows,  
To march undaunted while the clarions swell—  
Heroic hearts, upon our lonely way.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

812

*Chorus from 'Atalanta'*

1837-1909

WHEN the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,  
The mother of months in meadow or plain  
Fills the shadows and windy places  
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;  
And the brown bright nightingale amorous  
Is half assuaged for Itylus,  
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces.  
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,  
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,  
With a noise of winds and many rivers,  
With a clamour of waters, and with might;  
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,  
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet;  
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,  
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,  
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?  
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,  
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!

## ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

For the stars and the winds are unto her  
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;  
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,  
And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,  
And all the season of snows and sins;  
The days dividing lover and lover,  
The light that loses, the night that wins;  
And time remember'd is grief forgotten,  
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,  
And in green underwood and cover  
Blossom by blossom the Spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,  
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,  
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes  
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;  
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,  
And the oat is heard above the lyre,  
And the hooped heel of a satyr crushes  
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,  
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,  
Follows with a dancing and fills with delight  
The Mænad and the Bassarid;  
And soft as lips that laugh and hide  
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,  
And screen from seeing and leave in sight  
The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair  
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;  
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare  
Her bright breast shortening into sighs;  
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,  
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves  
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare  
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

813

*Chorus from 'Atalanta'*

**B**EFORE the beginning of years  
There came to the making of man  
Time, with a gift of tears;  
Grief, with a glass that ran;  
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;  
Summer, with flowers that fell;  
Remembrance fallen from heaven,  
And madness risen from hell;  
Strength without hands to smite;  
Love that endures for a breath;  
Night, the shadow of light,  
And life, the shadow of death.  
And the high gods took in hand  
Fire, and the falling of tears,  
And a measure of sliding sand  
From under the feet of the years;  
And froth and drift of the sea;  
And dust of the labouring earth;  
And bodies of things to be  
In the houses of death and of birth;

## ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

And wrought with weeping and laughter,  
And fashion'd with loathing and love,  
With life before and after  
And death beneath and above,  
For a day and a night and a morrow,  
That his strength might endure for a span  
With travail and heavy sorrow,  
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south  
They gather'd as unto strife;  
They breathed upon his mouth,  
They filled his body with life;  
Eyesight and speech they wrought  
For the veils of the soul therein,  
A time for labour and thought,  
A time to serve and to sin;  
They gave him light in his ways,  
And love, and a space for delight,  
And beauty and length of days,  
And night, and sleep in the night.  
His speech is a burning fire;  
With his lips he travaileth;  
In his heart is a blind desire,  
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;  
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;  
Sows, and he shall not reap;  
His life is a watch or a vision  
Between a sleep and a sleep.

(IN MEMORY OF CHARLES BAUDELAIRE)

SHALL I strew on thee rose or rue or laurel,  
 Brother, on this that was the veil of thee?  
 Or quiet sea-flower moulded by the sea,  
 Or simplest growth of meadow-sweet or sorrel,  
 Such as the summer-sleepy Dryads weave,  
 Waked up by snow-soft sudden rains at eve?  
 Or wilt thou rather, as on earth before,  
 Half-faded fiery blossoms, pale with heat  
 And full of bitter summer, but more sweet  
 To thee than gleanings of a northern shore  
 Trod by no tropic feet?

For always thee the fervid languid glories  
 Allured of heavier suns in mightier skies;  
 Thine ears knew all the wandering watery sighs  
 Where the sea sobs round Lesbian promontories,  
 The barren kiss of piteous wave to wave  
 That knows not where is that Leucadian grave  
 Which hides too deep the supreme head of song.  
 Ah, salt and sterile as her kisses were,  
 The wild sea winds her and the green gulfs bear  
 Hither and thither, and vex and work her wrong,  
 Blind gods that cannot spare.

Thou sawest, in thine old singing season, brother,  
 Secrets and sorrows unbeheld of us:  
 Fierce loves, and lovely leaf-buds poisonous,  
 Bare to thy subtler eye, but for none other

## ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Blowing by night in some unbreathed-in-clime  
The hidden harvest of luxurious time,  
Sin without shape, and pleasure without speech;  
And where strange dreams in a tumultuous sleep  
Make the shut eyes of stricken spirits weep;  
And with each face thou sawest the shadow on each,  
Seeing as men sow men reap.

O sleepless heart and sombre soul unsleeping,  
That were athirst for sleep and no more life  
And no more love, for peace and no more strife!  
Now the dim gods of death have in their keeping  
Spirit and body and all the springs of song,  
Is it well now where love can do no wrong,  
Where stingless pleasure has no foam or fang  
Behind the unopening closure of her lips?  
Is it not well where soul from body slips  
And flesh from bone divides without a pang  
As dew from flower-bell drips?

It is enough; the end and the beginning  
Are one thing to thee, who art past the end.  
O hand unclasp'd of unbeholden friend,  
For thee no fruits to pluck, no palms for winning,  
No triumph and no labour and no lust,  
Only dead yew-leaves and a little dust.  
O quiet eyes wherein the light saith naught,  
Whereto the day is dumb, nor any night  
With obscure finger silences your sight,  
Nor in your speech the sudden soul speaks thought,  
Sleep, and have sleep for light.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Now all strange hours and all strange loves are over,  
    Dreams and desires and sombre songs and sweet,  
    Hast thou found place at the great knees and feet  
Of some pale Titan-woman like a lover,  
    Such as thy vision her solicited,  
    Under the shadow of her fair vast head,  
The deep division of prodigious breasts,  
    The solemn slope of mighty limbs asleep,  
    The weight of awful tresses that still keep  
The savour and shade of old-world pine-forests  
    Where the wet hill-winds weep?

Hast thou found any likeness for thy vision?  
    O gardener of strange flowers, what bud, what bloom,  
    Hast thou found sown, what gather'd in the gloom?  
What of despair, of rapture, of derision,  
    What of life is there, what of ill or good?  
    Are the fruits gray like dust or bright like blood?  
Does the dim ground grow any seed of ours,  
    The faint fields quicken any terrene root,  
    In low lands where the sun and moon are mute  
And all the stars keep silence? Are there flowers  
    At all, or any fruit?

Alas, but though my flying song flies after,  
    O sweet strange elder singer, thy more fleet  
    Singing, and footprints of thy fleeter feet,  
Some dim derision of mysterious laughter  
    From the blind tongueless warders of the dead,  
    Some gainless glimpse of Proserpine's veil'd head,

## ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Some little sound of unregarded tears  
Wept by effaced unprofitable eyes,  
And from pale mouths some cadence of dead sighs—  
These only, these the hearkening spirit hears,  
Sees only such things rise.

Thou art too far for wings of words to follow,  
Far too far off for thought or any prayer.  
What ails us with thee, who art wind and air?  
What ails us gazing where all seen is hollow?  
Yet with some fancy, yet with some desire,  
Dreams pursue death as winds a flying fire,  
Our dreams pursue our dead and do not find.  
Still, and more swift than they, the thin flame flies,  
The low light fails us in elusive skies,  
Still the foil'd earnest ear is deaf, and blind  
Are still the eluded eyes.

Not thee, O never thee, in all time's changes,  
Not thee, but this the sound of thy sad soul,  
The shadow of thy swift spirit, this shut scroll  
I lay my hand on, and not death estranges  
My spirit from communion of thy song—  
These memories and these melodies that throng  
Veil'd porches of a Muse funereal—  
These I salute, these touch, these clasp and fold  
As though a hand were in my hand to hold,  
Or through mine ears a mourning musical  
Of many mourners roll'd.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

I among these, I also, in such station  
As when the pyre was charr'd, and piled the sods,  
And offering to the dead made, and their gods,  
The old mourners had, standing to make libation,  
I stand, and to the Gods and to the dead  
Do reverence without prayer or praise, and shed  
Offering to these unknown, the gods of gloom,  
And what of honey and spice my seed-lands bear,  
And what I may of fruits in this chill'd air,  
And lay, Orestes-like, across the tomb  
A curl of sever'd hair.

But by no hand nor any treason stricken,  
Not like the low-lying head of Him, the King,  
The flame that made of Troy a ruinous thing,  
Thou liest and on this dust no tears could quicken.  
There fall no tears like theirs that all men hear  
Fall tear by sweet imperishable tear  
Down the opening leaves of holy poet's pages.  
Thee not Orestes, not Electra mourns;  
But bending us-ward with memorial urns  
The most high Muses that fulfil all ages  
Weep, and our God's heart yearns.

For, sparing of his sacred strength, not often  
Among us darkling here the lord of light  
Makes manifest his music and his might  
In hearts that open and in lips that soften  
With the soft flame and heat of songs that shine.  
Thy lips indeed he touch'd with bitter wine,

## ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

And nourish'd them indeed with bitter bread;  
Yet surely from his hand thy soul's food came,  
The fire that scarr'd thy spirit at his flame  
Was lighted, and thine hungering heart he fed  
Who feeds our hearts with fame.

Therefore he too now at thy soul's sunseting,  
God of all suns and songs, he too bends down  
To mix his laurel with thy cypress crown,  
And save thy dust from blame and from forgetting.  
Therefore he too, seeing all thou wert and art,  
Compassionate, with sad and sacred heart,  
Mourns thee of many his children the last dead,  
And hallows with strange tears and alien sighs  
Thine unmelodious mouth and sunless eyes,  
And over thine irrevocable head  
Sheds light from the under skies.

And one weeps with him in the ways Lethæan,  
And stains with tears her changing bosom chill;  
That obscure Venus of the hollow hill,  
That thing transform'd which was the Cytherean,  
With lips that lost their Grecian laugh divine  
Long since, and face no more call'd Erycine—  
A ghost, a bitter and luxurious god.  
Thee also with fair flesh and singing spell  
Did she, a sad and second prey, compel  
Into the footless places once more trod,  
And shadows hot from hell.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

And now no sacred staff shall break in blossom,  
No choral salutation lure to light  
A spirit sick with perfume and sweet night  
And love's tired eyes and hands and barren bosom.  
There is no help for these things; none to mend,  
And none to mar; not all our songs, O friend,  
Will make death clear or make life durable.  
Howbeit with rose and ivy and wild vine  
And with wild notes about this dust of thine  
At least I fill the place where white dreams dwell  
And wreathe an unseen shrine.

Sleep; and if life was bitter to thee, pardon,  
If sweet, give thanks; thou hast no more to live;  
And to give thanks is good, and to forgive.  
Out of the mystic and the mournful garden  
Where all day through thine hands in barren braid  
Wove the sick flowers of secrecy and shade,  
Green buds of sorrow and sin, and remnants gray,  
Sweet-smelling, pale with poison, sanguine-hearted,  
Passions that sprang from sleep and thoughts that  
started,  
Shall death not bring us all as thee one day  
Among the days departed?

For thee, O now a silent soul, my brother,  
Take at my hands this garland, and farewell.  
Thin is the leaf, and chill the wintry smell,  
And chill the solemn earth, a fatal mother,  
With sadder than the Niobeian womb,  
And in the hollow of her breasts a tomb.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Content thee, howsoe'er, whose days are done;  
There lies not any troublous thing before,  
Nor sight nor sound to war against thee more,  
For whom all winds are quiet as the sun,  
All waters as the shore.

815                    *From 'Before the Mirror'*

**G**LAD, but not flush'd with gladness,  
Since joys go by;  
Sad, but not bent with sadness,  
Since sorrows die;  
Deep in the gleaming glass  
She sees all past things pass,  
And all sweet life that was lie down and lie.

There glowing ghosts of flowers  
Draw down, draw nigh;  
And wings of swift spent hours  
Take flight and fly;  
She sees by formless gleams,  
She hears across cold streams,  
Dead mouths of many dreams that sing and sigh.

Face fallen and white throat lifted,  
With sleepless eye  
She sees old loves that drifted,  
She knew not why,  
Old loves and faded fears  
Float down a stream that hears  
The flowing of all men's tears beneath the sky.

*What the Bullet sang*

O JOY of creation,  
To be!  
O rapture, to fly  
And be free!  
Be the battle lost or won,  
Though its smoke shall hide the sun,  
I shall find my love—the one  
Born for me!

I shall know him where he stands  
All alone,  
With the power in his hands  
Not o'erthrown;  
I shall know him by his face,  
By his godlike front and grace;  
I shall hold him for a space  
All my own!

It is he—O my love!  
So bold!  
It is I—all thy love  
Foretold!  
It is I—O love, what bliss!  
Dost thou answer to my kiss?  
O sweetheart! what is this  
Lieth there so cold?

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

1837-1920

817

*Earliest Spring*

**T**OSSING his mane of snows in wildest eddies and  
tangles,  
Lion-like March cometh in, hoarse, with tempestuous  
breath,  
Through all the moaning chimneys, and 'thwart all the  
hollows and angles [death.  
Round the shuddering house, threatening of winter and

But in my heart I feel the life of the wood and the meadow  
Thrilling the pulses that own kindred with fibres that lift  
Bud and blade to the sunward, within the inscrutable shadow,  
Deep in the oak's chill core, under the gathering drift.

Nay, to earth's life in mine some prescience, or dream, or  
desire [goes—  
(How shall I name it aright?) comes for a moment and  
Rapture of life ineffable, perfect—as if in the brier,  
Leafless there by my door, trembled a sense of the rose.

THOMAS HARDY

1840-1928

818

*The Darkling Thrush*

**I** LEANT upon a coppice gate  
When Frost was spectre-gray,  
And Winter's dregs made desolate  
The weakening eye of day.

## THOMAS HARDY

The tangled bine-stems scored the sky  
Like strings of broken lyres,  
And all mankind that haunted nigh  
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seem'd to be  
The Century's corpse outleant,  
His crypt the cloudy canopy,  
The wind his death-lament.  
The ancient pulse of germ and birth  
Was shrunken hard and dry,  
And every spirit upon earth  
Seem'd fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among  
The bleak twigs overhead  
In a full-hearted evensong  
Of joy illimited;  
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,  
In blast-beruffled plume,  
Had chosen thus to fling his soul  
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carollings  
Of such ecstatic sound  
Was written on terrestrial things  
Afar or nigh around,  
That I could think there trembled through  
His happy good-night air  
Some blessèd Hope, whereof he knew  
And I was unaware.

819

*She, to Him*

PERHAPS, long hence, when I have pass'd away,  
Some other's feature, accent, thought like mine,  
Will carry you back to what I used to say,  
And bring some memory of your love's decline.  
Then you may pause awhile and think, 'Poor jade!'  
And yield a sigh to me—as ample due,  
Not as the tittle of a debt unpaid  
To one who could resign her all to you—

And thus reflecting, you will never see  
That your thin thought, in two small words convey'd,  
Was no such fleeting phantom-thought to me,  
But the Whole Life wherein my part was play'd;  
And you amid its fitful masquerade  
A Thought—as I in yours but seem to be.

820

*'I need not go'*

I NEED not go  
Through sleet and snow  
To where I know  
She waits for me;  
She will tarry me there  
Till I find it fair,  
And have time to spare  
From company.

When I've overgot  
The world somewhat,  
When things cost not

THOMAS HARDY

Such stress and strain,  
Is soon enough  
By cypress sough  
To tell my Love  
I am come again.

And if some day,  
When none cries nay,  
I still delay  
To seek her side,  
(Though ample measure  
Of fitting leisure  
Await my pleasure)  
She will not chide.

What—not upbraid me  
That I delay'd me,  
Nor ask what stay'd me  
So long? Ah, no!—  
New cares may claim me.  
New loves inflame me,  
She will not blame me,  
But suffer it so.

821

*Friends Beyond*

WILLIAM DEWY, Tranter Reuben, Farmer Ledlow  
late at plough,  
Robert's kin, and John's, and Ned's,  
And the Squire, and Lady Susan, lie in Mellstock church-  
yard now!

## THOMAS HARDY

'Gone,' I call them, gone for good, that group of local  
hearts and heads;

Yet at mothy curfew-tide,  
And at midnight when the noon-heat breathes it back  
from walls and leads,  
They've a way of whispering to me—fellow-wight who  
yet abide—

In the muted, measured note  
Of a ripple under archways, or a lone cave's stillicide:

'We have triumph'd: this achievement turns the bane to  
antidote,

Unsuccesses to success,  
Many thought-worn eves and morrows to a morrow free  
of thought.

'No more need we corn and clothing, feel of old terrestrial  
stress;

Chill detraction stirs no sigh;  
Fear of death has even bygone us: death gave all that we  
possess.'

*W. D.*—'Ye mid burn the old bass-viol that set I such value  
by.'

*Squire.*—'You may hold the manse in fee,  
You may wed my spouse, may let my children's memory  
of me die.'

*Lady.*—'You may have my rich brocades, my laces; take each  
household key;  
Ransack coffer, desk, bureau;  
Quiz the few poor treasures hid there, con the letters kept  
by me.'

THOMAS HARDY

*Far.*—‘Ye mid zell my favourite heifer, ye mid let the  
charlock grow,

Foul the grinterns, give up thrift.’

*Wife.*—‘If ye break my best blue china, children, I shan’t  
care or ho.’

*All.*—‘We’ve no wish to hear the tidings, how the people’s  
fortunes shift;

What your daily doings are;

Who are wedded, born, divided; if your lives beat slow  
or swift.

‘Curious not the least are we if our intents you make or  
mar,

If you quire to our old tune,

If the City stage still passes, if the weirs still roar afar.’

—Thus, with very gods’ composure, freed those crosses  
late and soon

Which, in life, the Trine allow

(Why, none witteth), and ignoring all that haps beneath  
the moon,

William Dewy, Tranter Reuben, Farmer Ledlow late at  
plough,

Robert’s kin, and John’s, and Ned’s,

And the Squire, and Lady Susan, murmur mildly to me  
now.

THOMAS HARDY

822      *In Time of 'The Breaking of Nations'*<sup>1</sup>

ONLY a man harrowing clods  
In a slow silent walk  
With an old horse that stumbles and nods  
Half asleep as they stalk.

Only thin smoke without flame  
From the heaps of couch-grass;  
Yet this will go onward the same  
Though Dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid and her wight  
Come whispering by:  
War's annals will cloud into night  
Ere their story die.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

1840-1922

823      *The Desolate City*

DARK to me is the earth. Dark to me are the heavens.  
Where is she that I loved, the woman with eyes like  
stars?

Desolate are the streets. Desolate is the city.  
A city taken by storm, where none are left but the slain.

Sadly I rose at dawn, undid the latch of my shutters,  
Thinking to let in light, but I only let in love.  
Birds in the boughs were awake; I listen'd to their chaunting;  
Each one sang to his love; only I was alone.

<sup>1</sup> Jer. li. 20.

## WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

This, I said in my heart, is the hour of life and of pleasure.

Now each creature on earth has his joy, and lives in the sun,  
Each in another's eyes finds light, the light of compassion,  
This is the moment of pity, this is the moment of love.

Speak, O desolate city! Speak, O silence in sadness!

Where is she that I loved in my strength, that spoke to my  
soul?

Where are those passionate eyes that appeal'd to my eyes in  
passion?

Where is the mouth that kiss'd me, the breast I laid to my  
own?

Speak, thou soul of my soul, for rage in my heart is kindled.

Tell me, where didst thou flee in the day of destruction  
and fear?

See, my arms still enfold thee, enfolding thus all heaven,

See, my desire is fulfill'd in thee, for it fills the earth.

Thus in my grief I lamented. Then turn'd I from the  
window,

Turn'd to the stair, and the open door, and the empty  
street,

Crying aloud in my grief, for there was none to chide me,

None to mock my weakness, none to behold my tears.

Groping I went, as blind. I sought her house, my belovèd's.

There I stopp'd at the silent door, and listen'd and tried  
the latch.

Love, I cried, dost thou slumber? This is no hour for  
slumber,

This is the hour of love, and love I bring in my hand.

## WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

I knew the house, with its windows barr'd, and its leafless  
fig-tree,

Climbing round by the doorstep the only one in the street;  
I knew where my hope had climb'd to its goal and there  
encircled

All that those desolate walls once held, my belovèd's heart.

There in my grief she consoled me. She loved me when I  
loved not.

She put her hand in my hand, and set her lips to my lips.  
She told me all her pain and show'd me all her trouble.

I, like a fool, scarce heard, hardly return'd her kiss.

Love, thy eyes were like torches. They changed as I beheld  
them.

Love, thy lips were like gems, the seal thou settest on my  
life.

Love, if I loved not then, behold this hour thy vengeance;  
This is the fruit of thy love and thee, the unwise grown  
wise.

Weeping strangled my voice. I call'd out, but none answer'd;  
Blindly the windows gazed back at me, dumbly the door;  
She whom I love, who loved me, look'd not on my yearning,  
Gave me no more her hands to kiss, show'd me no more  
her soul.

Therefore the earth is dark to me, the sunlight blackness,  
Therefore I go in tears and alone, by night and day;  
Therefore I find no love in heaven, no light, no beauty,  
A heaven taken by storm where none are left but the slain!

HE who has once been happy is for aye  
 Out of destruction's reach. His fortune then  
 Holds nothing secret; and Eternity,

Which is a mystery to other men,  
 Has like a woman given him its joy.

Time is his conquest. Life, if it should fret,  
 Has paid him tribute. He can bear to die,

He who has once been happy! When I set  
 The world before me and survey its range,

Its mean ambitions, its scant fantasies,  
 The shreds of pleasure which for lack of change

Men wrap around them and call happiness,  
 The poor delights which are the tale and sum  
 Of the world's courage in its martyrdom;

When I hear laughter from a tavern door,

When I see crowds agape and in the rain  
 Watching on tiptoe and with stifled roar

To see a rocket fired or a bull slain,  
 When misers handle gold, when orators

Touch strong men's hearts with glory till they weep,  
 When cities deck their streets for barren wars

Which have laid waste their youth, and when I keep  
 Calmly the count of my own life and see

On what poor stuff my manhood's dreams were fed  
 Till I too learn'd what dole of vanity

Will serve a human soul for daily bread,  
 —Then I remember that I once was young  
 And lived with Esther the world's gods among.

*Gibraltar*

SEVEN weeks of sea, and twice seven days of storm  
 Upon the huge Atlantic, and once more  
 We ride into still water and the calm  
 Of a sweet evening, screen'd by either shore  
 Of Spain and Barbary. Our toils are o'er,  
 Our exile is accomplish'd. Once again  
 We look on Europe, mistress as of yore  
 Of the fair earth and of the hearts of men.

Ay, this is the famed rock which Hercules  
 And Goth and Moor bequeath'd us. At this door  
 England stands sentry. God! to hear the shrill  
 Sweet treble of her fifes upon the breeze,  
 And at the summons of the rock gun's roar  
 To see her red coats marching from the hill!

*The Old Squire*

I LIKE the hunting of the hare  
 Better than that of the fox;  
 I like the joyous morning air,  
 And the crowing of the cocks.

I like the calm of the early fields,  
 The ducks asleep by the lake,  
 The quiet hour which Nature yields,  
 Before mankind is awake.

I like the pheasants and feeding things  
 Of the unsuspecting morn;  
 I like the flap of the wood-pigeon's wings  
 As she rises from the corn.

## WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

I like the blackbird's shriek, and his rush  
From the turnips as I pass by,  
And the partridge hiding her head in a bush  
For her young ones cannot fly.

I like these things, and I like to ride  
When all the world is in bed,  
To the top of the hill where the sky grows wide,  
And where the sun grows red.

The beagles at my horse heels trot  
In silence after me;  
There's Ruby, Roger, Diamond, Dot,  
Old Slut and Margery,—

A score of names well used, and dear,  
The names my childhood knew;  
The horn, with which I rouse their cheer,  
Is the horn my father blew.

I like the hunting of the hare  
Better than that of the fox;  
The new world still is all less fair  
Than the old world it mocks.

I covet not a wider range  
Than these dear manors give;  
I take my pleasures without change,  
And as I lived I live.

I leave my neighbours to their thought;  
My choice it is, and pride,  
On my own lands to find my sport,  
In my own fields to ride.

## WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

The hare herself no better loves  
The field where she was bred,  
Than I the habit of these groves,  
My own inherited.

I know my quarries every one,  
The meuse where she sits low;  
The road she chose to-day was run  
A hundred years ago.

The lags, the gills, the forest ways,  
The hedgerows one and all,  
These are the kingdoms of my chase,  
And bounded by my wall;

Nor has the world a better thing,  
Though one should search it round,  
Than thus to live one's own sole king,  
Upon one's own sole ground.

I like the hunting of the hare;  
It brings me, day by day,  
The memory of old days as fair,  
With dead men past away.

To these, as homeward still I ply  
And pass the churchyard gate  
Where all are laid as I must lie,  
I stop and raise my hat.

I like the hunting of the hare;  
New sports I hold in scorn.  
I like to be as my fathers were,  
In the days e'er I was born.

*A Garden Song*

HERE in this sequester'd close  
Bloom the hyacinth and rose,  
Here beside the modest stock  
Flaunts the flaring hollyhock;  
Here, without a pang, one sees  
Ranks, conditions, and degrees.

All the seasons run their race  
In this quiet resting-place;  
Peach and apricot and fig  
Here will ripen and grow big;  
Here is store and overplus,—  
More had not Alcinoüs!

Here, in alleys cool and green,  
Far ahead the thrush is seen;  
Here along the southern wall  
Keeps the bee his festival;  
All is quiet else—afar  
Sounds of toil and turmoil are.

Here be shadows large and long;  
Here be spaces meet for song;  
Grant, O garden-god, that I,  
Now that none profane is nigh,—  
Now that mood and moment please,—  
Find the fair Pierides!

*Urceus Exit**Triolet*

I INTENDED an Ode,  
 And it turn'd to a Sonnet  
 It began *à la mode*,  
 I intended an Ode;  
 But Rose cross'd the road  
     In her latest new bonnet;  
 I intended an Ode;  
     And it turn'd to a Sonnet.

*Fame and Friendship*

FAME is a food that dead men eat,—  
 I have no stomach for such meat.  
 In little light and narrow room,  
 They eat it in the silent tomb,  
 With no kind voice of comrade near  
 To bid the feaster be of cheer.

But Friendship is a nobler thing,—  
 Of Friendship it is good to sing.  
 For truly, when a man shall end,  
 He lives in memory of his friend,  
 Who does his better part recall  
 And of his fault make funeral.

HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON

830

*In After Days*

*Rondeau*

**I**N after days when grasses high  
O'er-top the stone where I shall lie,  
Though ill or well the world adjust  
My slender claim to honour'd dust,  
I shall not question nor reply.

I shall not see the morning sky;  
I shall not hear the night-wind sigh;  
I shall be mute, as all men must  
In after days!

But yet, now living, fain would I  
That some one then should testify,  
Saying—'He held his pen in trust  
To Art, not serving shame or lust.'  
Will none?—Then let my memory die  
In after days!

HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL

1841-1882

831

*Mooni*

**H**E that is by Mooni now  
Sees the water-sapphires gleaming  
Where the River Spirit, dreaming,  
Sleeps by fall and fountain streaming  
Under lute of leaf and bough!—  
Hears what stamp of Storm with stress is,  
Psalms from unseen wildernesses  
Deep amongst far hill-recesses—  
He that is by Mooni now.

## HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL

Yea, for him by Mooni's marge  
Sings the yellow-hair'd September,  
With the face the gods remember,  
When the ridge is burnt to ember,  
And the dumb sea chains the barge!  
Where the mount like molten brass is,  
Down beneath fern-feather'd passes  
Noonday dew in cool green grasses  
Gleams on him by Mooni's marge.

Who that dwells by Mooni yet,  
Feels in flowerful forest arches  
Smiting wings and breath that parches  
Where strong Summer's path of march is,  
And the suns in thunder set!  
Housed beneath the gracious kirtle  
Of the shadowy water-myrtle—  
Winds may kiss with heat and hurtle,  
He is safe by Mooni yet!

Days there were when he who sings  
(Dumb so long through passion's losses)  
Stood where Mooni's water crosses  
Shining tracks of green-hair'd mosses,  
Like a soul with radiant wings:  
Then the psalm the wind rehearses—  
Then the song the stream disperses—  
Lent a beauty to his verses,  
Who to-night of Mooni sings.

HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL

Ah, the theme—the sad, gray theme!  
Certain days are not above me,  
Certain hearts have ceased to love me,  
Certain fancies fail to move me,  
Like the effluent morning dream.  
Head whereon the white is stealing,  
Heart whose hurts are past all healing,  
Where is now the first, pure feeling?  
Ah, the theme—the sad, gray theme!

Still to be by Mooni cool—  
Where the water-blossoms glisten,  
And by gleaming vale and vista  
Sits the English April's sister,  
Soft and sweet and wonderful!  
Just to rest beneath the burning  
Outer world—its sneers and spurning—  
Ah, my heart—my heart is yearning  
Still to be by Mooni cool!

ARTHUR WILLIAM EDGAR  
O'SHAUGHNESSY

1844-1881

832

*Ode*

WE are the music-makers,  
And we are the dreamers of dreams,  
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,  
And sitting by desolate streams;  
World-losers and world-forsakers,  
On whom the pale moon gleams:  
Yet we are the movers and shakers  
Of the world for ever, it seems.

ARTHUR WILLIAM EDGAR O'SHAUGHNESSY

With wonderful deathless ditties  
We build up the world's great cities,  
And out of a fabulous story  
We fashion an empire's glory:  
One man with a dream, at pleasure,  
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;  
And three with a new song's measure  
Can trample an empire down.

We, in the ages lying  
In the buried past of the earth,  
Built Nineveh with our sighing,  
And Babel itself with our mirth;  
And o'erthrew them with prophesying  
To the old of the new world's worth;  
For each age is a dream that is dying,  
Or one that is coming to birth.

833

*Song*

I MADE another garden, yea,  
For my new Love:  
I left the dead rose where it lay  
And set the new above.  
Why did my Summer not begin?  
Why did my heart not haste?  
My old Love came and walk'd therein,  
And laid the garden waste.

She enter'd with her weary smile,  
Just as of old;  
She look'd around a little while  
And shiver'd with the cold:

ARTHUR WILLIAM EDGAR O'SHAUGHNESSY

Her passing touch was death to all,  
Her passing look a blight;  
She made the white rose-petals fall,  
And turn'd the red rose white.

Her pale robe clinging to the grass  
Seem'd like a snake  
That bit the grass and grounds, alas!  
And a sad trail did make.  
She went up slowly to the gate,  
And then, just as of yore,  
She turn'd back at the last to wait  
And say farewell once more.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

1844-1889

834

*Heaven-Haven*

*A nun takes the veil*

I HAVE desired to go  
Where springs not fail,  
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail  
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be  
Where no storms come,  
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,  
And out of the swing of the sea.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

835

*Pied Beauty*

GLORY be to God for dappled things—  
For skies of couple-colour as a brinded cow;  
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;  
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;  
Landscape plotted and pieced—fold, fallow, and plough;  
And àll trādes, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;  
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)  
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;  
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:  
Praise him.

836

*The Habit of Perfection*

ELECTED Silence, sing to me  
And beat upon my whorlèd ear,  
Pipe me to pastures still and be  
The music that I care to hear.

Shape nothing, lips; be lovely-dumb:  
It is the shut, the curfew sent  
From there where all surrenders come  
Which only makes you eloquent.

Be shellèd, eyes, with double dark  
And find the uncreated light:  
This ruck and reel which you remark  
Coils, keeps, and teases simple sight.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

Palate, the hutch of tasty lust,  
Desire not to be rinsed with wine:  
The can must be so sweet, the crust  
So fresh that come in fasts divine!

Nostrils, your careless breath that spend  
Upon the stir and keep of pride,  
What relish shall the censers send  
Along the sanctuary side!

O feel-of-primrose hands, O feet  
That want the yield of plushy sward,  
But you shall walk the golden street  
And you unhouse and house the Lord.

And, Poverty, be thou the bride  
And now the marriage feast begun,  
And lily-coloured clothes provide  
Your spouse not laboured-at nor spun.

837

*Felix Randal*

**F**ELIX RANDAL the farrier, O he is dead then? my duty  
all ended,  
Who have watched his mould of man, big-boned and hardy-  
handsome  
Pining, pining, till time when reason rambled in it and  
some  
Fatal four disorders, flesh'd there, all contended?

## GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

Sickness broke him. Impatient he cursed at first, but mended  
Being anointed and all; though a heavenlier heart began some  
Months earlier, since I had our sweet reprieve and ransom  
Tender'd to him. Ah well, God rest him all road ever he  
offended!

This seeing the sick endears them to us, us too it endears.  
My tongue had taught thee comfort, touch had quench'd thy  
tears,  
Thy tears that touch'd my heart, child, Felix, poor Felix  
Randal;

How far from then forethought of, all thy more boisterous  
years,  
When thou at the random grim forge, powerful amidst peers,  
Didst fettle for the great grey drayhorse his bright and batter-  
ing sandal!

## JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

1844-1890

838

### *A White Rose*

THE red rose whispers of passion,  
And the white rose breathes of love;  
O, the red rose is a falcon,  
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rosebud  
With a flush on its petal tips;  
For the love that is purest and sweetest  
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

ANDREW LANG

1844-1912

839

*The Odyssey*

AS one that for a weary space has lain  
Lull'd by the song of Circe and her wine  
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,  
Where that Ææan isle forgets the main,  
And only the low lutes of love complain,  
And only shadows of wan lovers pine—  
As such an one were glad to know the brine  
Salt on his lips, and the large air again—  
So gladly from the songs of modern speech  
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free  
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,  
And through the music of the languid hours  
They hear like Ocean on a western beach  
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

ROBERT BRIDGES

1844-1930

840

*My Delight and Thy Delight*

MY delight and thy delight  
Walking, like two angels white,  
In the gardens of the night:

My desire and thy desire  
Twining to a tongue of fire,  
Leaping live, and laughing higher:

Thro' the everlasting strife  
In the mystery of life.

## ROBERT BRIDGES

Love, from whom the world begun,  
Hath the secret of the sun.

Love can tell, and love alone,  
Whence the million stars were strewn,  
Why each atom knows its own,  
How, in spite of woe and death,  
Gay is life, and sweet is breath:

This he taught us, this we knew,  
Happy in his science true,  
Hand in hand as we stood  
'Neath the shadows of the wood,  
Heart to heart as we lay  
In the dawning of the day.

841

### *Spirits*

ANGEL spirits of sleep,  
White-robed, with silver hair,  
In your meadows fair,  
Where the willows weep,  
And the sad moonbeam  
On the gliding stream  
Writes her scatter'd dream:

Angel spirits of sleep,  
Dancing to the weir  
In the hollow roar  
Of its waters deep;

ROBERT BRIDGES

Know ye how men say  
That ye haunt no more  
Isle and grassy shore  
With your moonlit play;  
That ye dance not here,  
White-robed spirits of sleep,  
All the summer night  
Threading dances light?

842

*Nightingales*

**B**EAUTIFUL must be the mountains whence ye come,  
And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams, wherefrom  
Ye learn your song:

Where are those starry woods? O might I wander there,  
Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air  
Bloom the year long!

Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams:  
Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams,  
A throe of the heart,  
Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound,  
No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,  
For all our art.

Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men  
We pour our dark nocturnal secret; and then,  
As night is withdrawn  
From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs of  
May,  
Dream, while the innumerable choir of day  
Welcome the dawn.

ROBERT BRIDGES

843

*A Passer-by*

WHITHER, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,  
Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,  
That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,  
Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest?  
Ah! soon, when Winter has all our vales opprest,  
When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling,  
Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest  
In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling.

I there before thee, in the country that well thou knowest,  
Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air:  
I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,  
And anchor queen of the strange shipping there,  
Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare:  
Nor is aught from the foaming reef to the snow-capp'd  
grandest  
Peak, that is over the feathery palms, more fair  
Than thou, so upright, so stately and still thou standest.

And yet, O splendid ship, unhail'd and nameless,  
I know not if, aiming a fancy, I rightly divine  
That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage blameless,  
Thy port assured in a happier land than mine.  
But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is thine,  
As thou, aslant with trim tackle and shrouding,  
From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line  
In the offing scatterest foam, thy white sails crowding.

SENSE with keenest edge unused,  
 Yet unsteel'd by scathing fire;  
 Lovely feet as yet unbruised  
 On the ways of dark desire;  
 Sweetest hope that lookest smiling  
 O'er the wilderness defiling!

Why such beauty, to be blighted  
 By the swarm of foul destruction?  
 Why such innocence delighted,  
 When sin stalks to thy seduction?  
 All the litanies e'er chaunted  
 Shall not keep thy faith undaunted.

I have pray'd the sainted Morning  
 To unclasp her hands to hold thee;  
 From resignful Eve's adorning  
 Stol'n a robe of peace to enfold thee;  
 With all charms of man's contriving  
 Arm'd thee for thy lonely striving.

Me too once unthinking Nature,  
 —Whence Love's timeless mockery took me,—  
 Fashion'd so divine a creature,  
 Yea, and like a beast forsook me.  
 I forgave, but tell the measure  
 Of her crime in thee, my treasure.

ROBERT BRIDGES

845

*Winter Nightfall*

THE day begins to droop,—  
Its course is done:  
But nothing tells the place  
Of the setting sun.

The hazy darkness deepens,  
And up the lane  
You may hear, but cannot see,  
The homing wain.

An engine pants and hums  
In the farm hard by:  
Its lowering smoke is lost  
In the lowering sky.

The soaking branches drip,  
And all night through  
The dropping will not cease  
In the avenue.

A tall man there in the house  
Must keep his chair:  
He knows he will never again  
Breathe the spring air:

His heart is worn with work;  
He is giddy and sick  
If he rise to go as far  
As the nearest rick:

ROBERT BRIDGES

He thinks of his morn of life,  
His hale, strong years;  
And braves as he may the night  
Of darkness and tears.

846 *When Death to Either shall come*

WHEN Death to either shall come,—  
I pray it be first to me,—  
Be happy as ever at home,  
If so, as I wish, it be.

Possess thy heart, my own;  
And sing to the child on thy knee,  
Or read to thyself alone  
The songs that I made for thee.

847 *The Linnet*

I HEARD a linnet courting  
His lady in the spring:  
His mates were idly sporting,  
Nor stayed to hear him sing  
His song of love.—  
I fear my speech distorting  
His tender love.

The phrases of his pleading  
Were full of young delight;  
And she that gave him heeding  
Interpreted aright  
His gay, sweet notes,—  
So sadly marred in the reading,—  
His tender notes.

ROBERT BRIDGES

And when he ceased, the hearer  
    Awaited the refrain,  
Till swiftly perching nearer  
    He sang his song again,  
        His pretty song:—  
Would that my verse spake clearer  
    His tender song!

Ye happy, airy creatures!  
    That in the merry spring  
Think not of what misfeatures  
    Or cares the year may bring;  
        But unto love  
Resign your simple natures,  
    To tender love.

848      *Awake, my Heart, to be loved*

**A**WAKE, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake:  
The darkness silvers away, the morn doth break,  
It leaps in the sky: unrisen lustres slake  
The o'ertaken moon. Awake, O heart, awake!

She too that loveth awaketh and hopes for thee;  
Her eyes already have sped the shades that flee,  
Already they watch the path thy feet shall take:  
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

And if thou tarry from her,—if this could be,—  
She cometh herself, O heart, to be loved, to thee;  
For thee would unashamed herself forsake:  
Awake to be loved, my heart, awake, awake!

## ROBERT BRIDGES

Awake, the land is scattered with light, and see,  
Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree:  
And blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake;  
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

Lo all things wake and tarry and look for thee:  
She looketh and saith, 'O sun, now bring him to me.  
Come more adored, O adored, for his coming's sake,  
And awake my heart to be loved: awake, awake!'

### 849 *Elegy: On a Lady, whom Grief for the Death of her Betrothed killed*

ASSEMBLE, all ye maidens, at the door,  
And all ye loves, assemble; far and wide  
Proclaim the bridal, that proclaim'd before  
Has been deferr'd to this late eventide:  
For on this night the bride,  
The days of her betrothal over,  
Leaves the parental hearth for evermore;  
To-night the bride goes forth to meet her lover.

Reach down the wedding vesture, that has lain  
Yet all unvisited, the silken gown:  
Bring out the bracelets, and the golden chain  
Her dearer friends provided: sere and brown  
Bring out the festal crown,  
And set it on her forehead lightly:  
Though it be wither'd, twine no wreath again;  
This only is the crown she can wear rightly.

## ROBERT BRIDGES

Cloke her in ermine, for the night is cold,  
And wrap her warmly, for the night is long,  
In pious hands the flaming torches hold,  
While her attendants, chosen from among  
    Her faithful virgin throng,  
    May lay her in her cedar litter,  
    Decking her coverlet with sprigs of gold,  
Roses, and lilies white that best befit her.

Sound flute and tabor, that the bridal be  
Not without music, nor with these alone;  
But let the viol lead the melody,  
With lesser intervals, and plaintive moan  
    Of sinking semitone;  
    And, all in choir, the virgin voices  
    Rest not from singing in skill'd harmony  
The song that aye the bridegroom's ear rejoices.

Let the priests go before, array'd in white,  
And let the dark-stoled minstrels follow slow,  
Next they that bear her, honour'd on this night,  
And then the maidens, in a double row,  
    Each singing soft and low,  
    And each on high a torch upstaying:  
    Unto her lover lead her forth with light,  
With music, and with singing, and with praying.

'Twas at this sheltering hour he nightly came,  
And found her trusty window open wide,  
And knew the signal of the timorous flame,  
That long the restless curtain would not hide

## ROBERT BRIDGES

Her form that stood beside;  
As scarce she dared to be delighted,  
Listening to that sweet tale, that is no shame  
To faithful lovers, that their hearts have plighted.

But now for many days the dewy grass  
Has shown no markings of his feet at morn:  
And watching she has seen no shadow pass  
The moonlit walk, and heard no music borne  
Upon her ear forlorn.

In vain has she looked out to greet him;  
He has not come, he will not come, alas!  
So let us bear her out where she must meet him.

Now to the river bank the priests are come:  
The bark is ready to receive its freight:  
Let some prepare her place therein, and some  
Embark the litter with its slender weight:

The rest stand by in state,  
And sing her a safe passage over;  
While she is oar'd across to her new home,  
Into the arms of her expectant lover.

And thou, O lover, that art on the watch,  
Where, on the banks of the forgetful streams,  
The pale indifferent ghosts wander, and snatch  
The sweeter moments of their broken dreams,—

Thou, when the torchlight gleams,  
When thou shalt see the slow procession,  
And when thine ears the fitful music catch,  
Rejoice, for thou art near to thy possession.

850

*Renouncement*

I MUST not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,  
I shun the love that lurks in all delight—

The love of thee—and in the blue heaven's height,  
And in the dearest passage of a song.

Oh, just beyond the sweetest thoughts that throng

This breast, the thought of thee waits hidden yet bright;  
But it must never, never come in sight;

I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,

When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,  
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,

Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—

With the first dream that comes with the first sleep  
I run, I run, I am gather'd to thy heart.

851

*The Lady of the Lambs*

SHE walks—the lady of my delight—  
A shepherdess of sheep.

Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;

She guards them from the steep.

She feeds them on the fragrant height,

And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,

Dark valleys safe and deep.

Her dreams are innocent at night;

The chastest stars may peep.

She walks—the lady of my delight—

A shepherdess of sheep.

ALICE MEYNELL

She holds her little thoughts in sight,  
Though gay they run and leap.  
She is so circumspect and right;  
She has her soul to keep.  
She walks—the lady of my delight—  
A shepherdess of sheep.

THE HON. EMILY LAWLESS

1845-1913

852

*After Aughrim*

SHE said, 'They gave me of their best,  
They lived, they gave their lives for me;  
I tossed them to the howling waste,  
And flung them to the foaming sea.'

She said, 'I never gave them aught,  
Not mine the power, if mine the will;  
I let them starve, I let them bleed,—  
They bled and starved, and loved me still.

She said, 'Ten times they fought for me,  
Ten times they strove with might and main,  
Ten times I saw them beaten down,  
Ten times they rose, and fought again.'

She said, 'I stayed alone at home,  
A dreary woman, grey and cold;  
I never asked them how they fared,  
Yet still they loved me as of old.'

## THE HON. EMILY LAWLESS

She said, 'I never called them sons,  
I almost ceased to breathe their name,  
Then caught it echoing down the wind,  
Blown backwards from the lips of Fame.'

She said, 'Not mine, not mine that fame;  
Far over sea, far over land,  
Cast forth like rubbish from my shores,  
They won it yonder, sword in hand.'

She said, 'God knows they owe me nought,  
I tossed them to the foaming sea,  
I tossed them to the howling waste,  
*Yet still their love comes home to me.*

## WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

1849-1903

853

### *Invictus*

**O**UT of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud.  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate:  
I am the captain of my soul.

854

*Margaritæ Sorori*

**A**LATE lark twitters from the quiet skies:  
And from the west,  
Where the sun, his day's work ended,  
Lingers as in content,  
There falls on the old, gray city  
An influence luminous and serene,  
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends  
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires  
Shine and are changed. In the valley  
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,  
Closing his benediction,  
Sinks, and the darkening air  
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—  
Night with her train of stars  
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!  
My task accomplish'd and the long day done,  
My wages taken, and in my heart  
Some late lark singing,  
Let me be gather'd to the quiet West,  
The sundown splendid and serene,  
Death.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

855

*England, My England*

WHAT have I done for you,  
England, my England?  
What is there I would not do,  
England, my own?  
With your glorious eyes austere,  
As the Lord were walking near,  
Whispering terrible things and dear  
As the Song on your bugles blown,  
England—  
Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful sun,  
England, my England,  
Match the master-work you've done,  
England, my own?  
When shall he rejoice again  
Such a breed of mighty men  
As come forward, one to ten,  
To the Song on your bugles blown,  
England—  
Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures,  
England, my England:—  
"Take and break us: we are yours,  
England, my own!  
Life is good, and joy runs high  
Between English earth and sky:  
Death is death; but we shall die

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

To the Song on your bugles blown,  
England—

To the stars on your bugles blown!

They call you proud and hard,

England, my England:

You with worlds to watch and ward,

England, my own!

You whose mail'd hand keeps the keys

Of such teeming destinies,

You could know nor dread nor ease

Were the Song on your bugles blown,  
England,

Round the Pit on your bugles blown!

Mother of Ships whose might,

England, my England,

Is the fierce old Sea's delight,

England, my own,

Chosen daughter of the Lord,

Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,

There's the menace of the Word

In the Song on your bugles blown,  
England—

Out of heaven on your bugles blown!

SIR EDMUND GOSSE

1849-1928

856

*Revelation*

INTO the silver night  
She brought with her pale hand  
The topaz lanthorn-light,  
And darted splendour o'er the land:  
Around her in a band,

## SIR EDMUND GOSSE

Ringstraked and pied, the great soft moths came flying,  
And flapping with their mad wings, fann'd  
The flickering flame, ascending, falling, dying.

Behind the thorny pink  
Close wall of blossom'd may,  
I gazed thro' one green chink  
And saw no more than thousands may,—  
Saw sweetness, tender and gay,—  
Saw full rose lips as rounded as the cherry,  
Saw braided locks more dark than bay,  
And flashing eyes decorous, pure, and merry.

With food for furry friends  
She pass'd, her lamp and she,  
Till eaves and gable-ends  
Hid all that saffron sheen from me:  
Around my rosy tree  
Once more the silver-starry night was shining,  
With depths of heaven, dewy and free,  
And crystals of a carven moon declining.

Alas! for him who dwells  
In frigid air of thought,  
When warmer light dispels  
The frozen calm his spirit sought;  
By life too lately taught  
He sees the ecstatic Human from him stealing;  
Reels from the joy experience brought,  
And dares not clutch what Love was half revealing.

*A Meditation for Christmas*

CONSIDER, O my soul, what morn is this!  
Whereon the eternal Lord of all things made,  
For us, poor mortals, and our endless bliss,  
Came down from heaven; and, in a manger laid,  
The first, rich, offerings of our ransom paid:  
Consider, O my soul, what morn is this!

Consider what estate of fearful woe  
Had then been ours, had He refused this birth;  
From sin to sin toss'd vainly to and fro,  
Hell's playthings, o'er a doom'd and helpless earth!  
Had He from us withheld His priceless worth,  
Consider man's estate of fearful woe!

Consider to what joys He bids thee rise,  
Who comes, Himself, life's bitter cup to drain!  
Ah! look on this sweet Child, whose innocent eyes,  
Ere all be done, shall close in mortal pain,  
That thou at last Love's Kingdom may'st attain:  
Consider to what joys He bids thee rise!

Consider all this wonder, O my soul;  
And in thine inmost shrine make music sweet!  
Yea, let the world, from furthest pole to pole,  
Join in thy praises this dread birth to greet;  
Kneeling to kiss thy Saviour's infant feet!  
Consider all this wonder, O my soul!

I WILL make you brooches and toys for your delight  
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.  
I will make a palace fit for you and me,  
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,  
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,  
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white  
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,  
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!  
That only I remember, that only you admire,  
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

BRAVE lads in olden musical centuries  
Sang, night by night, adorable choruses,  
Sat late by alehouse doors in April  
Chaunting in joy as the moon was rising.

Moon-seen and merry, under the trellises,  
Flush-faced they play'd with old polysyllables  
Spring scents inspired, old wine diluted:  
Love and Apollo were there to chorus.

Now these, the songs, remain to eternity,  
Those, only those, the bountiful choristers  
Gone—those are gone, those unremember'd  
Sleep and are silent in earth for ever.

## ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

So man himself appears and evanishes,  
So smiles and goes; as wanderers halting at  
Some green-embower'd house, play their music,  
Play and are gone on the windy highway.

Yet dwells the strain enshrined in the memory  
Long after they departed eternally,  
Forth-faring tow'rd far mountain summits,  
Cities of men or the sounding Ocean.

Youth sang the song in years immemorial:  
Brave chanticleer, he sang and was beautiful;  
Bird-haunted green tree-tops in springtime  
Heard, and were pleased by the voice of singing.

Youth goes and leaves behind him a prodigy—  
Songs sent by thee afar from Venetian  
Sea-grey lagunes, sea-paven highways,  
Dear to me here in my Alpine exile.

860

### *In the Highlands*

**I**N the highlands, in the country places,  
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,  
And the young fair maidens  
Quiet eyes;  
Where essential silence cheers and blesses,  
And for ever in the hill-recesses  
Her more lovely music  
Broods and dies—

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

O to mount again where erst I haunted;  
Where the old red hills are bird-enchanted,  
And the low green meadows  
Bright with sward;  
And when even dies, the million-tinted,  
And the night has come, and planets glinted,  
Lo, the valley hollow  
Lamp-bestarr'd!

O to dream, O to awake and wander  
There, and with delight to take and render,  
Through the trance of silence,  
Quiet breath!  
Lo! for there, among the flowers and grasses,  
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes;  
Only winds and rivers,  
Life and death.

861

*Wishes*

GO, little book, and wish to all  
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall,  
A bin of wine, a spice of wit,  
A house with lawns enclosing it,  
A living river by the door,  
A nightingale in the sycamore.

862

*Requiem*

UNDER the wide and starry sky  
Dig the grave and let me lie:  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

This be the verse you grave for me:  
*Here he lies where he long'd to be;  
Home is the sailor, home from sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.*

FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON

1852-1921

863      *The Night has a Thousand Eyes*

THE night has a thousand eyes,  
And the day but one;  
Yet the light of the bright world dies  
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,  
And the heart but one;  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When love is done.

DORA SIGERSON

d. 1918

864      *Ireland*

'T WAS the dream of a God,  
And the mould of His hand,  
That you shook 'neath His stroke,  
That you trembled and broke  
To this beautiful land.

Here He loosed from His hold  
A brown tumult of wings,  
Till the wind on the sea  
Bore the strange melody  
Of an island that sings.

DORA SIGERSON

He made you all fair,  
You in purple and gold,  
You in silver and green,  
Till no eye that has seen  
Without love can behold.

I have left you behind  
In the path of the past,  
With the white breath of flowers,  
With the best of God's hours,  
I have left you at last.

MARGARET LOUISA WOODS

b. 1856

865

*Genius Loci*

**P**EACE, Shepherd, peace! What boots it singing on?  
Since long ago grace-giving Phœbus died,  
And all the train that loved the stream-bright side  
Of the poetic mount with him are gone  
Beyond the shores of Styx and Acheron,  
In unexplorèd realms of night to hide.  
The clouds that strew their shadows far and wide  
Are all of Heaven that visits Helicon.  
Yet here, where never muse or god did haunt,  
Still may some nameless power of Nature stray,  
Pleased with the reedy stream's continual chant  
And purple pomp of these broad fields in May.  
The shepherds meet him where he herds the kine,  
And careless pass him by whose is the gift divine.

THOMAS WILLIAM ROLLESTON

1857-1920

866

*The Dead at Clonmacnois*

FROM THE IRISH OF ANGUS O'GILLAN

**I**N a quiet water'd land, a land of roses,  
Stands Saint Kieran's city fair;  
And the warriors of Erin in their famous generations  
Slumber there.

There beneath the dewy hillside sleep the noblest  
Of the clan of Conn,  
Each below his stone with name in branching Ogham  
And the sacred knot thereon.

There they laid to rest the seven Kings of Tara,  
There the sons of Cairbrè sleep—  
Battle-banners of the Gael that in Kieran's plain of crosses  
Now their final hosting keep.

And in Clonmacnois they laid the men of Teffia,  
And right many a lord of Breagh;  
Deep the sod above Clan Creidè and Clan Conaill,  
Kind in hall and fierce in fray.

Many and many a son of Conn the Hundred-Fighter  
In the red earth lies at rest;  
Many a blue eye of Clan Colman the turf covers,  
Many a swan-white breast.

AGNES MARY FRANCES DUCLAUX  
(ROBINSON-DARMESTER)

b. 1857

867

*Celia's Home-Coming*

**M**AIDENS, kilt your skirts and go  
Down the stormy garden-ways.  
Pluck the last sweet pinks that blow,  
Gather roses, gather bays,  
Since our Celia comes to-day,  
That has been so long away.

Crowd her chamber with your sweets—  
Not a flower but grows for her!  
Make her bed with linen sheets  
That have lain in lavender:  
Light a fire before she come,  
Lest she find us chill at home.

Ah, what joy when Celia stands  
By the leaping blaze at last,  
Stooping low to warm her hands  
All benumbèd with the blast,  
While we hide her cloak away,  
To assure us she shall stay!

Cyder bring and cowslip wine,  
Fruits and flavours from the East,  
Pears and pippins too, and fine  
Saffron loaves to make a feast;  
China dishes, silver cups,  
For the board where Celia sups!

AGNES MARY FRANCES DUCLAUX

Then, when all the feasting's done,  
She shall draw us round the blaze,  
Laugh, and tell us every one  
Of her far triumphant days—  
Celia, out of doors a star,  
By the hearth a holier Lar!

JOHN DAVIDSON

1857-1909

868

*Song*

THE boat is chafing at our long delay  
And we must leave too soon  
The spicy sea-pinks and the inborne spray,  
The tawny sands, the moon.

Keep us, O Thetis, in our western flight!  
Watch from thy pearly throne  
Our vessel, plunging deeper into night  
To reach a land unknown.

869

*A Runnable Stag*

WHEN the pods went pop on the broom, green broom,  
And apples began to be golden-skin'd,  
We harbour'd a stag in the Priory coomb,  
And we feather'd his trail up-wind, up-wind,  
We feather'd his trail up-wind—  
A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,  
A runnable stag, a kingly crop,  
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,  
A stag, a runnable stag.

## JOHN DAVIDSON

Then the huntsman's horn rang yap, yap yap,  
And 'Forwards' we heard the harbourer shout;  
But 'twas only a brocket that broke a gap  
In the beechen underwood, driven out,  
From the underwood antler'd out  
By warrant and might of the stag, the stag,  
The runnable stag, whose lordly mind  
Was bent on sleep, though beam'd and tined  
He stood, a runnable stag.

So we tufted the covert till afternoon  
With Tinkerman's Pup and Bell-of-the-North;  
And hunters were sulky and hounds out of tune  
Before we tufted the right stag forth,  
Before we tufted him forth,  
The stag of warrant, the wily stag,  
The runnable stag with his kingly crop,  
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,  
The royal and runnable stag.

It was Bell-of-the-North and Tinkerman's Pup  
That stuck to the scent till the copse was drawn.  
'Tally ho! tally ho!' and the hunt was up,  
The tufters whipp'd and the pack laid on,  
The resolute pack laid on,  
And the stag of warrant away at last,  
The runnable stag, the same, the same,  
His hoofs on fire, his horns like flame,  
A stag, a runnable stag.

## JOHN DAVIDSON

'Let your gelding be: if you check or chide  
He stumbles at once and you're out of the hunt;  
For three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,  
On hunters accustom'd to bear the brunt,  
Accustom'd to bear the brunt,  
Are after the runnable stag, the stag,  
The runnable stag with his kingly crop,  
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,  
The right, the runnable stag.'

By perilous paths in coomb and dell,  
The heather, the rocks, and the river-bed,  
The pace grew hot, for the scent lay well,  
And a runnable stag goes right ahead,  
The quarry went right ahead—  
Ahead, ahead, and fast and far;  
His antler'd crest, his cloven hoof,  
Brow, bay and tray and three aloof,  
The stag, the runnable stag.

For a matter of twenty miles and more,  
By the densest hedge and the highest wall,  
Through herds of bullocks he baffled the lore  
Of harbourer, huntsman, hounds and all,  
Of harbourer, hounds and all—  
The stag of warrant, the wily stag,  
For twenty miles, and five and five,  
He ran, and he never was caught alive,  
This stag, this runnable stag.

## JOHN DAVIDSON

When he turn'd at bay in the leafy gloom,  
In the emerald gloom where the brook ran deep  
He heard in the distance the rollers boom,  
And he saw in a vision of peaceful sleep  
In a wonderful vision of sleep,  
A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,  
A runnable stag in a jewell'd bed,  
Under the sheltering ocean dead,  
A stag, a runnable stag.

So a fateful hope lit up his eye,  
And he open'd his nostrils wide again,  
And he toss'd his branching antlers high  
As he headed the hunt down the Charlock glen,  
As he raced down the echoing glen—  
For five miles more, the stag, the stag,  
For twenty miles, and five and five,  
Not to be caught now, dead or alive,  
The stag, the runnable stag.

Three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,  
Three hundred horses as gallant and free,  
Beheld him escape on the evening tide,  
Far out till he sank in the Severn Sea,  
Till he sank in the depths of the sea—  
The stag, the buoyant stag, the stag  
That slept at last in a jewell'd bed  
Under the sheltering ocean spread,  
The stag, the runnable stag.

SIR WILLIAM WATSON

1858-1935

870

*Song*

APRIL, April,  
Laugh thy girlish laughter;  
Then, the moment after,  
Weep thy girlish tears!  
April, that mine ears  
Like a lover greetest,  
If I tell thee, sweetest,  
All my hopes and fears,  
April, April,  
Laugh thy golden laughter,  
But, the moment after,  
Weep thy golden tears!

871

*Ode in May*

LET me go forth, and share  
The overflowing Sun  
With one wise friend, or one  
Better than wise, being fair,  
Where the pewit wheels and dips  
On heights of bracken and ling,  
And Earth, unto her leaflet tips,  
Tingles with the Spring.

What is so sweet and dear  
As a prosperous morn in May,  
The confident prime of the day,  
And the dauntless youth of the year,

SIR WILLIAM WATSON

When nothing that asks for bliss,  
Asking aright, is denied,  
And half of the world a bridegroom is,  
And half of the world a bride?

The Song of Mingling flows,  
Grave, ceremonial, pure,  
As once, from lips that endure,  
The cosmic descant rose,  
When the temporal lord of life,  
Going his golden way,  
Had taken a wondrous maid to wife  
That long had said him nay.

For of old the Sun, our sire,  
Came wooing the mother of men,  
Earth, that was virginal then,  
Vestal fire to his fire.  
Silent her bosom and coy,  
But the strong god sued and press'd;  
And born of their starry nuptial joy  
Are all that drink of her breast.

And the triumph of him that begot,  
And the travail of her that bore,  
Behold they are evermore  
As warp and weft in our lot.  
We are children of splendour and flame,  
Of shuddering, also, and tears.  
Magnificent out of the dust we came,  
And abject from the Spheres.

SIR WILLIAM WATSON

O bright irresistible lord !  
We are fruit of Earth's womb, each one,  
And fruit of thy loins, O Sun,  
Whence first was the seed outpour'd.  
To thee as our Father we bow,  
Forbidden thy Father to see,  
Who is older and greater than thou, as thou  
Art greater and older than we.

Thou art but as a word of his speech;  
Thou art but as a wave of his hand;  
Thou art brief as a glitter of sand  
'Twixt tide and tide on his beach;  
Thou art less than a spark of his fire,  
Or a moment's mood of his soul:  
Thou art lost in the notes on the lips of his choir  
That chant the chant of the Whole.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

1859-1907

872

*Daisy*

WHERE the thistle lifts a purple crown  
Six foot out of the turf,  
And the harebell shakes on the windy hill—  
O the breath of the distant surf!—

The hills look over on the South,  
And southward dreams the sea;  
And, with the sea-breeze hand in hand,  
Came innocence and she.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry  
Red for the gatherer springs,  
Two children did we stray and talk  
Wise, idle, childish things.

She listen'd with big-lipp'd surprise,  
Breast-deep 'mid flower and spine:  
Her skin was like a grape, whose veins  
Run snow instead of wine.

She knew not those sweet words she spake,  
Nor knew her own sweet way;  
But there's never a bird, so sweet a song  
Throng'd in whose throat that day!

O, there were flowers in Storrington  
On the turf and on the spray;  
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills  
Was the Daisy-flower that day!

Her beauty smooth'd earth's furrow'd face!  
She gave me tokens three:—  
A look, a word of her winsome mouth,  
And a wild raspberry.

A berry red, a guileless look,  
A still word,—strings of sand!  
And yet they made my wild, wild heart  
Fly down to her little hand.

For, standing artless as the air,  
And candid as the skies,  
She took the berries with her hand,  
And the love with her sweet eyes.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

The fairest things have fleetest end:  
Their scent survives their close,  
But the rose's scent is bitterness  
To him that loved the rose!

She looked a little wistfully,  
Then went her sunshine way:—  
The sea's eye had a mist on it,  
And the leaves fell from the day.

She went her unremembering way,  
She went, and left in me  
The pang of all the partings gone,  
And partings yet to be.

She left me marvelling why my soul  
Was sad that she was glad;  
At all the sadness in the sweet,  
The sweetness in the sad.

Still, still I seem'd to see her, still  
Look up with soft replies,  
And take the berries with her hand,  
And the love with her lovely eyes.

Nothing begins, and nothing ends,  
That is not paid with moan;  
For we are born in other's pain,  
And perish in our own.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

873

*In no Strange Land*

*'The Kingdom of God is within you.'*

O WORLD invisible, we view thee,  
O world intangible, we touch thee,  
O world unknowable, we know thee,  
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,  
The eagle plunge to find the air—  
That we ask of the stars in motion  
If they have rumour of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,  
And our benumb'd conceiving soars!—  
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,  
Beats at our own clay-shutter'd doors.

The angels keep their ancient places;—  
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!  
'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,  
That miss the many-splendour'd thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)  
Cry;—and upon thy so sore loss  
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder  
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,  
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems;  
And lo, Christ walking on the water,  
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!

ERNEST RHYS

1859-

874

*An Autobiography*

WALES England wed; so I was bred. 'Twas merry  
London gave me breath.

I dreamt of love, and fame: I strove. But Ireland taught  
me love was best:

And Irish eyes, and London cries, and streams of Wales  
may tell the rest.

What more than these I ask'd of Life I am content to have  
from Death.

HENRY CHARLES BEECHING

1859-1919

875

*Prayers*

GOD who created me  
Nimble and light of limb,  
In three elements free,  
To run, to ride, to swim:  
Not when the sense is dim,  
But now from the heart of joy,  
I would remember Him:  
Take the thanks of a boy.

Jesu, King and Lord,  
Whose are my foes to fight,  
Gird me with Thy sword  
Swift and sharp and bright.  
Thee would I serve if I might;  
And conquer if I can,  
From day-dawn till night,  
Take the strength of a man.

HENRY CHARLES BEECHING

Spirit of Love and Truth,  
Breathing in grosser clay,  
The light and flame of youth,  
Delight of men in the fray,  
Wisdom in strength's decay;  
From pain, strife, wrong to be free,  
This best gift I pray,  
Take my spirit to Thee.

876

*Going down Hill on a Bicycle*

A BOY'S SONG

WITH lifted feet, hands still,  
I am poised, and down the hill  
Dart, with heedful mind;  
The air goes by in a wind.

Swifter and yet more swift,  
Till the heart with a mighty lift  
Makes the lungs laugh, the throat cry:—  
'O bird, see; see, bird, I fly.

'Is this, is this your joy?  
O bird, then I, though a boy,  
For a golden moment share  
Your feathery life in air!

Say, heart, is there aught like this  
In a world that is full of bliss?  
'Tis more than skating, bound  
Steel-shod to the level ground.

HENRY CHARLES BEECHING

Speed slackens now, I float  
Awhile in my airy boat;  
Till, when the wheels scarce crawl,  
My feet to the treadles fall.

Alas, that the longest hill  
Must end in a vale; but still,  
Who climbs with toil, wheresoe'er,  
Shall find wings waiting there.

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN

1860-1936

877 *Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries*

THESE, in the day when heaven was falling,  
The hour when earth's foundations fled,  
Follow'd their mercenary calling  
And took their wages and are dead.

Their shoulders held the sky suspended;  
They stood, and earth's foundations stay;  
What God abandon'd, these defended,  
And saved the sum of things for pay.

878 *Wenlock Edge*

ON Wenlock Edge the wood's in trouble;  
His forest fleece the Wrekin heaves;  
The gale, it plies the saplings double,  
And thick on Severn snow the leaves.

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN

'Twould blow like this through holt and hanger  
When Uricon the city stood:  
'Tis the old wind in the old anger,  
But then it threshed another wood.  
Then, 'twas before my time, the Roman  
At yonder heaving hill would stare:  
The blood that warms an English yeoman,  
The thoughts that hurt him, they were there.  
There, like the wind through woods in riot,  
Through him the gale of life blew high;  
The tree of man was never quiet:  
Then 'twas the Roman, now 'tis I.  
The gale, it plies the saplings double,  
It blows so hard, 'twill soon be gone:  
To-day the Roman and his trouble  
Are ashes under Uricon.

879

*'Is My Team Ploughing?'*

**I**S my team ploughing,  
That I was used to drive  
And hear the harness jingle  
When I was man alive?

Ay, the horses trample,  
The harness jingles now;  
No change though you lie under  
The land you used to plough.

*'Is football playing  
Along the river shore,  
With lads to chase the leather,  
Now I stand up no more?'*

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN

Ay, the ball is flying,  
The lads play heart and soul,  
The goal stands up, the keeper  
Stands up to keep the goal.

'Is my girl happy,  
That I thought hard to leave,  
And has she tired of weeping  
As she lies down at eve?'

Ay, she lies down lightly,  
She lies not down to weep:  
Your girl is well contented.  
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

'Is my friend hearty,  
Now I am thin and pine,  
And has he found to sleep in  
A better bed than mine?'

Yes, lad, I lie easy,  
I lie as lads would choose;  
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,  
Never ask me whose.

BLISS CARMAN

1861-1929

880

*A Northern Vigil*

HERE by the grey north sea,  
In the wintry heart of the wild,  
Comes the old dream of thee,  
Guendolen, mistress and child.

## BLISS CARMAN

The heart of the forest grieves  
In the drift against my door;  
A voice is under the eaves,  
A footfall on the floor.

Threshold, mirror, and hall,  
Vacant and strangely aware,  
Wait for their soul's recall  
With the dumb expectant air.

Here when the smouldering west  
Burns down into the sea,  
I take no heed of rest  
And keep the watch for thee.

I sit by the fire and hear  
The restless wind go by,  
On the long dirge and drear,  
Under the low bleak sky.

When day puts out to sea  
And night makes in for land,  
There is no lock for thee,  
Each door awaits thy hand!

When the zenith moon is round,  
And snow-wraiths gather and run,  
And there is set no bound  
To love beneath the sun,

O wayward will, come near  
The old mad wilful way,  
The soft mouth at my ear  
With words too sweet to say!

## BLISS CARMAN

Come, for the night is cold,  
The ghostly moonlight fills  
Hollow and rift and fold  
Of the eerie Ardisse hills!

The windows of my room  
Are dark with bitter frost,  
The stillness aches with doom  
Of something loved and lost.

Outside, the great blue star  
Burns in the ghostland pale,  
Where giant Algebar  
Holds on the endless trail.

Come, for the years are long  
And silence keeps the door,  
Where shapes with the shadows throng  
The firelit chamber floor.

Come, for thy kiss was warm,  
With the red embers' glare  
Across thy folding arm  
And dark tumultuous hair!

And though thy coming rouse  
The sleep-cry of no bird,  
The keepers of the house  
Shall tremble at thy word.

Come, for the soul is free!  
In all the vast dreamland  
There is no lock for thee,  
Each door awaits thy hand.

## BLISS CARMAN

Ah, not in dreams at all,  
Fleering, perishing, dim,  
But thy old self, supple and tall,  
Mistress and child of whim!

The proud imperious guise,  
Impetuous and serene,  
The sad mysterious eyes,  
And dignity of mien!

Yea, wilt thou not return,  
When the late hill-winds veer,  
And the bright hill-flowers burn  
With the reviving year?

When April comes, and the sea  
Sparkles as if it smiled,  
Will they restore to me  
My dark Love, empress and child?

The curtains seem to part;  
A sound is on the stair,  
As if at the last . . . I start;  
Only the wind is there.

Lo, now far on the hills  
The crimson fumes uncurl'd,  
Where the caldron mantles and spills  
Another dawn on the world!

DOUGLAS HYDE

b. 1861

*My Grief on the Sea*

FROM THE IRISH

**M**Y grief on the sea,  
How the waves of it roll!  
For they heave between me  
And the love of my soul!

Abandon'd, forsaken,  
To grief and to care,  
Will the sea ever waken  
Relief from despair?

My grief and my trouble!  
Would he and I were,  
In the province of Leinster,  
Or County of Clare!

Were I and my darling—  
O heart-bitter wound!—  
On board of the ship  
For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes  
All last night I lay,  
And I flung it abroad  
With the heat of the day.

And my Love came behind me,  
He came from the South;  
His breast to my bosom,  
His mouth to my mouth.

*Blue and White*

**B**LUE is Our Lady's colour,  
White is Our Lord's.

To-morrow I will wear a knot  
Of blue and white cords,  
That you may see it, where you ride  
Among the flashing swords.

. . . . .

O banner, white and sunny blue,  
With prayer I wove thee!  
For love the white, for faith the heavenly hue,  
And both for him, so tender-true,  
Him that doth love me!

*Our Lady*

**M**OTHER of God! no lady thou:  
Common woman of common earth  
*Our Lady* ladies call thee now,  
But Christ was never of gentle birth;  
A common man of the common earth.

For God's ways are not as our ways:  
The noblest lady in the land  
Would have given up half her days,  
Would have cut off her right hand,  
To bear the child that was God of the land.

MARY ELIZABETH COLERIDGE

Never a lady did He choose,  
Only a maid of low degree,  
So humble she might not refuse  
The carpenter of Galilee:  
A daughter of the people, she.

Out she sang the song of her heart.  
Never a lady so had sung.  
She knew no letters, had no art;  
To all mankind, in woman's tongue,  
Hath Israelitish Mary sung.

And still for men to come she sings,  
Nor shall her singing pass away.  
*'He hath fillèd the hungry with good things'—*  
O listen, lords and ladies gay!—  
*'And the rich He hath sent empty away.'*

884

*Punctilio*

O LET me be in loving nice,  
Dainty, fine, and o'er precise,  
That I may charm my charmèd dear  
As tho' I felt a secret fear  
To lose what never can be lost,—  
Her faith who still delights me most!  
So shall I be more than true,  
Ever in my ageing new.  
So dull habit shall not be  
Wrongly call'd Fidelity.

MARY ELIZABETH COLERIDGE

885

*Unwelcome*

**W**E were young, we were merry, we were very very  
wise,

And the door stood open at our feast,  
When there pass'd us a woman with the West in her eyes,  
And a man with his back to the East.

O, still grew the hearts that were beating so fast,  
The loudest voice was still.

The jest died away on our lips as they pass'd,  
And the rays of July struck chill.

The cups of red wine turn'd pale on the board,  
The white bread black as soot.

The hound forgot the hand of her lord,  
She fell down at his foot.

Low let me lie, where the dead dog lies,  
Ere I sit me down again at a feast,  
When there passes a woman with the West in her eyes,  
And a man with his back to the East.

886

*Gone*

**A**BOUT the little chambers of my heart  
Friends have been coming—going—many a year.  
The doors stand open there.

Some, lightly stepping, enter; some depart.

Freely they come and freely go, at will.  
The walls give back their laughter; all day long  
They fill the house with song.

One door alone is shut, one chamber still.

MAY PROBYN

887

*'Is it Nothing to You?'*

WE were playing on the green together,  
My sweetheart and I—  
O! so heedless in the gay June weather  
When the word went forth that we must die.  
O! so merrily the balls of amber  
And of ivory toss'd we to the sky,  
While the word went forth in the King's chamber  
That we both must die.  
  
O! so idly straying thro' the pleasaunce  
Pluck'd we here and there  
Fruit and bud, while in the royal presence  
The King's son was casting from his hair  
Glory of the wreathen gold that crown'd it,  
And, ungirdling all his garments fair,  
Flinging by the jewell'd clasp that bound it,  
With his feet made bare.  
  
Down the myrtled stairway of the palace,  
Ashes on his head,  
Came he, thro' the rose and citron alleys,  
In rough sark of sackcloth habited,  
And in the hempen halter—O! we jested  
Lightly, and we laugh'd as he was led  
To the torture, while the bloom we breasted  
Where the grapes grew red.  
  
O! so sweet the birds, when he was dying,  
Piped to her and me—  
Is no room this glad June day for sighing—  
He is dead, and she and I go free!

## MAY PROBYN

When the sun shall set on all our pleasure  
We will mourn him—What, so you decree  
We are heartless? Nay, but in what measure  
Do you more than we?

## SIR GILBERT PARKER

1862-1932

888

### *Reunited*

WHEN you and I have play'd the little hour,  
Have seen the tall subaltern Life to Death  
Yield up his sword; and, smiling, draw the breath,  
The first long breath of freedom; when the flower  
Of Recompense hath flutter'd to our feet,  
As to an actor's; and, the curtain down,  
We turn to face each other all alone—  
Alone, we two, who never yet did meet,  
Alone, and absolute, and free: O then,  
O then, most dear, how shall be told the tale?  
Clasp'd hands, press'd lips, and so clasp'd hands again;  
No words. But as the proud wind fills the sail,  
My love to yours shall reach, then one deep moan  
Of joy, and then our infinite Alone.

## HENRY CUST

1861-1917

889

### *Non Nobis*

NOT unto us, O Lord,  
Not unto us the rapture of the day,  
The peace of night, or love's divine surprise,  
High heart, high speech, high deeds 'mid honouring eyes;  
For at Thy word  
All these are taken away.

1063

## HENRY CUST

Not unto us, O Lord:  
To us thou givest the scorn, the scourge, the scar,  
The ache of life, the loneliness of death,  
The insufferable sufficiency of breath;  
And with Thy sword  
Thou piercest very far.

Not unto us, O Lord:  
Nay, Lord, but unto her be all things given—  
My light and life and earth and sky be blasted—  
But let not all that wealth of loss be wasted:  
Let Hell afford  
The pavement of her Heaven!

## SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

1862-1938

890

### *He fell among Thieves*

'YE have robb'd,' said he, 'ye have slaughter'd and made  
an end,

Take your ill-got plunder, and bury the dead:  
What will ye more of your guest and sometime friend?  
'Blood for our blood,' they said.

He laugh'd: 'If one may settle the score for five,  
I am ready; but let the reckoning stand till day:  
I have loved the sunlight as dearly as any alive.'  
'You shall die at dawn,' said they.

He flung his empty revolver down the slope,  
He climb'd alone to the Eastward edge of the trees;  
All night long in a dream untroubled of hope  
He brooded, clasping his knees.

## HENRY NEWBOLT

He did not hear the monotonous roar that fills  
The ravine where the Yassîn river sullenly flows;  
He did not see the starlight on the Laspur hills,  
Or the far Afghan snows.

He saw the April noon on his books aglow,  
The wistaria trailing in at the window wide;  
He heard his father's voice from the terrace below  
Calling him down to ride.

He saw the gray little church across the park,  
The mounds that hid the loved and honour'd dead;  
The Norman arch, the chancel softly dark,  
The brasses black and red.

He saw the School Close, sunny and green,  
The runner beside him, the stand by the parapet wall,  
The distant tape, and the crowd roaring between,  
His own name over all.

He saw the dark wainscot and timber'd roof,  
The long tables, and the faces merry and keen;  
The College Eight and their trainer dining aloof,  
The Dons on the dais serene.

He watch'd the liner's stem ploughing the foam,  
He felt her trembling speed and the thrash of her screw;  
He heard the passengers' voices talking of home,  
He saw the flag she flew.

And now it was dawn. He rose strong on his feet,  
And strode to his ruin'd camp below the wood;  
He drank the breath of the morning cool and sweet:  
His murderers round him stood.

HENRY NEWBOLT

Light on the Laspur hills was broadening fast,  
The blood-red snow-peaks chill'd to a dazzling white;  
He turn'd, and saw the golden circle at last,  
Cut by the Eastern height.

'O glorious Life, Who dwellest in earth and sun,  
I have lived, I praise and adore Thee.'

A sword swept.

Over the pass the voices one by one  
Faded, and the hill slept.

891

*Clifton Chapel*

THIS is the Chapel: here, my son,  
Your father thought the thoughts of youth,  
And heard the words that one by one  
The touch of Life has turn'd to truth.  
Here in a day that is not far,  
You too may speak with noble ghosts  
Of manhood and the vows of war  
You made before the Lord of Hosts.

To set the cause above renown,  
To love the game beyond the prize,  
To honour, while you strike him down,  
The foe that comes with fearless eyes;  
To count the life of battle good,  
And dear the land that gave you birth,  
And dearer yet the brotherhood  
That binds the brave of all the earth.—

## HENRY NEWBOLT

My son, the oath is yours: the end  
Is His, Who built the world of strife,  
Who gave His children Pain for friend,  
And Death for surest hope of life.  
To-day and here the fight's begun,  
Of the great fellowship you're free;  
Henceforth the School and you are one,  
And what You are, the race shall be.

God send you fortune: yet be sure,  
Among the lights that gleam and pass,  
You'll live to follow none more pure  
Than that which glows on yonder brass:  
'*Qui procul hinc,*' the legend's writ,—  
The frontier-grave is far away—  
'*Qui ante diem periiit:*  
*Sed miles, sed pro patria.'*

## EDEN PHILLPOTTS

1862—

892

### *Man's Days*

**A** SUDDEN wakin', a sudden weepin',  
A li'l suckin', a li'l sleepin';  
A cheel's full joys an' a cheel's short sorrows,  
Wi' a power o' faith in gert to-morrows.

Young blood red-hot an' the love of a maid,  
One glorious day as'll never fade;  
Some shadows, some sunshine, some triumphs, some tears,  
And a gatherin' weight o' the flyin' years.

1067

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Then old man's talk o' the days behind 'e,  
Your darter's youngest darter to mind 'e;  
A li'l dreamin', a li'l dyin':  
A li'l lew corner o' airth to lie in.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

1861-1931

893

*Sheep and Lambs*

ALL in the April morning,  
April airs were abroad;  
The sheep with their little lambs  
Pass'd me by on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs  
Pass'd me by on the road;  
All in an April evening  
I thought on the Lamb of God,

The lambs were weary, and crying  
With a weak human cry,  
I thought on the Lamb of God  
Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains  
Dewy pastures are sweet:  
Rest for the little bodies,  
Rest for the little feet.

But for the Lamb of God  
Up on the hill-top green,  
Only a cross of shame  
Two stark crosses between.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

All in the April evening,  
April airs were abroad;  
I saw the sheep with their lambs,  
And thought on the Lamb of God.

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

1862-1925

894

*The Phœnix*

**B**Y feathers green, across Casbeen  
The pilgrims track the Phœnix flown,  
By gems he strew'd in waste and wood,  
And jewell'd plumes at random thrown:  
Till wandering far, by moon and star,  
They stand beside the fruitful pyre,  
Where breaking bright with sanguine light  
The impulsive bird forgets his sire.  
Those ashes shine like ruby wine,  
Like bag of Tyrian murex spilt,  
The claw, the jowl of the flying fowl  
Are with the glorious anguish gilt.  
So rare the light, so rich the sight,  
Those pilgrim men, on profit bent,  
Drop hands and eyes and merchandise,  
And are with gazing most content.

NORMAN GALE

b. 1862

895

*The Country Faith*

**H**ERE in the country's heart  
Where the grass is green,  
Life is the same sweet life  
As it e'er hath been.

1069

## NORMAN GALE

Trust in a God still lives,  
And the bell at morn  
Floats with a thought of God  
O'er the rising corn.

God comes down in the rain,  
And the crop grows tall—  
This is the country faith,  
And the best of all.

## FRANCES BANNERMAN

896

### *An Upper Chamber*

I CAME into the City and none knew me;  
None came forth, none shouted 'He is here!'  
Not a hand with laurel would bestrew me,  
All the way by which I drew anear—  
Night my banner, and my herald Fear.

But I knew where one so long had waited  
In the low room at the stairway's height,  
Trembling lest my foot should be belated,  
Singing, sighing for the long hours' flight  
Towards the moment of our dear delight.

I came into the City when you hail'd me  
Saviour, and again your chosen Lord:—  
Not one guessing what it was that fail'd me,  
While along the way as they adored  
Thousands, thousands, shouted in accord.

FRANCES BANNERMAN

But through all the joy I knew—I only—  
How the hostel of my heart lay bare and cold,  
Silent of its music, and how lonely!  
Never, though you crown me with your gold,  
Shall I find that little chamber as of old!

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

1864-1915

897

*The Apparition*

MY dead Love came to me, and said:  
‘God gives me one hour’s rest  
To spend upon the earth with thee:  
How shall we spend it best?’

‘Why, as of old,’ I said, and so  
We quarrell’d as of old.  
But when I turn’d to make my peace  
That one short hour was told.

RUDYARD KIPLING

1865-1936

898

*L'Envoi*

THERE’s a whisper down the field where the year has  
shot her yield  
And the ricks stand gray to the sun,  
Singing:—‘Over then, come over, for the bee has quit the  
clover  
And your English summer’s done.’

1071

## RUDYARD KIPLING

You have heard the beat of the off-shore wind  
And the thresh of the deep-sea rain;  
You have heard the song—how long! how long!  
Pull out on the trail again!

Ha' done with the Tents of Shem, dear lass,  
We've seen the seasons through,  
And it's time to turn on the old trail, our own trail, the out  
trail,  
Pull out, pull out, on the Long Trail—the trail that is  
always new.

It's North you may run to the rime-ring'd sun,  
Or South to the blind Horn's hate;  
Or East all the way into Mississippi Bay,  
Or West to the Golden Gate;  
Where the blindest bluffs hold good, dear lass,  
And the wildest tales are true,  
And the men bulk big on the old trail, our own trail, the  
out trail,  
And life runs large on the Long Trail—the trail that is  
always new.

The days are sick and cold, and the skies are gray and old,  
And the twice-breathed airs blow damp;  
And I'd sell my tired soul for the bucking beam-sea roll  
Of a black Bilbao tramp;  
With her load-line over her hatch, dear lass,  
And a drunken Dago crew,  
And her nose held down on the old trail, our own trail, the  
out trail,  
From Cadiz Bar on the Long Trail—the trail that is always  
new.

## RUDYARD KIPLING

There be triple ways to take, of the eagle or the snake,  
Or the way of a man with a maid;  
But the sweetest way to me is a ship's upon the sea  
In the heel of the North-East Trade.  
Can you hear the crash on her bows, dear lass,  
And the drum of the racing screw,  
As she ships it green on the old trail, our own trail, the out  
trail,  
As she lifts and 'scends on the Long Trail—the trail that is  
always new?

See the shaking funnels roar, with the Peter at the fore,  
And the fenders grind and heave,  
And the derricks clack and grate, as the tackle hooks the  
crate,  
And the fall-rope whines through the sheave;  
It's 'Gang-plank up and in,' dear lass,  
It's 'Hawsers warp her through!'  
And it's 'All clear aft' on the old trail, our own trail, the out  
trail,  
We're backing down on the Long Trail—the trail that is  
always new.

O the mutter overside, when the port-fog holds us tied,  
And the sirens hoot their dread!  
When foot by foot we creep o'er the hueless viewless deep  
To the sob of the questing lead!  
It's down by the Lower Hope, dear lass,  
With the Gunfleet Sands in view,  
Till the Mouse swings green on the old trail, our own trail,  
the out trail,  
And the Gull Light lifts on the Long Trail—the trail that  
is always new.

## RUDYARD KIPLING

O the blazing tropic night, when the wake's a welt of light  
That holds the hot sky tame,  
And the steady fore-foot snores through the planet-powder'd  
floors

Where the scared whale flukes in flame!  
Her plates are scarr'd by the sun, dear lass,  
And her ropes are taut with the dew,  
For we're booming down on the old trail, our own trail, the  
out trail,  
We're sagging south on the Long Trail—the trail that is  
always new.

Then home, get her home, where the drunken rollers comb,  
And the shouting seas drive by,  
And the engines stamp and ring, and the wet bows reel and  
swing,

And the Southern Cross rides high!  
Yes, the old lost stars wheel back, dear lass,  
That blaze in the velvet blue.

They're all old friends on the old trail, our own trail, the  
out trail,  
They're God's own guides on the Long Trail—the trail  
that is always new.

Fly forward, O my heart, from the Foreland to the Start—

We're steaming all too slow,  
And it's twenty thousand mile to our little lazy isle  
Where the trumpet-orchids blow!

You have heard the call of the off-shore wind  
And the voice of the deep-sea rain;  
You have heard the song—how long! how long!  
Pull out on the trail again!

## RUDYARD KIPLING

The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,  
And the deuce knows what we may do—  
But we're back once more on the old trail, our own trail,  
the out trail,  
We're down, hull down on the Long Trail—the trail that  
is always new.

### 899      *The Way through the Woods*

THEY shut the road through the woods  
Seventy years ago.

Weather and rain have undone it again,  
And now you would never know  
There was once a path through the woods  
Before they planted the trees,  
It is underneath the coppice and heath,  
And the thin anemones.  
Only the keeper sees  
That, where the ring-dove broods,  
And the badgers roll at ease,  
There was once a road through the woods.

Yet, if you enter the woods  
Of a summer evening late,  
When the night-air cools on the trout-ring'd pools  
Where the otter whistles his mate,  
(They fear not men in the woods  
Because they see so few)  
You will hear the beat of a horse's feet  
And the swish of a skirt in the dew,  
Steadily cantering through

## RUDYARD KIPLING

The misty solitudes,  
As though they perfectly knew  
The old lost road through the woods . . .  
But there is no road through the woods.

900

### *Recessional*

*June 22, 1897*

**G**OD of our fathers, known of old—  
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—  
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget!  
The tumult and the shouting dies—  
The captains and the kings depart—  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget!  
Far-call'd our navies melt away—  
On dune and headland sinks the fire—  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget!  
If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—  
Such boasting as the Gentiles use  
Or lesser breeds without the Law—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

RUDYARD KIPLING

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
In reeking tube and iron shard—  
All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—  
For frantic boast and foolish word,  
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

1865-1939

901

*Where My Books go*

ALL the words that I utter,  
And all the words that I write,  
Must spread out their wings untiring,  
And never rest in their flight,  
Till they come where your sad, sad heart is,  
And sing to you in the night,  
Beyond where the waters are moving,  
Storm-darken'd or starry bright.

902

*When You are Old*

WHEN you are old and gray and full of sleep  
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,  
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look  
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,  
And loved your beauty with love false or true;  
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,  
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

And bending down beside the glowing bars,  
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled  
And paced upon the mountains overhead,  
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

903      *The Lake Isle of Innisfree*

I WILL arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;  
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping  
slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket  
sings;  
There midnight's all a-glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

904      *Down by the Salley Gardens*

DOWN by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;  
She pass'd the salley gardens with little snow-white  
feet.

She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;  
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

## WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,  
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.  
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;  
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

### 905 *Aedh wishes for the Cloths of Heaven*

**H**AD I the heavens' embroider'd cloths,  
Enwrought with golden and silver light,  
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths  
Of night and light and the half light,  
I would spread the cloths under your feet:  
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;  
I have spread my dreams under your feet;  
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

## HERBERT TRENCH

1865-1923

### 906 *She comes not when Noon is on the Roses*

**S**HE comes not when Noon is on the roses—  
Too bright is Day.  
She comes not to the Soul till it reposes  
From work and play.

But when Night is on the hills, and the great Voices  
Roll in from Sea,  
By starlight and by candlelight and dreamlight  
She comes to me.

HERBERT TRENCH

907

*A Charge*

**I**F thou hast squander'd years to grave a gem  
Commission'd by thy absent Lord, and while  
    'Tis incomplete,  
Others would bribe thy needy skill to them—  
Dismiss them to the street!

Should'st thou at last discover Beauty's grove,  
At last be panting on the fragrant verge,  
    But in the track,  
Drunk with divine possession, thou meet Love—  
Turn at her bidding back.

When round thy ship in tempest Hell appears,  
And every spectre mutters up more dire  
    To snatch control  
And loose to madness thy deep-kennell'd Fears—  
Then to the helm, O Soul!

Last; if upon the cold green-mantling sea  
Thou cling, alone with Truth, to the last spar,  
    Both castaway,  
And one must perish—let it not be he  
Whom thou art sworn to obey!

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

b. 1866

908

*Song*

**S**HE's somewhere in the sunlight strong,  
Her tears are in the falling rain,  
She calls me in the wind's soft song,  
And with the flowers she comes again.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

Yon bird is but her messenger,  
The moon is but her silver car;  
Yea! sun and moon are sent by her,  
And every wistful waiting star.

LIONEL JOHNSON

1867-1902

909

*By the Statue of King Charles  
at Charing Cross*

SOMBRE and rich, the skies,  
Great glooms, and starry plains;  
Gently the night wind sighs;  
Else a vast silence reigns.

The splendid silence clings  
Around me: and around  
The saddest of all Kings,  
Crown'd, and again discrown'd.

Comely and calm, he rides  
Hard by his own Whitehall.  
Only the night wind glides:  
No crowds, nor rebels, brawl.

Gone, too, his Court: and yet,  
The stars his courtiers are:  
Stars in their stations set;  
And every wandering star.

Alone he rides, alone,  
The fair and fatal King:  
Dark night is all his own,  
That strange and solemn thing.

## LIONEL JOHNSON

Which are more full of fate.  
The stars; or those sad eyes?  
Which are more still and great:  
Those brows, or the dark skies?

Although his whole heart yearn  
In passionate tragedy,  
Never was face so stern  
With sweet austerity.

Vanquish'd in life, his death  
By beauty made amends:  
The passing of his breath  
Won his defeated ends.

Brief life, and hapless? Nay:  
Through death, life grew sublime.  
*Speak after sentence?* Yea:  
And to the end of time.

Armour'd he rides, his head  
Bare to the stars of doom;  
He triumphs now, the dead,  
Beholding London's gloom.

Our wearier spirit faints,  
Vex'd in the world's employ:  
His soul was of the saints;  
And art to him was joy.

King, tried in fires of woe!  
Men hunger for thy grace:  
And through the night I go,  
Loving thy mournful face.

LIONEL JOHNSON

Yet, when the city sleeps,  
When all the cries are still,  
The stars and heavenly deeps  
Work out a perfect will.

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL ('Æ')

1867-1935

910 *By the Margin of the Great Deep*

WHEN the breath of twilight blows to flame the misty  
skies,

All its vaporous sapphire, violet glow and silver gleam,  
With their magic flood me through the gateway of the eyes;  
I am one with the twilight's dream.

When the trees and skies and fields are one in dusky mood,  
Every heart of man is rapt within the mother's breast:  
Full of peace and sleep and dreams in the vasty quietude,  
I am one with their hearts at rest.

From our immemorial joys of hearth and home and love  
Stray'd away along the margin of the unknown tide,  
All its reach of soundless calm can thrill me far above  
Word or touch from the lips beside.

Aye, and deep and deep and deeper let me drink and draw  
From the olden fountain more than light or peace or dream,  
Such primæval being as o'erfills the heart with awe,  
Growing one with its silent stream.

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL ('Æ')

911 *The Great Breath*

ITS edges foam'd with amethyst and rose,  
Withers once more the old blue flower of day:  
There where the ether like a diamond glows,  
Its petals fade away.

A shadowy tumult stirs the dusky air;  
Sparkle the delicate dew, the distant snows;  
The great deep thrills—for through it everywhere  
The breath of Beauty blows.

I saw how all the trembling ages past,  
Moulded to her by deep and deeper breath,  
Near'd to the hour when Beauty breathes her last  
And knows herself in death.

912 *Germinal*

CALL not thy wanderer home as yet  
Though it be late.  
Now is his first assailing of  
The invisible gate.  
Be still through that light knocking. The hour  
Is throng'd with fate.

To that first tapping at the invisible door  
Fate answereth.  
What shining image or voice, what sigh  
Or honied breath,  
Comes forth, shall be the master of life  
Even to death.

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL ('Æ')

Satyrs may follow after. Seraphs  
On crystal wing  
May blaze. But the delicate first comer  
It shall be King.  
They shall obey, even the mightiest,  
That gentle thing.

All the strong powers of Dante were bow'd  
To a child's mild eyes,  
That wrought within him that travail  
From depths up to skies,  
Inferno, Purgatorio  
And Paradise.

Amid the soul's grave councillors  
A petulant boy  
Laughs under the laurels and purples, the elf  
Who snatch'd at his joy,  
Ordering Caesar's legions to bring him  
The world for his toy.

In ancient shadows and twilights  
Where childhood had stray'd,  
The world's great sorrows were born  
And its heroes were made.  
In the lost boyhood of Judas  
Christ was betray'd.

Let thy young wanderer dream on:  
Call him not home.  
A door opens, a breath, a voice  
From the ancient room,  
Speaks to him now. Be it dark or bright  
He is knit with his doom.

ERNEST DOWSON

1867-1900

913

*Non sum qualis eram bonae  
sub regno Cynarae*

LAST night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine  
There fell thy shadow, Cynara! thy breath was shed  
Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine;  
And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,  
Yea, I was desolate and bow'd my head:  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

All night upon mine heart I felt her warm heart beat,  
Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she lay;  
Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were sweet;  
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,  
When I awoke and found the dawn was gray:  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,  
Flung roses, roses, riotously with the throng,  
Dancing, to put thy pale lost lilies out of mind;  
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,  
Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,  
But when the feast is finish'd and the lamps expire,  
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is thine;  
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,  
Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire:  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

ERNEST DOWSON

914 *Vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat  
incohare longam*

THEY are not long, the weeping and the laughter,  
Love and desire and hate:  
I think they have no portion in us after  
We pass the gate.

They are not long, the days of wine and roses:  
Out of a misty dream  
Our path emerges for a while, then closes  
Within a dream.

LAURENCE BINYON

b. 1869

915 *Invocation to Youth*

COME then, as ever, like the wind at morning!  
Joyous, O Youth, in the aged world renew  
Freshness to feel the eternities around it,  
Rain, stars and clouds, light and the sacred dew.  
The strong sun shines above thee:  
That strength, that radiance bring!  
If Winter come to Winter,  
When shall men hope for Spring?

916 *O World, be Nobler*

O WORLD, be nobler, for her sake!  
If she but knew thee what thou art,  
What wrongs are borne, what deeds are done  
In thee, beneath thy daily sun,  
Know'st thou not that her tender heart  
For pain and very shame would break?  
O World, be nobler, for her sake!

LAURENCE BINYON

917

*The Statues*

TARRY a moment, happy feet,  
That to the sound of laughter glide!  
O glad ones of the evening street,  
Behold what forms are at your side!

You conquerors of the toilsome day  
Pass by with laughter, labour done;  
But these within their durance stay;  
Their travail sleeps not with the sun.

They, like dim statues without end,  
Their patient attitudes maintain;  
Your triumphing bright course attend,  
But from your eager ways abstain.

Now, if you chafe in secret thought,  
A moment turn from light distress,  
And see how Fate on these hath wrought,  
Who yet so deeply acquiesce.

Behold them, stricken, silent, weak,  
The maim'd, the mute, the halt, the blind,  
Condemn'd amid defeat to seek  
The thing which they shall never find.

They haunt the shadows of your ways  
In masks of perishable mould:  
Their souls a changing flesh arrays,  
But they are changeless from of old.

Their lips repeat an empty call,  
But silence wraps their thoughts around.  
On them, like snow, the ages fall;  
Time muffles all this transient sound.

## LAURENCE BINYON

When Shalmaneser pitch'd his tent  
By Tigris, and his flag unfurl'd,  
And forth his summons proudly sent  
Into the new unconquer'd world;

Or when with spears Cambyzes rode  
Through Memphis and her bending slaves,  
Or first the Tyrian gazed abroad  
Upon the bright vast outer waves;

When sages, star-instructed men,  
To the young glory of Babylon  
Foreknew no ending; even then  
Innumerable years had flown

Since first the chisel in her hand  
Necessity, the sculptor, took,  
And in her spacious meaning plann'd  
These forms, and that eternal look;

These foreheads, moulded from afar,  
These soft, unfathomable eyes,  
Gazing from darkness, like a star;  
These lips, whose grief is to be wise.

As from the mountain marble rude  
The growing statue rises fair,  
She from immortal patience hew'd  
The limbs of ever-young despair.

There is no bliss so new and dear,  
It hath not them far-off allured.  
All things that we have yet to fear  
They have already long endured.

## LAURENCE BINYON

Nor is there any sorrow more  
Than hath ere now befallen these,  
Whose gaze is as an opening door  
On wild interminable seas

O Youth, run fast upon thy feet,  
With full joy haste thee to be fill'd,  
And out of moments brief and sweet  
Thou shalt a power for ages build.

Does thy heart falter? Here, then, seek  
What strength is in thy kind! With pain  
Immortal bow'd, these mortals weak  
Gentle and unsubdued remain.

918

### *For the Fallen*

WITH proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,  
England mourns for her dead across the sea.  
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,  
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal  
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.  
There is music in the midst of desolation  
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,  
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.  
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,  
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:  
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.  
At the going down of the sun and in the morning  
We will remember them.

## LAURENCE BINYON

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;  
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;  
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;  
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,  
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,  
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known  
As the stars are known to the Night;  
As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,  
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,  
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,  
To the end, to the end, they remain..

## LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS

b. 1870

919

### *Impression de Nuit*

#### LONDON

SEE what a mass of gems the city wears  
Upon her broad live bosom! row on row  
Rubies and emeralds and amethysts glow.  
See! that huge circle, like a necklace, stares  
With thousands of bold eyes to heaven, and dares  
The golden stars to dim the lamps below  
And in the mirror of the mire I know  
The moon has left her image unawares.  
That's the great town at night: I see her breasts,  
Prick'd out with lamps they stand like huge black towers,  
I think they move! I hear her panting breath.  
And that's her head where the tiara rests.  
And in her brain, through lanes as dark as death,  
Men creep like thoughts . . . The lamps are like pale  
flowers.

LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS

920

*To Olive*

I HAVE been profligate of happiness  
And reckless of the world's hostility,  
The blessed part has not been given to me  
Gladly to suffer fools, I do confess  
I have enticed and merited distress,  
By this, that I have never bow'd the knee  
Before the shrine of wise Hypocrisy,  
Nor worn self-righteous anger like a dress.  
Yet write you this, sweet one, when I am dead:  
'Love like a lamp sway'd over all his days  
And all his life was like a lamp-lit chamber,  
Where is no nook, no chink unvisited  
By the soft affluence of golden rays,  
And all the room is bathed in liquid amber.'

921

*Green River*

I KNOW a green grass path that leaves the field,  
And like a running river, winds along  
Into a leafy wood where is no throng  
Of birds at noon-day, and no soft throats yield  
Their music to the moon. The place is seal'd,  
An unclaim'd sovereignty of voiceless song,  
And all the unravish'd silences belong  
To some sweet singer lost or unreveal'd.  
So is my soul become a silent place.  
Oh may I wake from this uneasy night  
To find a voice of music manifold.  
Let it be shape of sorrow with wan face,  
Or Love that swoons on sleep, or else delight  
That is as wide-eyed as a marigold.

*A Duet*

‘**F**LOWERS nodding gaily, scent in air,  
Flowers posied, flowers for the hair,  
Sleepy flowers, flowers bold to stare——’  
‘O pick me some!’

‘Shells with lip, or tooth, or bleeding gum,  
Tell-tale shells, and shells that whisper *Come*,  
Shells that stammer, blush, and yet are dumb——’  
‘O let me hear.’

‘Eyes so black they draw one trembling near,  
Brown eyes, caverns flooded with a tear,  
Cloudless eyes, blue eyes so windy clear——’  
‘O look at me!’

‘Kisses sadly blown across the sea,  
Darkling kisses, kisses fair and free,  
Bob-a-cherry kisses ’neath a tree——’  
‘O give me one!’

Thus sang a king and queen in Babylon.

*Sent from Egypt with a Fair Robe of  
Tissue to a Sicilian Vinedresser*

B.C. 276

**P**UT out to sea, if wine thou wouldest make  
Such as is made in Cos: when open boat  
May safely launch, advice of pilots take;  
And find the deepest bottom, most remote

## THOMAS STURGE MOORE

From all encroachment of the crumbling shore,  
Where no fresh stream tempers the rich salt wave,  
Forcing rash sweetness on sage ocean's brine;  
As youthful shepherds pour  
Their first love forth to Battos gnarl'd and grave,  
Fooling shrewd age to bless some fond design.

Not after storm! but when, for a long spell,  
No white-maned horse has raced across the blue,  
Put from the beach! lest troubled be the well—  
Less pure thy draught than from such depth were due.  
Fast close thy largest jars, prepared and clean!  
Next weight each buoyant womb down through the flood,  
Far down! when, with a cord the lid remove,  
And it will fill unseen,  
Swift as a heart Love smites sucks back the blood:—  
This bubbles, deeper born than sighs, shall prove.

If thy bow'd shoulders ache, as thou dost haul—  
Those groan who climb with rich ore from the mine;  
Labour untold round Ilion girt a wall;  
A god toil'd that Achilles' arms might shine;  
Think of these things and double knit thy will!  
Then, should the sun be hot on thy return,  
Cover thy jars with piles of bladder weed,  
Dripping, and fragrant still  
From sea-wolds where it grows like bracken-fern:  
A grapnel dragg'd will soon supply thy need.

Home to a tun convey thy precious freight!  
Wherein, for thirty days, it should abide,  
Closed, yet not quite closed from the air, and wait  
While, through dim stillness, slowly doth subside

## THOMAS STURGE MOORE

Thick sediment. The humour of a day,  
Which has defeated youth and health and joy,  
Down, through a dreamless sleep, will settle thus,  
Till riseth maiden gay,  
Set free from all glooms past—or else a boy  
Once more a school-friend worthy Troilus.

Yet to such cool wood tank some dream might dip:  
Vision of Aphrodite sunk to sleep,  
Or of some sailor let down from a ship,  
Young, dead, and lovely, while across the deep  
Through the calm night his hoarse-voiced comrades chaunt—  
So far at sea, they cannot reach the land  
To lay him perfect in the warm brown earth.  
Pray that such dreams there haunt!  
While, through damp darkness, where thy tun doth stand,  
Cold salamanders sidle round its girth.

Gently draw off the clear and tomb it yet,  
For other twenty days, in cedarn casks!  
Where through trance, surely, prophecy will set;  
As, dedicated to light temple-tasks,  
The young priest dreams the unknown mystery.  
Through Ariadne, knelt disconsolate  
In the sea's marge, so well'd back warmth which throb'd  
With nuptial promise: she  
Turn'd; and, half-choked through dewy glens, some great,  
Some magic drone of revel coming sobb'd.

Of glorious fruit, indeed, must be thy choice!  
Such as has fully ripen'd on the branch,  
Such as due rain, then sunshine, made rejoice,  
Which, pulp'd and colour'd, now deep bloom doth blanch!

## THOMAS STURGE MOORE

Clusters like odes for victors in the games,  
Strophe on strophe globed, pure nectar all!  
Spread such to dry! if Helios grant thee grace,  
Exposed unto his flames  
Two days, or, if not, three, or, should rain fall,  
Stretch them on hurdles in the house four days!

Grapes are not sharded chestnuts, which the tree  
Lets fall to burst them on the ground, where red  
Rolls forth the fruit, from white-lined wards set free,  
And all undamaged glows 'mid husks it shed;  
Nay, they are soft and should be singly stripp'd  
From off the bunch, by maiden's dainty hand,  
Then dropp'd through the cool silent depth to sink  
(Coy, as herself hath slipp'd,  
Bathing, from shelves in caves along the strand)  
Till round each dark grape water barely wink;

Since some nine measures of sea-water fill  
A butt of fifty, ere the plump fruit peep,  
Like sombre dolphin shoals when nights are still,  
Which penn'd in Proteus' wizard circle sleep,  
And 'twixt them glinting curves of silver glance  
If Zephyr, dimpling dark calm, counts them o'er.  
Let soak thy fruit for two days thus, then tread!  
While bare-legg'd bumpkins dance,  
Bright from thy bursting press arch'd spouts shall pour,  
And gurgling torrents towards thy vats run red.

Meanwhile the maidens, each with wooden rake,  
Drag back the skins and laugh at aprons splash'd;  
Or youths rest, boasting how their brown arms ache,  
So fast their shovels for so long have flash'd,

## THOMAS STURGE MOORE

Baffling their comrades' legs with mounting heaps.  
Treble their labour ! still the happier they,  
Who, at this genial task, wear out long hours,  
Till vast night round them creeps,  
When soon the torch-light dance whirls them away ;  
For gods, who love wine, double all their powers.

Iacchus is the always grateful god !  
His vineyards are more fair than gardens far ;  
Hanging, like those of Babylon, they nod  
O'er each Ionian cliff and hill-side scar !  
While Cypris lends him saltness, depth, and peace ;  
The brown earth yields him sap for richest green :  
And he has borrow'd laughter from the sky ;  
Wildness from winds ; and bees  
Bring honey.—Then choose casks which thou hast seen  
Are leakless, very wholesome, and quite dry !

That Coan wine the very finest is,  
I do assure thee, who have travell'd much  
And learn'd to judge of diverse vintages.  
Faint not before the toil ! this wine is such  
As tempteth princes launch long pirate barks ;—  
From which may Zeus protect Sicilian bays,  
And, ere long, me safe home from Egypt bring,  
Letting no black-sail'd sharks  
Scent this king's gifts, for whom I sweeten praise  
With those same songs thou didst to Chloë sing !

I wrote them 'neath the vine-cloak'd elm, for thee.  
Recall those nights ! our couches were a load  
Of scented lentisk ; upward, tree by tree,  
Thy father's orchard sloped, and past us flow'd

## THOMAS STURGE MOORE

A stream sluiced for his vineyards; when, above,  
The apples fell, they on to us were roll'd,  
But kept us not awake,—O Laco, own  
How thou didst rave of love!  
Now art thou staid, thy son is three years old;  
But I, who made thee love-songs, live alone.

Muse thou at dawn o'er thy yet slumbering wife!—  
Not chary of her best was Nature there,  
Who, though a third of her full gift of life  
Was spent, still added beauties still more rare;  
What calm slow days, what holy sleep at night,  
Evolved her for long twilight trystings fraught  
With panic blushes and tip-toe surmise:  
And then, what mystic might—  
All, with a crowning boon, through travail brought!  
Consider this and give thy best likewise!

Ungrateful be not! Laco, ne'er be that!  
Well worth thy while to make such wine 'twould be:  
I see thy red face 'neath thy broad straw hat,  
I see thy house, thy vineyards, Sicily!—  
Thou dost demur, good, but too easy, friend:  
Come put those doubts away! thou hast strong lads,  
Brave wenches; on the steep beach lolls thy ship,  
Where vine-clad slopes descend,  
Sheltering our bay, that headlong rillet glads,  
Like a stripp'd child fain in the sea to dip.

*Song*INVITING THE INFLUENCE OF A YOUNG LADY UPON THE  
OPENING YEAR

**Y**OU wear the morning like your dress  
And are with mastery crown'd;  
When as you walk your loveliness  
Goes shining all around:  
Upon your secret, smiling way  
Such new contents were found,  
The Dancing Loves made holiday  
On that delightful ground.  
Then summon April forth, and send  
Commandment through the flowers;  
About our woods your grace extend,  
A queen of careless hours.  
For O! not Vera veil'd in rain,  
Nor Dian's sacred Ring,  
With all her royal nymphs in train  
Could so lead on the Spring.

*The Night*

**M**OST Holy Night, that still dost keep  
The keys of all the doors of sleep,  
To me when my tired eyelids close  
Give thou repose.

And let the far lament of them  
That chaunt the dead day's requiem  
Make in my ears, who wakeful lie,  
Soft lullaby.

## HILAIRE BELLOC

Let them that guard the hornèd Moon  
By my bedside their memories croon.  
So shall I have new dreams and blest  
In my brief rest.

Fold thy great wings about my face,  
Hide day-dawn from my resting-place,  
And cheat me with thy false delight,  
Most Holy Night.

## WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES

b. 1871

926

### *The Kingfisher*

IT was the Rainbow gave thee birth,  
And left thee all her lovely hues;  
And, as her mother's name was Tears,  
So runs it in my blood to choose  
For haunts the lonely pools, and keep  
In company with trees that weep.

Go you and, with such glorious hues,  
Live with proud peacocks in green parks;  
On lawns as smooth as shining glass,  
Let every feather show its marks;  
Get thee on boughs and clap thy wings  
Before the windows of proud kings.

Nay, lovely Bird, thou art not vain;  
Thou hast no proud, ambitious mind;  
I also love a quiet place  
That's green, away from all mankind;  
A lonely pool, and let a tree  
Sigh with her bosom over me.

*Money*

WHEN I had money, money, O!  
 I knew no joy till I went poor;  
 For many a false man as a friend  
 Came knocking all day at my door.

Then felt I like a child that holds  
 A trumpet that he must not blow  
 Because a man is dead; I dared  
 Not speak to let this false world know.

Much have I thought of life, and seen  
 How poor men's hearts are ever light;  
 And how their wives do hum like bees  
 About their work from morn till night.

So, when I hear these poor ones laugh,  
 And see the rich ones coldly frown—  
 Poor men, think I, need not go up  
 So much as rich men should come down.

When I had money, money, O!  
 My many friends proved all untrue;  
 But now I have no money, O!  
 My friends are real, though very few.

*Leisure*

WHAT is this life if, full of care,  
 We have no time to stand and stare?—

No time to stand beneath the boughs  
 And stare as long as sheep or cows:

WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES

No time to see, when woods we pass,  
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass:

No time to see, in broad daylight,  
Streams full of stars, like skies at night:

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,  
And watch her feet, how they can dance:

No time to wait till her mouth can  
Enrich that smile her eyes began?

A poor life this if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare.

JOHN SWINNERTON PHILLIMORE

b. 1873-1926

929

*In a Meadow*

THIS is the place  
Where far from the unholy populace  
The daughter of Philosophy and Sleep  
Her court doth keep,  
Sweet Contemplation. To her service bound  
Hover around  
The little amiable summer airs,  
Her courtiers.

The deep black soil  
Makes mute her palace-floors with thick trefoil;  
The grasses sagely nodding overhead  
Curtain her bed;

## JOHN SWINNERTON PHILLIMORE

And lest the feet of strangers overpass  
Her walls of grass,  
Gravely a little river goes his rounds  
To beat the bounds.

—No bustling flood  
To make a tumult in her neighbourhood,  
But such a stream as knows to go and come  
Discreetly dumb.  
Therein are chambers tapestried with weeds  
And screen'd with reeds;  
For roof the waterlily-leaves serene  
Spread tiles of green.

The sun's large eye  
Falls soberly upon me where I lie;  
For delicate webs of immaterial haze  
Refine his rays.  
The air is full of music none knows what,  
Or half-forgot;  
The living echo of dead voices fills  
The unseen hills.

I hear the song  
Of cuckoo answering cuckoo all day long:  
And know not if it be my inward sprite  
For my delight  
Making remember'd poetry appear  
As sound in the ear:  
Like a salt savour poignant in the breeze  
From distant seas.

JOHN SWINNERTON PHILLIMORE

Dreams without sleep,  
And sleep too clear for dreaming and too deep;  
And Quiet very large and manifold  
About me roll'd;  
Satiety, that momentary flower,  
Stretch'd to an hour:  
These are her gifts which all mankind may use,  
And all refuse.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

1872-1936

930      *The Rolling English Road*

**B**EFORE the Roman came to Rye or out to Severn strode,  
The rolling English drunkard made the rolling English  
road.

A reeling road, a rolling road, that rambles round the shire,  
And after him the parson ran, the sexton and the squire;  
A merry road, a mazy road, and such as we did tread  
The night we went to Birmingham by way of Beachy Head.

I knew no harm of Bonaparte and plenty of the Squire,  
And for to fight the Frenchman I did not much desire;  
But I did bash their baggonets because they came array'd  
To straighten out the crooked road an English drunkard  
made,  
Where you and I went down the lane with ale-mugs in our  
hands,  
The night we went to Glastonbury by way of Goodwin  
Sands.

## GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

His sins they were forgiven him; or why do flowers run  
Behind him; and the hedges all strengthening in the sun?  
The wild thing went from left to right and knew not which  
was which,

But the wild rose was above him when they found him in the  
ditch.

God pardon us, nor harden us; we did not see so clear  
The night we went to Bannockburn by way of Brighton Pier.

My friends, we will not go again or ape an ancient rage,  
Or stretch the folly of our youth to be the shame of age,  
But walk with clearer eyes and ears this path that wandereth,  
And see undrugg'd in evening light the decent inn of death;  
For there is good news yet to hear and fine things to be seen,  
Before we go to Paradise by way of Kensal Green.

931

### *The Donkey*

WHEN fishes flew and forests walk'd  
And figs grew upon thorn,  
Some moment when the moon was blood  
Then surely I was born;

With monstrous head and sickening cry  
And ears like errant wings,  
The devil's walking parody  
On all four-footed things.

The tatter'd outlaw of the earth,  
Of ancient crooked will;  
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,  
I keep my secret still.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

Fools! For I also had my hour;  
One far fierce hour and sweet:  
There was a shout about my ears,  
And palms before my feet.

RALPH HODGSON

b. 1872

932

*The Bells of Heaven*

'TWOULD ring the bells of Heaven  
The wildest peal for years,  
If Parson lost his senses  
And people came to theirs,  
And he and they together  
Knelt down with angry prayers  
For tamed and shabby tigers,  
And dancing dogs and bears,  
And wretched, blind pit ponies,  
And little hunted hares.

WALTER DE LA MARE

b. 1873

933

*An Epitaph*

HERE lies a most beautiful lady,  
Light of step and heart was she:  
I think she was the most beautiful lady  
That ever was in the West Country.  
But beauty vanishes; beauty passes;  
However rare, rare it be;  
And when I crumble who shall remember  
This lady of the West Country?

'IS there anybody there?' said the Traveller,  
 Knocking on the moonlit door;  
 And his horse in the silence champ'd the grasses  
 Of the forest's ferny floor:  
 And a bird flew up out of the turret,  
 Above the Traveller's head:  
 And he smote upon the door again a second time;  
 'Is there anybody there?' he said.  
 But no one descended to the Traveller;  
 No head from the leaf-fringed sill  
 Lean'd over and look'd into his grey eyes,  
 Where he stood perplex'd and still.  
 But only a host of phantom listeners  
 That dwelt in the lone house then  
 Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight  
 To that voice from the world of men:  
 Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,  
 That goes down to the empty hall,  
 Harkening in an air stirr'd and shaken  
 By the lonely Traveller's call.  
 And he felt in his heart their strangeness,  
 Their stillness answering his cry,  
 While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,  
 'Neath the starr'd and leafy sky;  
 For he suddenly smote on the door, even  
 Louder, and lifted his head:—  
 "Tell them I came, and no one answer'd,  
 That I kept my word," he said.  
 Never the least stir made the listeners,  
 Though every word he spake

WALTER DE LA MARE

Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house  
From the one man left awake:  
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,  
And the sound of iron on stone,  
And how the silence surged softly backward,  
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

935

*Fare Well*

WHEN I lie where shades of darkness  
Shall no more assail mine eyes,  
Nor the rain make lamentation  
When the wind sighs;  
How will fare the world whose wonder  
Was the very proof of me?  
Memory fades, must the remember'd  
Perishing be?

Oh, when this my dust surrenders  
Hand, foot, lip, to dust again,  
May these loved and loving faces  
Please other men!  
May the rusting harvest hedgerow  
Still the Traveller's Joy entwine,  
And as happy children gather  
Posies once mine.

Look thy last on all things lovely,  
Every hour. Let no night  
Seal thy sense in deathly slumber  
Till to delight

WALTER DE LA MARE

Thou have paid thy utmost blessing;  
Since that all things thou wouldst praise  
Beauty took from those who loved them  
In other days.

GORDON BOTTOMLEY

b. 1874

936      *To Iron-Founders and Others*

WHEN you destroy a blade of grass  
You poison England at her roots:  
Remember no man's foot can pass  
Where evermore no green life shoots.

You force the birds to wing too high  
Where your unnatural vapours creep:  
Surely the living rocks shall die  
When birds no rightful distance keep.

You have brought down the firmament  
And yet no heaven is more near;  
You shape huge deeds without event,  
And half-made men believe and fear.

Your worship is your furnaces,  
Which, like old idols, lost obscenes,  
Have molten bowels; your vision is  
Machines for making more machines.

O, you are busied in the night,  
Preparing destinies of rust;  
Iron misused must turn to blight  
And dwindle to a tetter'd crust.

## GORDON BOTTOMLEY

The grass, forerunner of life, has gone,  
But plants that spring in ruins and shards  
Attend until your dream is done:  
I have seen hemlock in your yards.

The generations of the worm  
Know not your loads piled on their soil;  
Their knotted ganglions shall wax firm  
Till your strong flagstones heave and toil.

When the old hollow'd earth is crack'd,  
And when, to grasp more power and feasts,  
Its ores are emptied, wasted, lack'd,  
The middens of your burning beasts

Shall be raked over till they yield  
Last priceless slags for fashionings high,  
Ploughs to wake grass in every field,  
Chisels men's hands to magnify.

## JOHN ALEXANDER CHAPMAN

b. 1875

937

### *Gipsy Queen*

**G**IPSY queen of the night, wraith of the fire-lit dark,  
Glittering eyes of ice, sharp as glacier green,  
Lisping falling kisses, syllabled flakes of snow,  
Down on the stubble fields, over my eyes and hair;  
If on my mouth one falls, it is tasteless and light and cold—  
She mocks you, gipsy queen, the brown-eyed child of earth;  
As berry that grew from flower, she, as grape of the vine,  
Is warm and sweet for man; the wine, in herself, and cup.  
Why do you haunt me then? Are you for me, not she?

## JOHN ALEXANDER CHAPMAN

Am I a leafless branch, bowed with a load of snow;  
Not for warm hands to pluck, but alone in the world of cold;  
Black against pale-washed sky, grey never vein'd with red?  
But so the better for you, cold shape of the dark outside;  
You banish'd from rose too red for ice-green eyes to see;  
Chased before lambing time, ere even the snowdrops come,  
Poor gipsy-wraith of the snow, but knowing your brother,  
and come  
To him? Then come to me. I will give you a cold, cold kiss.  
My roses are dead, they too. My lips are grey. My eyes  
Have neither iris nor pupil. They died, and now all is white;  
White in a face of stone. Sister, cold lover, come.

## JOHN MASEFIELD

b. 1876

938

### *Cargoes*

**Q**UINQUIREME of Nineveh from distant Ophir  
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,  
With a cargo of ivory,  
And apes and peacocks,  
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,  
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,  
With a cargo of diamonds,  
Emeralds, amethysts,  
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack  
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,  
With a cargo of Tyne coal,  
Road-rail, pig-lead,  
Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays.

JOHN MASEFIELD

939

*Captain Stratton's Fancy*

OH some are fond of red wine, and some are fond of white,  
And some are all for dancing by the pale moonlight:  
But rum alone's the tippie, and the heart's delight  
Of the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are fond of Spanish wine, and some are fond of  
French,  
And some'll swallow tay and stuff fit only for a wench;  
But I'm for right Jamaica till I roll beneath the bench,  
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are for the lily, and some are for the rose,  
But I am for the sugar-cane that in Jamaica grows;  
For it's that that makes the bonny drink to warm my copper  
nose,  
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are fond of fiddles, and a song well sung,  
And some are all for music for to lilt upon the tongue;  
But mouths were made for tankards, and for sucking at the  
bung,  
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are fond of dancing, and some are fond of dice,  
And some are all for red lips, and pretty lasses' eyes;  
But a right Jamaica puncheon is a finer prize  
To the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some that's good and godly ones they hold that it's a sin  
To troll the jolly bowl around, and let the dollars spin;  
But I'm for toleration and for drinking at an inn,  
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

## JOHN MASEFIELD

Oh some are sad and wretched folk that go in silken suits,  
And there's a mort of wicked rogues that live in good reputes;  
So I'm for drinking honestly, and dying in my boots,  
Like an old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

940

### *The Passing Strange*

OUT of the earth to rest or range  
Perpetual in perpetual change,  
The unknown passing through the strange.

Water and saltness held together  
To tread the dust and stand the weather,  
And plough the field and stretch the tether,

To pass the wine-cup and be witty,  
Water the sands and build the city,  
Slaughter like devils and have pity,

Be red with rage and pale with lust,  
Make beauty come, make peace, make trust,  
Water and saltness mixed with dust;

Drive over earth, swim under sea,  
Fly in the eagle's secrecy,  
Guess where the hidden comets be;

Know all the deathly seeds that still  
Queen Helen's beauty, Caesar's will,  
And slay them even as they kill;

Fashion an altar for a rood,  
Defile a continent with blood,  
And watch a brother starve for food:

## JOHN MASEFIELD

Love like a madman, shaking, blind,  
Till self is burnt into a kind  
Possession of another mind;

Brood upon beauty, till the grace  
Of beauty with the holy face  
Brings peace into the bitter place;

Prove in the lifeless granites, scan  
The stars for hope, for guide, for plan;  
Live as a woman or a man;

Fasten to lover or to friend,  
Until the heart break at the end:  
The break of death that cannot mend;

Then to lie useless, helpless, still,  
Down in the earth, in dark, to fill  
The roots of grass or daffodil.

Down in the earth, in dark, alone,  
A mockery of the ghost in bone,  
The strangeness, passing the unknown.

Time will go by, that outlasts clocks,  
Dawn in the thorps will rouse the cocks,  
Sunset be glory on the rocks:

But it, the thing, will never heed  
Even the rootling from the seed  
Thrusting to suck it for its need.

## JOHN MASEFIELD

Since moons decay and suns decline,  
How else should end this life of mine?  
Water and saltness are not wine.

But in the darkest hour of night,  
When even the foxes peer for sight,  
The byre-cock crows; he feels the light.

So, in this water mixed with dust,  
The byre-cock spirit crows from trust  
That death will change because it must;

For all things change, the darkness changes,  
The wandering spirits change their ranges,  
The corn is gathered to the granges.

The corn is sown again, it grows;  
The stars burn out, the darkness goes;  
The rhythms change, they do not close.

They change, and we, who pass like foam,  
Like dust blown through the streets of Rome,  
Change ever, too; we have no home,

Only a beauty, only a power,  
Sad in the fruit, bright in the flower,  
Endlessly erring for its hour,

But gathering, as we stray, a sense  
Of Life, so lovely and intense,  
It lingers when we wander hence,

That those who follow feel behind  
Their backs, when all before is blind,  
Our joy, a rampart to the mind.

OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY

b. 1878

941

*The Plum Tree by the House*

IN morning light my damson show'd  
Its airy branches oversnow'd  
On all their quickening fronds,  
That tingled where the early sun  
Was flowing soft as silence on  
Palm trees by coral ponds.  
Out of the dark of sleep I come  
To find the clay break into bloom,  
The black boughs all in white!  
I said, I must stand still and watch  
This glory, strive no more to match  
With similes things fair.  
I am not fit to conjure up  
A bird that's white enough to hop  
Unstain'd in such a tree;  
Nor crest him with the bloom to come  
In purple glory on the plum.  
Leave me alone with my delight  
To store up joy against the night,  
This moment leave to me!  
Why should a poet strain his head  
To make his mind a marriage bed;  
Shall Beauty cease to bear?  
There must be things which never shall  
Be match'd or made symmetrical  
On Earth or in the Air;  
Branches that Chinese draughtsmen drew,  
Which none may find an equal to,  
Unless he enter there

## OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY

Where none may live—and more's the pity!—  
The Perfect, the Forbidden City,  
That's built—ah, God knows where!  
Then leave me while I have the light  
To fill my mind with growths of white,  
Think of them longer than  
Their budding hour, their springing day,  
Until my mind is more than May;  
And, maybe, I shall plan  
To make them yet break out like this  
And blossom where their image is,  
More lasting and more deep  
Than coral boughs in light inurn'd,  
When they are to the earth return'd;  
And I am turn'd to sleep.

942

### *The Image-Maker*

**H**ARD is the stone, but harder still  
The delicate preforming will  
That guided by a dream alone,  
Subdues and moulds the hardest stone,  
Making the stubborn jade release  
The emblem of eternal peace.

If but the will be firmly bent,  
No stuff resists the mind's intent;  
The adamant abets his skill  
And sternly aids the artist's will,  
To clothe in perdurable pride  
Beauty his transient eyes desried.

*Chant for Reapers*

WHY do you hide, O dryads! when we seek  
Your healing hands in solace?  
Who shall soften like you the places rough?  
Who shall hasten the harvest?

Why do you fly, O dryads! when we pray  
For laden boughs and blossom?  
Who shall quicken like you the sapling trees?  
Who shall ripen the orchards?

Bare in the wind the branches wave and break,  
The hazel nuts are hollow.  
Who shall garner the wheat if you be gone?  
Who shall sharpen his sickle?

Wine have we spilt, O dryads! on our knees  
Have made you our oblation.  
Who shall save us from dearth if you be fled?  
Who shall comfort and kindle?

Sadly we delve the furrows, string the vine  
Whose flimsy burden topples.  
Downward tumble the woods if you be dumb,  
Stript of honey and garland.

Why do you hide, O dryads! when we call,  
With pleading hands up-lifted?  
Smile and bless us again that all be well;  
Smile again on your children.

EDWARD THOMAS

1878-1917

944

*The New House*

NOW first, as I shut the door,  
I was alone  
In the new house; and the wind  
Began to moan.

Old at once was the house,  
And I was old;  
My ears were teased with the dread  
Of what was foretold,

Nights of storm, days of mist, without end;  
Sad days when the sun  
Shone in vain: old griefs and griefs  
Not yet begun.

All was foretold me; naught  
Could I foresee;  
But I learn'd how the wind would sound  
After these things should be.

945

*Adlestrop*

YES. I remember Adlestrop—  
The name, because one afternoon  
Of heat the express-train drew up there  
Unwontedly. It was late June.

The steam hiss'd. Some one clear'd his throat.  
No one left and no one came  
On the bare platform. What I saw  
Was Adlestrop—only the name

## EDWARD THOMAS

And willows, willow-herb, and grass,  
And meadowsweet, and haycocks dry,  
No whit less still and lonely fair  
Than the high cloudlets in the sky.

And for that minute a blackbird sang  
Close by, and round him, mistier,  
Farther and farther, all the birds  
Of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire.

## ALFRED NOYES

b. 1880

946

### *Art*

(1)

**Y**ES! Beauty still rebels!  
Our dreams like clouds disperse:

She dwells  
In agate, marble, verse.

No false constraint be thine!  
But, for right walking, choose  
The fine,  
The strict cothurnus, Muse.

Vainly ye seek to escape  
The toil! The yielding phrase  
Ye shape  
Is clay, not chrysoprase.

And all in vain ye scorn  
That seeming ease which ne'er  
Was born  
Of aught but love and care.

ALFRED NOYES

Take up the sculptor's tool!  
Recall the gods that die  
    To rule  
In Parian o'er the sky.

(ii)

Poet, let passion sleep  
Till with the cosmic rhyme  
    You keep  
Eternal tone and time,  
By rule of hour and flower,  
By strength of stern restraint  
    And power  
To fail and not to faint.  
The task is hard to learn  
While all the songs of Spring  
    Return  
Along the blood and sing.  
Yet hear—from her deep skies,  
How Art, for all your pain,  
    Still cries  
Ye must be born again!  
Reject the wreath of rose,  
Take up the crown of thorn  
    That shows  
To-night a child is born.  
The far immortal face  
In chosen onyx fine  
    Enchase,  
Delicate line by line.

ALFRED NOYES

Strive with Carrara, fight  
With Parian, till there steal  
    To light  
Apollo's pure profile.

Set the great lucid form  
Free from its marble tomb  
    To storm  
The heights of death and doom.

Take up the sculptor's tool!  
Recall the gods that die  
    To rule  
In Parian o'er the sky.

HERBERT EDWARD PALMER

b. 1880

947

*Ishmael*

*'And God was with the lad; and he grew, and dwelt in the wilderness and became an archer.'*—GENESIS xxi. 20.

AND Ishmael crouch'd beside a crackling briar  
Blinded with sand, and madden'd by his thirst,  
A derelict, though he knew not why accursed.  
And lo! One saw, and strung the dissonant lyre,  
Made firm his bow unto the arrow's spire,  
And gave him dates and wine. Then at the first  
Flushings of dawn Ishmael arose, and burst  
To triumphing freedom, ran, and eased desire.

His domain was the desert. None tamed him.  
None bought nor sold his spirit, though his hand  
Dripp'd red against the dawn and sunset stain.

## HERBERT EDWARD PALMER

Thrones melted, kingdoms pass'd to the world's rim.  
But Ishmael scourged the lion in Paran land,  
And kept his faith with God. And he will reign.

948

### *Woodworker's Ballad*

ALL that is moulded of iron  
Has lent to destruction and blood;  
But the things that are honour'd of Zion  
Are most of them made from wood.

Stone can be chisell'd to Beauty,  
And iron shines bright for Defence;  
But when Mother Earth ponder'd her duty  
She brought forth the forest, from whence

Come tables, and chairs, and crosses,  
Little things that a hot fire warps,  
Old ships that the blue wave tosses,  
And fiddles for music, and harps;

Oak boards where the carved ferns mingle,  
Monks' shrines in the wilderness,  
Snug little huts in the dingle,  
All things that the sad poets bless.

King Arthur had a wood table;  
And Our Lord blessed wood; for, you see,  
He was born in a wooden stable,  
And He died on a wooden tree;

HERBERT EDWARD PALMER

And He sailed in a wooden vessel  
On the waters of Galilee,  
And He work'd at a wooden trestle  
At His wonderful carpentry.

Oh, all that is moulded of iron  
Has lent to destruction and blood;  
But the things that are honour'd of Zion  
Are most of them made from wood.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

1881-1938

949

*Hymn to Love*

WE are thine, O Love, being in thee and made of thee,  
As thóu, Lóve, were the déep thought  
And we the speech of the thought; yea, spoken are we,  
Thy fires of thought out-spoken:

But burn'd not through us thy imagining  
Like fiérce móod in a sóng cáught,  
We were as clamour'd words a fool may fling,  
Loose words, of meaning broken.

For what more like the brainless speech of a fool,—  
The lives travelling dark fears,  
And as a boy throws pebbles in a pool  
Thrown down abysmal places?

Hazardous are the stars, yet is our birth  
And our journeying time theirs;  
As words of air, life makes of starry earth  
Sweet soul-delighted faces;

## LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

As voices are we in the worldly wind;  
The great wind of the world's fate  
Is turn'd, as air to a shapen sound, to mind  
And marvellous desires.

But not in the world as voices storm-shatter'd,  
Not borne down by the wind's weight;  
The rushing time rings with our splendid word  
Like darkness fill'd with fires.

For Love doth use us for a sound of song,  
And Love's meaning our life wields,  
Making our souls like syllables to throng  
His tunes of exultation.

Down the blind speed of a fatal world we fly,  
As rain blown along earth's fields;  
Yet are we god-desiring liturgy,  
Sung joys of adoration;

Yea, made of chance and all a labouring strife,  
We go charged with a strong flame;  
For as a language Love hath seized on life  
His burning heart to story.

Yea, Love, we are thine, the liturgy of thee,  
Thy thought's golden and glad name,  
The mortal conscience of immortal glee,  
Love's zeal in Love's own glory.

*An Old Woman of the Roads*

O, TO have a little house!  
To own the hearth and stool and all!  
The heap'd-up sods upon the fire,  
The pile of turf against the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains  
And pendulum swinging up and down!  
A dresser filled with shining delph,  
Speckled with white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day  
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor;  
And fixing on their shelf again  
My white and blue and speckled store!

I could be quiet there at night  
Beside the fire and by myself,  
Sure of a bed and loth to leave  
The ticking clock and the shining delph!

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,  
And roads where there's never a house or bush,  
And tired I am of bog and road  
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I am praying to God on high,  
And I am praying Him night and day,  
For a little house—a house of my own—  
Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

## JAMES JOYCE

b. 1882

*Bid adieu to Maidenhood*

**B**ID adieu, adieu, adieu,  
 Bid adieu to girlish days,  
 Happy Love is come to woo  
     Thee and woo thy girlish ways—  
 The zone that doth become thee fair,  
 The snood upon thy yellow hair,  
 When thou hast heard his name upon  
     The bugles of the cherubim  
 Begin thou softly to unzone  
     Thy girlish bosom unto him  
 And softly to undo the snood  
 That is the sign of maidenhood.

## JAMES STEPHENS

b. 1882

*The Watcher*

**A** ROSE for a young head,  
 A ring for a bride,  
 Joy for the homestead  
 Clean and wide—  
     Who's that waiting  
     In the rain outside?  
 A heart for an old friend,  
 A hand for the new:  
 Love can to earth lend  
 Heaven's hue—  
     Who's that standing  
     In the silver dew?

JAMES STEPHENS

A smile for the parting,  
A tear as they go,  
God's sweethearting  
Ends just so—  
Who's that watching  
Where the black winds blow?

He who is waiting  
In the rain outside,  
He who is standing  
Where the dew drops wide,  
He who is watching  
In the wind must ride  
(Tho' the 'pale' hands cling)  
With the rose  
And the ring  
And the bride,  
Must ride  
With the red of the rose,  
And the gold of the ring,  
And the lips and the hair of the bride.

953

*The Rivals*

I HEARD a bird at dawn  
Singing sweetly on a tree,  
That the dew was on the lawn,  
And the wind was on the lea;  
But I didn't listen to him,  
For he didn't sing to me!

JAMES STEPHENS

I didn't listen to him,  
For he didn't sing to me  
That the dew was on the lawn,  
And the wind was on the lea!  
I was singing at the time,  
Just as prettily as he!

I was singing all the time,  
Just as prettily as he,  
About the dew upon the lawn,  
And the wind upon the lea!  
So I didn't listen to him,  
As he sang upon a tree!

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

1884-1919

954

*Rioupéroux*

**H**IGH and solemn mountains guard Rioupéroux  
—Small untidy village where the river drives a mill—  
Frail as wood anemones, white and frail were you,  
And drooping a little, like the slender daffodil.

O I will go to France again, and tramp the valley through,  
And I will change these gentle clothes for clog and corduroy,  
And work with the mill-hands of black Rioupéroux,  
And walk with you, and talk with you, like any other boy.

955

*Hassan's Serenade*

**H**OW splendid in the morning glows  
the lily; with what grace he throws  
His supplication to the rose:  
do roses nod the head, Yasmin?

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

But when the silver dove descends  
I find the little flower of friends  
Whose very name that sweetly ends  
I say when I have said 'Yasmin'.

The morning light is clear and cold,  
I dare not in that light behold  
A deeper light, a deeper gold  
a glory too far shed, Yasmin.  
But when the deep red eye of day  
is level with the lone highway,  
And some to Mecca turn to pray,  
and I toward thy bed, Yasmin,

Or when the wind beneath the moon  
is dazzling like a soul aswoon,  
And harping planets talk love's tune  
with milky wings outspread, Yasmin,  
Shine down thy love, O burning bright!  
for one night or the other night  
Will come the Gardener in white,  
and gather'd flowers are dead, Yasmin!

CHARLES WILLIAMS

b. 1886

956

*Night Song for a Child!*

SLEEP, our lord, and for thy peace  
Let thy mother's softer voice  
Pray thy patrons to increase  
Freedom from all light and noise  
Hark, her invocation draws  
To thy guard those princely Laws!

## CHARLES WILLIAMS

Prince of Fire, in favour quench  
Moonlight upon wall and floor;  
And with gentle shadow drench  
Candles entering at the door;  
Michael, round about his bed  
Be thy great protection shed.

Prince of Air, lest winds rush by  
Blustering about the park  
Of this night, with watchful eye  
Keep the palings of the dark;  
Raphael, round about his bed  
Be thy great protection shed.

Prince of Water, if thy rains  
Must to-night prevent our dearth,  
Keep them from the window-panes;  
Softly let them bless the earth;  
Gabriel, round about his bed  
Be thy great protection shed.

Prince of Earth, beneath our tread  
And above each doubtful board  
Be thy silent carpet spread;  
Let thy stillness hush our lord;  
Auriel, round about his bed  
Be thy great protection shed.

Let your vast quaternion,  
Earth and Water, Fire and Air,  
Friend him as he goes upon  
His long journey, out to where,  
Princes, round his final bed  
Be your great protection shed.

CHARLES WILLIAMS

957

*A Dream*

**N**O more in any house can I be at peace,  
Because of a house that waits, far off or near,  
To-morrow or (likelier) after many a year,  
Where a room and a door are that shall fulfil my fear.

For last night, dreaming, I stood in a house and saw  
Softly the room door open, and one came in,  
Its owner, and as round the edge his evil grin  
Peep'd ere he pass'd, I knew him for visible Sin.

Unwash'd, unshaven, frowsy, abominable,  
In a green greasy hat, a green greasy coat,  
Loose-mouth'd, with silent tread and the smell of the goat,  
He stole in, and helplessness stifled rage in my throat.

For this was he who came long since to my heart,  
This was he who enter'd the house of my soul long ago;  
Now he possesses imagination, and O  
I shall meet him yet in some brick-built house, I know.

He shall come, he shall turn from the long parch'd street he  
treads  
For ever, shuffling, hand rubb'd over hand unclean,  
Servile yet masterful, with satiate spleen  
Watching his houses, and muttering of things obscene.

He shall come to my flesh as he came last night to my dream;  
Eyes shall know him as soul and insight have known;  
Though all the world be there, I shall stand alone  
Watching him peer and enter and find out his own.

CHARLES WILLIAMS

Noisier he shall not move, nor loudlier speak,  
Than the first sly motion of lewd delight in me  
Long since—which then I shall know none other than he,  
Now visible, aged, and filled with monstrous glee.

Therefore now in terror I enter all houses, all rooms  
Enter in dread, and move among them in fear,  
Watching all doors, saying softly 'It draws more near  
Daily; and here shall it be in the end—or here?'

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

b. 1886

958 *In Me, Past, Present, Future meet*

**I**N me, past, present, future meet  
To hold long chiding conference.  
My lusts usurp the present tense  
And strangle Reason in his seat.  
My loves leap through the future's fence  
To dance with dream-enfranchised feet.

In me the cave-man clasps the seer,  
And garlanded Apollo goes  
Chanting to Abraham's deaf ear.  
In me the tiger sniffs the rose.

Look in my heart, kind friends, and tremble,  
Since there your elements assemble.

959 *Everyone Sang*

**E**VERYONE suddenly burst out singing;  
And I was fill'd with such delight  
As prison'd birds must find in freedom  
Winging wildly across the white  
Orchards and dark-green fields; on; on; and out of sight.

## SIEGFRIED SASSOON

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted,  
And beauty came like the setting sun.  
My heart was shaken with tears; and horror  
Drifted away . . . O but every one  
Was a bird; and the song was wordless; the singing will  
never be done.

## RUPERT BROOKE

1887-1915

960

### *The Soldier*

**I**F I should die, think only this of me:  
That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is for ever England. There shall be  
In that rich earth a richer dust conceal'd;  
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,  
A body of England's, breathing English air,  
Wash'd by the rivers, blest by suns of home.  
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;  
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;  
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,  
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

961

### *Clouds*

**D**OWN the blue night the unending columns press  
In noiseless tumult, break and wave and flow,  
Now tread the far South, or lift rounds of snow  
Up to the white moon's hidden loveliness.

## RUPERT BROOKE

Some pause in their grave wandering comradeless,  
And turn with profound gesture vague and slow,  
As who would pray good for the world, but know  
Their benediction empty as they bless.

They say that the Dead die not, but remain  
Near to the rich heirs of their grief and mirth.  
I think they ride the calm mid-heaven, as these,  
In wise majestic melancholy train,  
And watch the moon, and the still-raging seas,  
And men, coming and going on the earth.

## JULIAN GRENFELL

1888-1915

962

### *Into Battle*

THE naked earth is warm with spring,  
And with green grass and bursting trees  
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,  
And quivers in the sunny breeze;  
And life is colour and warmth and light,  
And a striving evermore for these;  
And he is dead who will not fight;  
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun  
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth;  
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,  
And with the trees to newer birth;  
And find, when fighting shall be done,  
Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

1135

## JULIAN GRENFELL

All the bright company of Heaven  
Hold him in their high comradeship,  
The Dog-Star, and the Sisters Seven,  
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,  
They stand to him each one a friend;  
They gently speak in the windy weather;  
They guide to valley and ridge's end.

The kestrel hovering by day,  
And the little owls that call by night,  
Bid him be swift and keen as they,  
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, 'Brother, brother,  
If this be the last song you shall sing,  
Sing well, for you may not sing another;  
Brother, sing.'

In dreary, doubtful, waiting hours,  
Before the brazen frenzy starts,  
The horses show him nobler powers;  
O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks,  
And all things else are out of mind,  
And only joy of battle takes  
Him by the throat, and makes him blind,

Through joy and blindness he shall know,  
Not caring much to know, that still  
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so  
That it be not the Destin'd Will.

JULIAN GRENFELL

The thundering line of battle stands,  
And in the air Death moans and sings:  
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,  
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

WILFRID OWEN

1893-1918

963

*Anthem for Doomed Youth*

WHAT passing-bells for these who die as cattle?  
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.  
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle  
Can patter out their hasty orisons.  
No mockeries for them from prayers or bells,  
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,—  
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;  
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

What candles may be held to speed them all?  
Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes  
Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes.  
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;  
Their flowers the tenderness of silent minds,  
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

CHARLES HAMILTON SORLEY

1895-1915

964

*The Song of the Ungirt Runners*

WE swing ungirded hips,  
And lighten'd are our eyes,  
The rain is on our lips,  
We do not run for prize.

1137

CHARLES HAMILTON SORLEY

We know not whom we trust  
Nor whitherward we fare,  
But we run because we must  
Through the great wide air.

The waters of the seas  
Are troubled as by storm.  
The tempest strips the trees  
And does not leave them warm.  
Does the tearing tempest pause?  
Do the tree-tops ask it why?  
So we run without a cause  
'Neath the big bare sky.

The rain is on our lips,  
We do not run for prize.  
But the storm the water whips  
And the wave howls to the skies.  
The winds arise and strike it  
And scatter it like sand,  
And we run because we like it  
Through the broad bright land.

EDMUND BLUNDEN

b. 1896

965

*Forefathers*

HERE they went with smock and crook,  
Toil'd in the sun, loll'd in the shade,  
Here they muddled out the brook  
And here their hatchet clear'd the glade:  
Harvest-supper woke their wit,  
Huntsman's moon their wooings lit.

## EDMUND BLUNDEN

From this church they led their brides,  
From this church themselves were led  
Shoulder-high; on these waysides  
Sat to take their beer and bread.  
Names are gone—what men they were  
These their cottages declare.

Names are vanish'd, save the few  
In the old brown Bible scrawl'd;  
These were men of pith and thew  
Whom the city never call'd;  
Scarce could read or hold a quill,  
Built the barn, the forge, the mill.

On the green they watch'd their sons  
Playing till too dark to see,  
As their fathers watch'd them once,  
As my father once watch'd me;  
While the bat and beetle flew  
On the warm air webb'd with dew.

Unrecorded, unrenown'd,  
Men from whom my ways begin,  
Here I know you by your ground  
But I know you not within—  
There is silence, there survives  
Not a moment of your lives.

Like the bee that now is blown  
Honey-heavy on my hand,  
From his toppling tansy-throne  
In the green tempestuous land—  
I'm in clover now, nor know  
Who made honey long ago.

EDMUND BLUNDEN

966

*The Survival*

TO-DAY'S house makes to-morrow's road;  
I knew these heaps of stone  
When they were walls of grace and might,  
The country's honour, art's delight  
That over fountain'd silence show'd  
Fame's final bastion.

Inheritance has found fresh work,  
Disunion union breeds;  
Beauty the strong, its difference lost,  
Has matter fit for flood and frost.  
Here's the true blood that will not shirk  
Life's new-commanding needs.

With curious costly zeal, O man,  
Raise orrery and ode;  
How shines your tower, the only one  
Of that especial site and stone!  
And even the dream's confusion can  
Sustain to-morrow's road.

*Dominus Illuminatio Mea*

IN the hour of death, after this life's whim,  
When the heart beats low, and the eyes grow dim,  
And pain has exhausted every limb—  
The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.

When the will has forgotten the lifelong aim,  
And the mind can only disgrace its fame,  
And a man is uncertain of his own name—  
The power of the Lord shall fill this frame.

When the last sigh is heaved, and the last tear shed,  
And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,  
And the widow and child forsake the dead—  
The angel of the Lord shall lift this head.

For even the purest delight may pall,  
And power must fail, and the pride must fall,  
And the love of the dearest friends grow small—  
But the glory of the Lord is all in all.

## SRINAGAR ( Kashmir )

**DATE LOANED**

Class No. \_\_\_\_\_ Book No. \_\_\_\_\_

Acc. No. \_\_\_\_\_

This book may be kept for **14 days**. An over - due charge will be levied at the rate of **10 Paise** for each day the book is kept over - time.

[illegible]

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Acc. No. \_\_\_\_\_

**This book may be kept for 14 days. An over - due charge will be levied at the rate of 10 Paise for each day the book is kept over - time.**

[illegible]

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"This book was taken from the Library on the date last stamped. A fine of  $\frac{1}{2}$  anna will be charged for each day the book is kept over due."

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COLLEGE LIBRARY.  
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Members of College  
Teaching Staff can borrow  
ten books at a time and  
can retain them for one  
month.

Any intermediate  
student of the college can  
borrow one book at a time,  
any Degree or Honours or  
Post Graduate student of the  
college, two books at a time,  
and these can retain books  
for 14 days.

Books in any way  
injured or lost shall  
be paid for or  
replaced by the  
borrower.